Served The Lord With Gladness,
Entered His Courts With Praise.

1888.

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C. K. OGDEN

MEMORIALS.

"But he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less, but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be."

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1890

PART I.

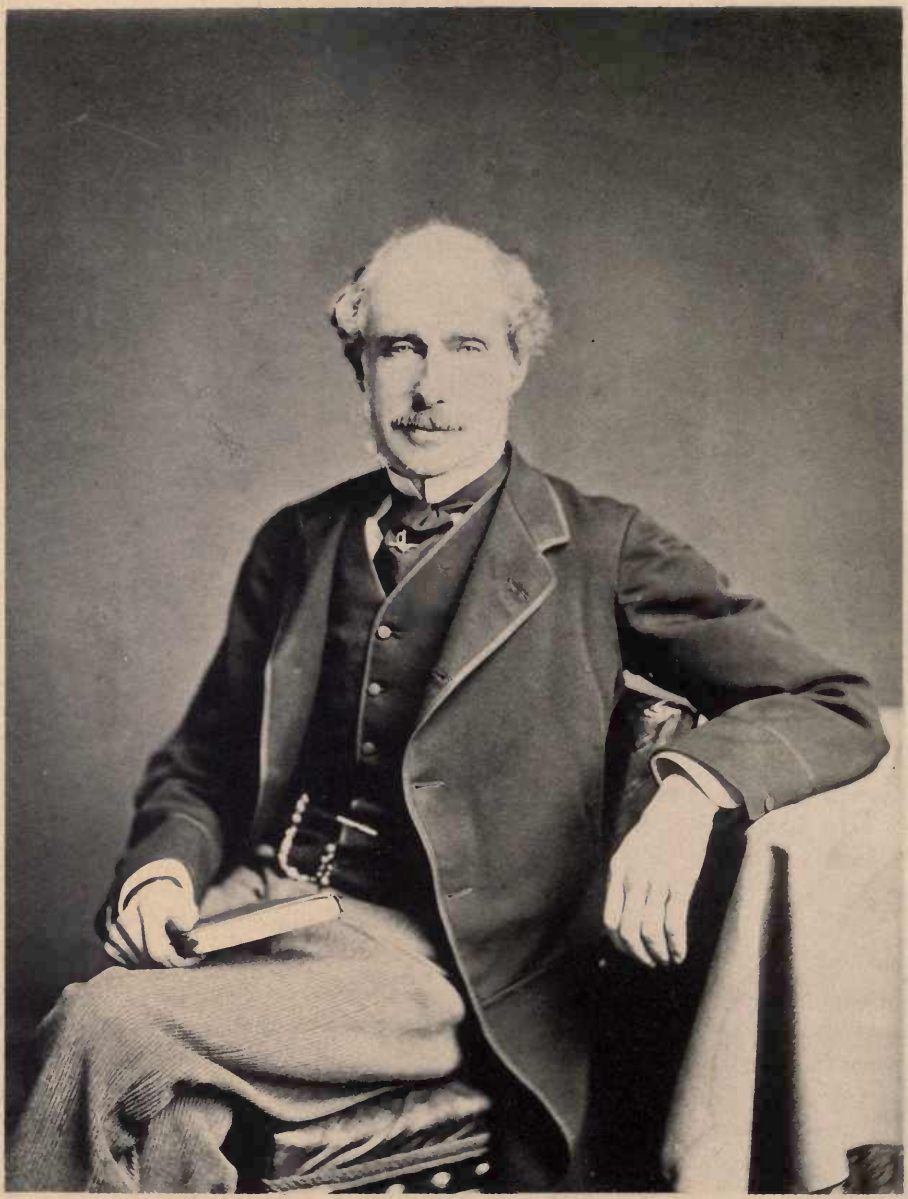
1099449

CLEAR-windowed Temple of the God of Grace,
From the loud wind to me a hiding-place,
Thee gird broadlands, with genial motions rife,
But in thee dwells, high-throned, the Life of Life;
Thy test no stagnant moat, half filled with mud,
But living waters witnessing in flood!
Goodwill art thou! and goodness all thy arts,
Doves to the windows, and to thee fly hearts.
Take of the corn, in thy dear shelter grown,
Which else the storm had all too rudely blown,
Let these firstfruits enter thy lofty door,
And golden lie upon thy golden floor;
When to a higher Temple thou shalt mount
Thy earthly gifts in heavenly friends shall count.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

EARLY LIFE.

"Thy youth is as the dew of the morning."
"Del presente mi godo e megilo aspetto."



EARLY LIFE.

TO WILLIAM AUGUSTUS TOLLEMACHE.

My dearest Brother,

You have asked me to garner for you what I can of the life of one you loved so much, and to whom I was a happy wife for nearly forty years.

I feel very incompetent to the task, but I will endeavour to give you a slight sketch. I will gather what stores I can from his own Journals, only piecing together the fragments to make all more clear and complete.

I will begin with his family and childhood. He was descended from the Lord Chancellor Cowper, to whom, it is said, the nation is chiefly indebted for the settlement of the Crown on the Protestant family of Hanover. The Chancellor's second wife was Lady of the Bedchamber, and a great friend to Caroline, Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen of George II. There were both sons and daughters by this marriage.

Lord Campbell, speaking of Lord Cowper, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says, "His family was illustrated by the great Poet of his blood and name still more than by the title of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire conferred upon his grandson."

Lord Campbell also renders the following tribute of gratitude and admiration to the memory of Peter Leopold, Earl Cowper, William's father. "He joined to the most exquisite manners a manly understanding and playful wit. From him I received kind and encouraging notice, when I was poor and obscure, and his benevolent and exhilarating smile is one of the most delightful images in my memory of pleasures to return no more."

William's mother was the daughter of Lord and Lady Melbourne, spoken of by Lord Byron as the cleverest and most charming woman he knew, and his best friend. She must have been also very beautiful, as may be seen by the large portrait at Brocket, dancing her child in her arms, and by her bust at Panshanger.

Lady Palmerston had always a special devotion to her mother, whose beauty and charm she inherited. William seems to have been born rather unexpectedly, when she was staying with her brother, Lord Melbourne, at Brocket.

This was Lord Melbourne's home, and afterwards hers; the scene of many glad and sad events in the family.

It is a large unpretending red-brick house in a beautiful park, with its dell, oak grove, fine old thorns, and undergrowth of fern.

It overlooks the river Lee, which widens there into a long lake, fringed by a line of that most lovely of trees, the deciduous cypress.

He opened his eyes, therefore, on a beautiful bit of nature, and the house of the Cowpers—only a few miles away—is, perhaps, even more beautiful, with its terrace and garden, and delightful view across the valley of the clear little Mimram to the wooded hills opposite. This was the home of his childhood and youth, and was passionately loved by all the family.

He was happy, therefore, in his surroundings, and in being one of a specially clever and charming family. He was the second son; his brother, Lord Fordwich, having been born in 1806, and William on the 13th December, 1811. His sister Minnie was just a year older, and was his playfellow and companion, and most dearly loved by him all her life. She was, from her youth to her death, the most brilliant and beautiful woman I ever saw, and had the sweet temper and nature of her mother and brother. When a little child she had lovely curly hair; and as her brother had not this adornment to his beauty, his mother, jealous for him, cut off some of Minnie's curls, and sewed them in his cap. Minnie married in 1830 Lord Ashley, afterwards revered as the great and good Lord Shaftesbury. The third son, Spencer, was in after life in diplomacy, but retired from it, on being left a property in Norfolk by a friend of his father's, Mr. Motteux. The place is well-known now as the home of the Prince of Wales, Sandringham.

His only other sister was our lovely Fanny, who married in 1841 Lord Jocelyn. She was at first Maid of Honour to the Queen, then Lady in Waiting, and was much known in the world for her goodness, her beauty, and her sorrows.

William's father was, as Lord Campbell has described him, a very clever and cultivated man, and he and his charming wife drew to Panshanger many distinguished people from all parts of Europe. It was in this brilliant circle that William passed his happy youth.

In his childhood religion was at a very low ebb; and with all the loving care and unselfishness which surrounded him, religious instruction did not come

within the scope of recognized maternal duties. He had, however, a good old nurse —Mrs. Hawkey by name—and he himself wrote down the account she gave him of his childhood.

"Dear old Hawkey has been telling me that when I was about six years old, it sometimes happened that after a great game of romps, when we all went late and tired to bed, Hawkey used to say to us, 'There, you need not say your prayers to-night, as you are so tired. Just say "God bless papa and mamma," and jump into bed.' But I was never to be persuaded into this summary way of despatching that duty, but would answer, "Oh, no, Hawkey; let me say my prayers." And she would agree, and I would kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer. So merciful was the gracious Lord in drawing me to Him in my earliest days. Oh, that I had never resisted and grieved His Holy Spirit! Hawkey says no one ever taught us anything about religion but herself, and she was not learned. All she could do was to teach us the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, which we repeated every morning and evening, the first kneeling and the other standing. As dear Hawkey could not explain these formularies to us, our ideas of their meaning were vague enough, and Minnie did not understand the words of the Belief till she married. I have indistinct recollections of tears in bed at night connected with religion, and some very happy thoughts of God."

1820.—First School.

"At nine years old I went to a private school. We had instruction of all sorts there, but the only recollection I retain connected with religion is Lord John Thynne's being asked the meaning of Amen, and, to our amazement, his knowing it. I don't think I learned much there, but it was very good fun. Ossulston was there, and was very kind to me. I remember sitting in a boat, and talking of heaven to one of the boys—I think it was Cardale—and singing, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove.'"

"Eugene Money was a very good boy. He died early, and died so well, I heard. He was one almost too good for this world."

Eton.

"After this I went to Eton. Whatever of classical literature I did learn there I learned in such a manner as to be effaced immediately afterwards. I did not feel the beauty of the poets, nor did I gain any wisdom from the philosophers; all I brought away was the power of reading and understanding them in after life. No serious thought was ever, I think, presented to my mind."

He kept a journal at Eton, which still exists, but it gives only ordinary schoolboy life, telling of "scrapes" and "socks." He has told me that he did not escape floggings, once for being caught out of bounds, and once for carving his name on the pew in church. Some of the names he mentions give interest to it: "Canning," "Doyle," "Lincoln," and "Gladstone." He writes of the latter as having "great success in the debating society, when the Whigs were regularly floored." He was thought a terrible "sap." (Sapping meaning studiousness.) This was much despised, as was also passing through the school without being flogged.

The possession of a pug dog, "Toby," a squirrel kept in his pocket, and brought out, I am afraid, to make the boys laugh in school, a lantern called "Jerry Sneak," kept in bed, and escapes by ladders and ropes are, I fear, the chief interests and achievements mentioned in this journal whilst at the great public school.

1825.—BRIGHTON.

"In 1825 I left Eton, and went to James Anderson's at Brighton. This was very useful to me. I read history, studied English, logic, mathematics, moral philosophy, and was instructed in the tenets of our Faith. I went to church twice every Sunday with considerable profit. I took the Sacrament soon after my arrival, at the old church, and experienced intense delight in devoting myself sincerely to God. I attended with attention all the chief preachers in the town—Robert as well as James Anderson, and Elliot; but I never had any intimate religious talk with Anderson, or any one, except Chisholm. I was already impressed with the insufficiency and emptiness of all human enjoyment, and also with the danger of a worldly life, and I had frequent thoughts of taking the Church as a profession, instead of the Army, for which I was destined. But it suggested itself to me rather as a means of escaping the imminent dominion of the sins which it seemed so difficult to avoid, than as a condition which would of itself give me much happiness. Before I left Anderson I made up my mind to it, and actually wrote a letter to my father, expressed in rather an enthusiastic strain, quoting from South and Bourdaloue, with phrases about fighting against the world, and stating my desire to go into the Church.

"This letter, I heard afterwards, put them into a dreadful fuss, but was merely acknowledged by my father.

"When I arrived in town, my mother alluded to the letter, and said I was to do as I liked, but that I had better think more, and see a little more of the world before I decided.

"My resolution had so slight a foundation, that when not opposed it faded away."

1829.—First Tour.

In May, 1829, he started for his first tour abroad with Sir Percy Burrell. They went by Holland and Belgium to Cologne, and then by the Rhine to Schaffhausen. He writes full of youthful delight and enthusiasm of the beauty of the places they visited, and especially of Schaffhausen.

"There is a most splendid view of the Glaciers. To-day they looked so beautiful with the sun shining on them. They look like the abodes of blessed spirits. The sight of the blue Rhine gliding majestically through the town, and then rushing and foaming among the rocks, put me into such an ecstasy that I nearly knocked out my companion's eye. We drove to the falls. The river as it advances gets more and more angry, and works itself up into a fury, and at last precipitates itself, with its full power, over a series of rocks, in some places seventy feet high.

"There is always a rainbow hovering over it, and the whole water takes varying beautiful tints.

"A curious thing about this Fall is that the Romans have not mentioned it in any of their writings, though they inhabited the country all round it; and this, combined with geological observations, makes some people think that the Rhine formerly pursued another course through the Lake of Zurich."

1829.

"In October, 1829, I went to Edinburgh and stayed a few months, studying mathematics, fortification, and natural history.

"I went from London to Edinburgh—three days by mail—passing by Stamford, Grantham, Doncaster, and Newcastle.

"I was delighted with the beauty of Edinburgh, and the view from the Calton Hill."

While there he wrote in his diary:—

"Dined with Mr. Murray. Much talk of steam-carriages. One said to have gone at the rate of one mile in one minute and seven seconds. It is supposed that Gurney's and Anderson's will beat them off the field by going on common roads. They spoke of Sir Walter Scott, whose good nature and hospitality are abused by numbers of travellers who quarter themselves upon him. Excepting for two hours before breakfast and two before dinner, he spends all the day in company, and yet writes all his wonderful books. He manages to do so by the facility with which he turns from conversation to work. He has a wonderful memory. Coleridge, on a meeting at the Lakes, once recited Christobel to him, and Scott, a few days after, repeated it quite correctly to his friend.

"They have only lately begun to plant oaks in Scotland, and they are found to flourish well."

November 18th.—"Dined this evening at Sir John Sinclair's. I fancied myself Gulliver among the Brobdignagians. There were three daughters six feet tall, with limbs in proportion, and sons six feet three!

"At a ball the other day, Lady Stormont fainted when a gentleman gave the toast in the Highland manner, with one leg on the chair and one on the table, afterwards throwing his glass over his shoulder.

"A few days ago I met Mr. Benatti, an advocate of the new system of taking the millionth part of a grain of medicine, such as arsenic and tartar emetic."

December 28th.—"Posted to Abbotsford. The hills covered with snow. Admiral and Mrs. Adams there, and Henry Scott. Sir Walter was very amusing, and told us many anecdotes. He has a marvellous collection of curiosities. There is scarcely a warrior of note who has not contributed to it. Rob Roy's gun, Napoleon's pistols, Dundee's sword, Hofer's carbine, the head of an English arrow—one of the thousands that must have been shot during the wars between Scotland and England. Wooden-legged Thompson (Dominie Sampson) stumped in during breakfast. Sir Walter is too good-natured to keep any one out. After dinner the little dogs came in, of the Dandie Dinmont breed, Pepper, Spice, and Dandie.

"The want of a small bit of knowledge will often put a man down. Not so Burke. Once in the House of Commons he pronounced a word wrong in some Latin quotation, and North corrected him. 'It would be as well,' replied Burke, 'if the noble Lord knew as much of the subject of debate.'

"How curious that the two great poets of the age should both have been club-footed! It is said to have soured Byron. Sir Walter turned his misfortune to account. As a schoolboy, when his schoolfellows were playing games, he was devouring with eagerness every book of history and romance he could get hold of."

In 1830 William entered the Army, and became a cornet in the Blues.

The following year he was invited by Lord Anglesea—then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—to be extra aide-de-camp in Dublin, and he accepted the post, being anxious to learn more of military duty and to see Ireland.

March 3rd, 1831.—"Left London by the Mail on Saturday, and got to Dublin on Monday evening. Met Tom Cosby, who introduced me to Williams and the other aides-de-camp, and took me to dinner at the Board of Green Cloth."

Tuesday, 8th.—"Introduced to Lord Anglesea, and dined at Royal Barracks.

"I was asked what could induce me to come to Dublin as extra aide-de-camp, leaving London to come and live in such a borey place.

"I was a little puzzled, but I think I made out a good case. 'I want to see the world, especially the third part of the British Empire. I also wish to learn in a good school what are the duties of an aide-de-camp.'

"I think also the company of the Paget ladies very agreeable."

He goes back to London in time for the Coronation of William the Fourth.

"I went to the Abbey about eight in the morning, and got away about four. It was a very splendid sight. The peers like the Kings of England in a child's history. The peeresses looked lovely."

Reform Agitation.

Bill thrown out by a majority of forty-one. At four in the morning Brougham, having spoken for nearly four hours, was dragged by the mob in his carriage through the streets. The Lords have been universally acknowledged to have shown much more talent and more manly feeling than the Commons. Their speeches on both sides were of a much higher order.

October 12th.—"Immense mobs in all directions; great disposition to riot."

November, 1831.—"Terrible rioting in Bristol. Mob drunk and frenzied, and the magistrates cowardly."

May, 1832.—"Returned to London, having spent four months in the most delightful manner possible. Paris I liked pretty well; Naples and Rome I delighted in. For *people*, one must come to England; but for climate and beauty never leave Italy. My two months at Naples were spent in the most charming little society, with the La Ferronayes and Maurice Esterhazy. Making acquaintance with Maurice was alone worth the journey; he is such a nice fellow, and we suit so well. We shall be friends, I hope, for life."

M. de la Ferronaye was the French Ambassador in Rome. All who have read Mrs. Craven's beautiful book, "Le récit d'une sœur," have learnt to know and love each member of the de la Ferronaye family. They were very kind to William, and he was very fond of them. Throughout his life he had a great regard for Mrs. Craven, who is well known in London as a delightful and most agreeable woman.

William was now launched in the world, and being (as all say who knew him) very good-looking and charming, was very much made of, and enjoyed it very much.

His friend Lord Sydney married this year the lovely daughter of Lord Anglesea, Lady Emily Paget.

In his journal he thus describes the marriage:—"I arrived in the vestry in good time. After waiting some time in a formidable assemblage of kith and kin, at last the decisive moment arrived and the bride came, leaning on Lord Uxbridge's arm, looking more transcendently lovely than anything the most visionary imagination could have conceived. Her lace veil was white, but the skin it covered, but did not conceal, was whiter than the purest alabaster; her face was pale, and bent pensively down, and her long silken eyelashes veiled her eyes completely. She was indeed the *beau idéal* of a bride. Sydney's manner through the service was very good and attentive. It was altogether far from being a gay ceremony; it was very affecting. The grief of her relations at losing her, the importance of the step she was taking, the solemnity of the vow, made it altogether a very serious affair.

"After the ceremony she came down, looking radiant. She stepped into the chariot, the postboys in pink satin dropped their hands and set off, and she was fairly launched into matrimony."

August 27th, 1832.—"To Dublin again. Looks foggy and melancholy. The Sydneys soon came, she looking lovely, and he as nice and good-humoured as ever. They take all as quietly as if they had always been married.

"How lucky it is for me, since I am not in a position to marry, that I should have no more success in my observation than Dr. Syntax in search of a wife! Like Diogenes, I shall some day take a lantern, not to search for an honest man, but a faultless woman. And this is hard on her that she must be faultless not according to any fixed standard, but to that of changing tastes. She must possess almost every contrary perfection. Get spectacles; you will want them!"

Chatsworth, October 20th.—"The Duchess of Kent and the Princess arrived. The Duchess very kind and amiable. She sat quietly in one room, while we danced a ballet in the other."

October 21st.—"Over the house and garden—a day's labour. They each planted a tree. The Princess is very nice and pretty. We acted 'Kenilworth.'"

October 23rd.—"Off to Hardwicke. Procession through Chesterfield. The Duchess told the Princess to bow to the people. She exclaimed, 'How can I, mamma, with the sun in my eyes?' She has the grace of a child, running about the leads, delighted with the fireworks, crying out, 'When will my name go off?' She sang very nicely, and her drawings are clever.

"The Princess is not allowed to read novels. We heard a very pretty story of her. She was told that Queen Adelaide might have a child. She said, 'Well,

my aunt will then be happy, and I should be so glad. She likes me very much, and she will like a child of her own better.' "

William was always keen about politics. He writes at this time :—

June, 1833.—" Ministers getting unpopular. Uncle William* says, 'You see now that we are all settling down into a regular Government. We are well hated.' What an opportunity if we had a first-rate statesman—one of the master spirits of the earth! They have had almost every question to deal with. The representation, in fact the new modelling of the Constitution, the House of Commons, the Slave Question, the Bank Charter, the East India Company, the Pacification of Ireland, the Surplus of Taxes. Upon all these questions the Government is obliged to produce measures, and the most that can be said for them is that they might have done worse.

" Althorpe never emerges from his happy state of " Aurea mediocritas ; " Brougham, the cried-up genius, seems to do nothing ; Stanley's eloquence gives him a little dignity, but they complain that he is more of a partisan than a far-seeing statesman. The proper object of our policy seems to be '*de se mouvoir beaucoup, pour rester tranquille.*' "

October 7th.—William's brother, Lord Fordwich, married Lady Anne Robinson, the daughter of Lord de Grey. This marriage gave general satisfaction, and she seemed to be just the wife for her clever, shy husband.

They were blessed with six children.

The present Lord Cowper, who married in 1870 the beautiful daughter of Lord William Compton, now Lord Northampton.

Henry, who never married.

Lena, who died young.

Florence, who married in 1871 Auberon Herbert, brother to the present Lord Carnarvon.

Adine, who married in 1866 Julian Fane, the fourth son of Lord Westmoreland.

Amy, who became the wife of Lord Walter Kerr, son of Lord Lothian, in 1873.

Towards the close of 1833, William again went to Dublin as aide-de-camp, now to Lord Wellesley. He writes the following account of this time in his journal :—

" Lord Wellesley very civil. I am much struck by Lady Wellesley. She is handsome, with very good manners. Lord Wellesley is full of fun, and fond of promoting it. He has a fine head, short legs, easy manners, great spirits and an

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* Lord Melbourne.

excellent heart. Napoleon said when he knew that Sir Henry Wellesley* and the Duke of Wellington were together at Cadiz, 'I have lost Spain now that those two brothers have got together.' He also spoke of Lord Wellesley as the only statesman in England that he was afraid of. Lord Wellesley did everything for the Duke in getting him to India, and supporting him in Spain. He actually went out of office himself that he might by efforts in the opposite party get him supplies. He was twice offered the Premiership, and refused on account of the Catholic Question.

"Lady Wellesley is very queenly, and seems amiable.

"In September made a tour in Wicklow on horseback.

"After Waterford and Bessborough, went to Killarney, first to the Inn, and then to the Kenmares.

"Killarney is beautiful, rocks covered with most luxurious vegetation down to the water. Arbutus, holly, yew, every variety of fine tree and shrub.

"In the Black Valley there are no venomous creatures, but lots of spirits, who ride about on ponies, about whom the people tell wonderful tales with awe-struck faces. They said, 'They come in the middle of the night, and knock at the doors, and up we must get, whether we will or no.'"

It was from this period that William dated a marked change in himself. He was staying at the Inn at Killarney, and in his private journal he writes:—"I had with me Owen's little treatise on the 'Mortification of Sin,' and a pocket Testament that I read attentively in my little bedroom in the Inn and on the Lake, and I was much blessed in prayer. A passage of Scripture that much influenced me was Luke xvii. 1. I had fancied that there was a certain degree of obedience to which it was sufficient to attain, and that different modes of observing the Divine law might be suited to different states of society, and that it was not necessary for me, in my position in London, to observe scrupulously the precepts of the Bible. Such suppositions were completely silenced by this passage in Luke. 'Doth he thank that servant because he did all the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.'"

William's whole nature was full of life and joy. He loved to look at sunrise and sunset; and the fast-flowing river, the spring flowers and autumn tints all had a charm for him. He felt like his great namesake—

"My Father made them all."

* Sir Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, was British Ambassador at Cadiz, when the Cortez of that place gave the command of all the Spanish forces to the Duke of Wellington (1812).

In politics also he held that all was overruled by God, as the Psalmist says, "By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice," and that Government should feel that they held their authority from God, and should under Him try to make good laws, and ameliorate the state of the people.

He was fond of manly exercises. He rode very well, and liked immensely going cross country with the hounds. He also enjoyed a day in the woods after pheasants, or on the moors after grouse, or deer-stalking. But all this was in youthful days. Later on he found more interesting occupations, and also his heart became so pitiful that he could not find pleasure in what caused pain to the meanest of God's creatures.

In his youthful enthusiasm he thus writes about the great dancer, Taglioni :—

"The grace, the lightness and poetry of her dancing enraptured me. To see her dance is one of the greatest pleasures—the only thing I know which is perfection. Her face on the stage looks very pretty, and so good and modest. I should take it as an axiom that Taglioni would do no wrong."

The Duke of Devonshire had always been a very kind friend to William, and towards the end of this year (1833) took him on a delightful tour.

November.—"Started at 8.30, and arrived at Calais at 11 p.m. Our party consists of the Duke, Lord George Cavendish, Dr. Verity, and Mr. ——, an artist.

"We travelled on all night very comfortably; the Duke and I alone in the landau. We got to Paris at 8 p.m.; lodged at the Hôtel du Rhin. We found Fullerton at the door to receive us. After dinner I went to Madame de Flahault's, and found, among other stray people, Madame Graham, Madame Waleska, and Lady Sandwich.

December 1st.—"Aix. In the land of the troubadours. The women, I am sorry to say, are now ugly and dumpy. George and I ran up early to the Palace of the Popes, to catch that beautiful 'Cup of oil' Villeneuve, in the plain of the Rhone. The mountains are tipped with snow, and the brown-tiled houses all a perfect picture.

"Travelled with the moon. Awoke going over the Estrelles, and got to Cannes for breakfast.

December 7th.—Awoke early, and saw along the horizon one great, broad streak of red light, topped by the deep blue sky. Just before the sun arose, the mountains of Corsica were clearly visible. It looked ticklish, before going down to Ventimiglia. Went past the Palms of Bordighera; breakfasted at San Remo. Slept at Albenga, and next day arrived at Genoa.

"Got to Rome December 13th, my birthday."

I think that it was this time in Rome that he spent a night alone in St. Peter's. He described it as having been a night to be much remembered, "very ghostly and solemn."

Of course, he was delighted with Rome, and thought no place equalled it in poetry and interest.

There he bought his first art possession, a copy of Guercino's "Ecce Homo." It touched him very much, and he had it always in his room till he gave it to the chapel he built in after years at Ridge.

The Duke took him and his fellow-travellers on to Sicily. He was enchanted with that glorious island, which can only be second to Greece as a land full of classic remains and associations.

At Syracuse he writes:—"What a pleasure to be here! We have heavenly days without a cloud. What an ecstasy to walk on the sea-shore, with its deep blue, shading off gradually into turquoise, and then to stride off under almond trees through fields of young corn, and over downs covered with palms and lilies."

"I started with George for Girgenti just as Aurora flushed the sky. It was splendid! In a few moments all the country over which we had ridden was revealed to us. Such a galaxy of temples! of Juno, Lucina, Concord, Hercules, and Jupiter. Quite indescribable."

February 11*th*.—"Still on the Mediterranean, now in the Bay, with lovely Naples before me. I have been four days and four nights on this 'Paragone,' and have enjoyed it extremely. It is very delicious, lying on one's back on the deck, with one's eyes fixed on the stars, tracing their mysterious signs. Read Pascal. How good it is to commune for four days with the beauty of nature and the wisdom of inspired men, with nothing to divert one's thoughts! Is not nature a better mistress than any other? She is always kind. '*Quand tout change pour vous, la nature est toujours la même, et le même soleil se lève tous les jours.*'"

He returned to England, having gained much from the beautiful countries he had visited, and the acquaintances and friendships he had formed.

In 1834 he took a third journey by Bologna to Venice.

Venice, May.—"I have been four days at Venice, and think it an enchanting spot. I delight in the amphibious life. I have always my gondola in attendance. I bathed in the Lagunes. I walked in the Public Gardens, and took ices two or three times a day; and though I had not a single acquaintance, I found every minute so employed I never felt lonely, except, it is true, the first night. When I walked about the beautiful Place de St. Marco, crowded with gay parties, the band playing,

and little *coteries* established at Florian's and all the other hundred *cafés*, I felt very solitary as I sat on the steps of the central flag, and thoughts flew fast and far."

In this year it was proposed to William to enter Parliament, and he was asked to stand for Hertford in his native county.

The Duke of Devonshire, with his usual kindness, helped him towards the expense of the contest. He published his Address December, 1834, and after a sharp fight—for the Borough had been a long time in the hands of the Conservatives—won the election by eight, and from that time represented Hertford for thirty-five years.

This election was in 1835, January 8th.

He was elected ten times: five without opposition, and five times with sharp contests.

William's life was now spent between Parliamentary duties and society. He took a greater interest than ever now in politics, and enjoyed the world all the more because he enjoyed it in a quite natural and unworldly way.

February 4th.—"I have passed this evening with what womankind can boast of most beauteous in form and feature, endowed with wit, genius, kindness, and fun. Yet what availeth such things for happiness? Every pleasure hath in it something incomplete. We strive, we suffer, we obtain, and still we want something. Still on we go in the weary chase, led on by cheating meteors, or we sit and gnash our teeth to think this is bliss. Now I have escaped from the crowd, and am revelling in the tints and harmonies of nature. I could laugh for joy in this mysterious atmosphere and essence of beauty that pervades earth and sky, and all untouched by man.

"The direction of the whole journey may depend on the first step. Every succeeding one becomes more difficult to check, till some way down the road real labour is required to retrace our downward steps and re-ascend. In every day's passing thoughts the conflict can be carried on which leads to the scaffold of a criminal or a martyr. In small and inward temptations is the choice made of heaven or hell. He who has yielded in idea will not resist in act; he who has gained strong right habits, will not break them through in a day; and though one link may snap, the chain may yet be mended."

1835.—"Went to a party at Lady Tankerville's, and there made acquaintance with the Duchess of Sutherland. My friendship with her during the following year, and my admiration for her character, developed in a considerable degree my sense of moral beauty, and contributed to the enfranchisement of my soul. Conversations have had at several times of my life considerable effect upon me, by bringing out vividly ideas

that had been floating in my brain, without influencing my conduct. Such was one which I had in my barrack-room at Windsor with Francis Seymour, when we were forced to perceive that we knew what was right without practising it, and another with the Duchess in the Horticultural Gardens, when our talk turned on the future life.

"In this year I exchanged my regimental for a Parliamentary and official life. This facilitated my progress, by removing me at once from frivolous and dangerous companionship, and filling up most of my time with prescribed rules and occupations."

William was now become private secretary to his uncle, Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, and from this time lived with him at Brocket and in South Street.

Lord Melbourne was delightful company, and William became much attached to him. All those who knew Lord Melbourne agreed in thinking him the most agreeable and captivating of men. He was rough in manner, very original and emphatic in speech, full of fun and satire, and rather alarming to most people; but underneath all this he hid a very kind, generous heart. He affected a sort of *laissez-faire* attitude in politics which deceived those who only knew him superficially; but he was really more strenuous and painstaking than many solemn-faced statesmen, and it is, I think, Sydney Smith who said that while he pretended to know nothing of the statistics of some trade question, he was really sitting up all night with Arthur Young, discussing the merits and cost of different sorts of tallow!

He was also thought to be careless in religion, whereas he was really an ardent seeker after truth, and at Brocket there were Bibles and deep theological books marked and annotated, and evidently earnestly studied by him. He was Prime Minister when the Queen came to the throne. He had a chivalrous devotion to her, and was ever her faithful friend and servant.

He married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, and had one son, who died.

I now turn to William's more private journal, in which are many thoughts, resolutions, and aspirations, only poured forth to his Divine Master, and meant for no other eye; but I know he will like his friends to read them, if they can be of the smallest help or pleasure to them.

1836.—"Towards the end of this year I began to attend Beamish, who had a chapel in Conduit Street, and was an 'evangelical light.' I have constantly gone to his church. I thought him the most fervent and spiritual preacher I had ever heard. I

spent part of the winter alone in Downing Street. It was a delightful time. I passed my evenings in reading and thought.

"The 'City Mission' was the first religious society in which I was interested. I got a letter from Wrio. Russell, expressing his pleasure at hearing this, and proposing to renew our acquaintance. I paid him one or two delightful and profitable visits.

Sir Culling Smith, too, was a most kind and useful friend to me, and at his house I met pious and clever men, whose influence was beneficial. He and Trotter* have been, under God, the means of much blessing and building-up to my soul. I have found friendly and religious conversation a powerful stimulus and means of advancement.

"'I was brought up without High Church prejudices, and had always felt an interest in the opinions of different denominations of Christians, and have attended the worship of all which have been within my reach. I am bound to a spirit of tolerance and love to all Christians, since I have been able to enjoy the privilege of prayer with them all.

"I have prayed fervently in the silence and solitude of Romish churches, and have lifted up my heart in their solemn litanies and pealing music, in the gorgeous churches of Italy, and in the mean and dusty chapels of Ireland. I have learnt much in the Unitarian services in Liverpool; I have profited by the sermons and prayers of the Independents, Wesleyans, and Baptists; I have joined with Quakers and Plymouth Brethren. For great as are the differences of opinion among the communities of Christians, yet they agree in worshipping the same God, through the same High Priest and heavenly Mediator, according to their several degrees of light and knowledge; and I have never become acquainted with any religious body in which there were not to be found persons full of love to our Lord."

In his diary we find the following rules for the guidance of his life :—

"I resolve from henceforth to love God with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. I am not my own; I am bought with a price. My heart is a temple, and my body a living sacrifice. May I not commit sacrilege!

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* Captain Trotter was in the 2nd Life Guards, and was at one time a very smart man about town. He was rich, one of the best dancers, and altogether a young man welcomed everywhere. He married Miss Liddell, the daughter of Lord Ravensworth. There is this account given of his conversion. He went to Paris to see a sister, who he heard had become a Methodist, and returned a Methodist himself, to his wife's dismay. He said, "This will never do; we *must* agree. Let us have a week of prayer about it." During this week she, too, was converted; and from that time their one purpose in life was to do good and to serve the Master.

"I will act upon the conviction that this life is one of passage, in which it is foolish to look for permanent happiness; that it is a place of education, in which good fortune consists in meeting with temptations that one is able to overcome; for each temptation that is resisted is a step towards blessedness, not from the merit that we acquire thereby—for our strength is not our own—but because each escape contributes to purify our spiritual nature, and to give it dominion over the material and sinful portion. I will avoid pride, selfishness, vanity, falsehood, malice. I will take care not to entrench upon another's rights, to avoid slander, intemperance, sensuality, even in thought, and all covetousness whatever, and to beware of indolence. May God grant that I may put off the old man and his deeds, and that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind, and put on the new man, which is created in righteousness and the holiness of truth.

"We should be more anxious to put an end to the desires of the flesh than to satisfy them. Denial is sweeter than indulgence."

1837.—"The rule to adopt with regard to society will, I think, be this: to keep away from any in which I cannot speak of God, or think of Him, or pray to Him inwardly, and which excites to vanity or worldliness.

"What a different person I am in the midst of company from what I am in my resolutions when alone! I will keep the presence of God continually within my recollection, and consider on every occasion what will be most pleasing to Him."

March 10th.—"Just home from a party at Lady Stanhope's. It was amusing, and seemed very innocent. I conversed with Madame Pozzo, Lady Burlington, and Mrs. Sneyd. The effect has not been, I think, to unspiritualize my mind, but rather the contrary. '*Le vrai plaisir est un messager céleste, qui nous attire vers Dieu, le malheur est un maître qui nous y force.*'"

April 21st.—"How much reason I have to be thankful! What blessings all God's dealings with me have been! I am thankful for my creation, for the new creation, for endless temporal comforts, health, ease, content, cheerfulness, the thousand pleasures that surround me, and are communicated by every object I fall in with, so that I do not think I have ever had a moment of unmitigated pain.

"I have to thank God for a sober, reasoning mind, a temperate disposition, and, as I have not genius nor great talent, I am free from the temptation to conceit and impetuosity that often accompany these, and from the dangers to which they lead. My worldly position is delightful, without the cares of wealth, or the worry and responsibility of power, and, on the other hand, without being dependent on any one;

without the qualities of person* and mind that make men proud of themselves, and without the deficiencies that depress them; in a delightful and affectionate family, with many friends, as popular as, on the whole, I wish to be; for it is an odd thing, the knack I have hitherto found myself to possess of pleasing those I like; but the chief and immediate blessing I feel is, that my eyes have been opened to discern spiritual things, and my heart softened to love them.

"I will hereafter refuse to dine out on Sunday. I have doubts whether the strict observance of that day is obligatory on Christians, but believe that abstinence from secular thought must be advantageous to the soul. Another advantage of refusing invitations on this day is, that it is a means of declaring my allegiance to Him, and will entitle me to the reproach of Christ."

Chatsworth.—"Whilst walking in the woods, I resolved to labour to educate myself, to develope all my resources, to cultivate my powers, and to employ my political advantages. I have become ambitious, not of mere distinction, but of an advance towards perfection, moral and intellectual. The only ambition worthy of my nature and station is the ambition of being a Christian in the entire and deep meaning of the word.

"To pray rightly should be one of the chief objects of my life; it requires both the particular preparation of meditation and reading, and an habitual temper of devotion throughout the day. Prayer is a test of spiritual condition, and also a means of improving it."

"When you are making a decision, consider not what is most pleasing to self, but what will be in most accordance with the will of God.

"Waste no time in idleness, or in barren pastime; but employ it all to some good purpose. Remember that your words, thoughts, and works are never out of the sight of God."

William spent a great deal of time now with the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth and Chiswick. The Duke was a most kind and generous man, and about this time it seemed as if his spiritual nature opened. This was a great joy to his young friend, and additionally so, as the Duke told him that it was very much due to *his* companionship and influence.

March, 1837.—"Went to Chiswick for two days. Cosy family party. The

* I think this was a modest estimate of himself, as I find he is still called by Lady Holland "Beautiful Billy," and I have seen a letter written to a friend about this time, in which she writes, "I have only made acquaintance with the fascinating Billy since I saw you. I only wonder you have not lost your heart to him. I am sure I should, had mine been disengaged."

visit has refreshed my soul. What a blessing his miraculous change is, without temporal cause; but the Lord had evidently been preparing him for some time past. How happy am I to have had a humble share in sowing that seed. How happy to *see* that happiness in so sincere and kind a friend."

May 11*th*, 1837.—"Five days in that spring garden, with its blossoms and blue sky, have been as an oasis in the desert of the London season. How preferable is 'The idle idleness of the country to the active idleness of town.'"

"The test of the innocence of any amusement is this: can I thank God for it?"

About this time Lord Cowper had become very ill, and William was with him in his villa at Putney.

June 10*th*, 1837.—"How happy to find my father a little stronger this morning.

"With Scott in pocket, I went across the fields. The foliage of the trees in perfect beauty. These suggested to me the beauty of matter, and the possibility that the heaven destined for man may be filled with beautiful natural forms."

June 20*th*.—"My poor father is dreadfully ill to-night. The sight of suffering helps one to hate sin, which brought, I suppose, physical evil into the world, and exposes man to all the torture which is his usual lot."

"The Fulham and Putney bells are tolling for the death of the King.

"The sky is grey and misty, the stars dim. Grief reigns within and without. The load that weighs on our hearts hangs upon the elements and the face of nature."

On June 27th his father died.

August.—"My three weeks' canvass at Hertford occupied me almost entirely. It is delightful repose to find myself in London again. I sometimes began to canvass at eight in the morning, and went on till midnight; but the weather was beautiful all the time, and I enjoyed it.

"One day I was lying on the grass by the river, and some Tories saw me, and thought me so down-hearted that I must consider my case hopeless. When the whirlwind and the fever were over, it was nice to sit and ride and talk with Maurice Esterhazy: his spiritual career resembles mine in great measure.

"I have had a pleasant evening at Stafford House to-night. A quiet little dinner, and good rational talk, and a children's dance afterwards. Princess Schonberg there. She contends against the dread of old age, and finds comfort in the thought that our contemporaries grow old with us."

"I have been in attendance at Court for a week, and liked it very much. I should have thought Court life the last thing to suit me; but here the Queen

is most fascinating, the society gay, and the company good. Lady Barham is a contrast to many, and combines fashion and social life with a love of retirement and devotion. Miss Cocks, Miss Pitt, Miss Stuart, and Miss Cavendish are the Maids of Honour. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Mulgrave, and Lady Portman are also here, and Baron Stockmar. It all occupies and excites to some degree, but it does not, I think, unhinge the mind, or chain it down."

September.—"A visit with Maurice to Aldenham. The hostess very pleasant and nice. I like Lady Granville much, with her hearty childish ways and her gay laugh."

October 23*rd*.—"Have been nearly alone in London for three weeks. A tranquil, happy time. I tried vegetable diet with great success.

"Have spent a week at Brighton, dining every day at the Pavilion. Very agreeable, and I feel the greatest enthusiasm for the Queen.

"No wonder there is so much loyalty, when Royalty is so advantageously personified."

Christmas, 1837.—"Spent a fortnight at Windsor: an agreeable sort of country life. Chess, riding, reading, and walking. The Queen always very agreeable. Went frequently of an afternoon to service at St. George's. The rows of single tapers glimmering in the twilight, the figures on the painted windows, indistinct as the objects in a dream, and gradually fading away, the clear silvery tones of the boys, the expressive monotony of their chant, and the deep thrilling tones of the organ, filling the richly carved vault, and the dim banners waving to and fro, all conduce to make a delightful and solemn effect."

1838.—"After dinner at my uncle's, went with Bulwer to pay a visit to Lady Blessington.

"I am reading Law's 'Spirit of Love,' and like it very much."

(I copy these extracts to show you how many coloured was his life.—G. M. T.)

It was this year that William was thrown from a cabriolet, and broke his leg. I have been told by different members of the family, and by Lady Holland, that there never was anything like his brightness and sweetness of temper during the whole time that he was disabled by this accident, and you will see how he turned it to account.

"I broke my leg on the 10th of March. I remained in bed till the 18th April, when I began to walk on crutches. On the 23rd went to Holland House. I enjoyed the garden and the company and my liberty; but on returning to town, found my leg bent, and was put to bed again."

May 8th.—"I am lying in bed near the open window, in great enjoyment of the mild air. I have not had a moment of bore during my illness, nor even a moment of spare time. I always find the day pass away before I have done half the things I wish. There are many books I want to read, so many subjects I want to think and write on, and so difficult is it to employ time well, that now even, when I have hours completely at my disposal, I can't turn them to good account. My visits certainly take up a great deal of the day, for people are good-natured, and in their kindness come and rob me of the most valuable of my possessions. '*Amici fures temporis.*'"

May 23rd.—"Left my bed. It is extraordinary how little inconvenience I suffer. I have not had one disturbed night, or the least difficulty in going to sleep since my accident, more than ten weeks ago. I trust that this long separation from the business and the pleasures of life has given me a clearer view of the invisible world, and imparted increased vigour for the race that is set before me."

May 31st.—"Chiswick. What a glorious view as I sat at an open window this morning, the dark cedars and cheerful beeches; and how lovely the tulips are! Victoria in all her glory is not arrayed like that exquisite white one with a single amethyst stripe. The beauty of nature gives a mysterious hint of an invisible world, and furnishes a ladder to carry us towards the source of all excellence. What a pretty place this is! In itself lovely, and still more so when enlivened by those gay young things bounding in the garden. Elizabeth,* with her seraphic smile; Evy,† in the full glow of terrestrial beauty; and Mary,‡ with her intelligent face and high, intellectual brow!"

June 23rd.—"I walked in Kensington Gardens to-day on crutches. What exquisite pleasure there is in looking at the blue sky, the forms of the trees varying with the wind, and all the lovely tints of nature. We overlook these real pleasures that are open to all in hunting for artificial ones, which are less deeply rooted in our natures, and are sadly unsatisfactory."

June 27th.—"Dined at the Palace for the first time since my accident. The Queen very kind and gracious to me."

June 27th.—"Coronation. Wonderful sight. Extraordinary concourse. Queen's manner touching and beautiful, humble and firm. The symbol of the power of pure innocence.

"Birthday rout at Lansdowne House.

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* Elizabeth, afterwards Duchess of Argyll.

† Evy, afterwards Lady Blantyre. ‡ Mary, afterwards Lady Taunton

"Talk with Lady Barham* in cloak-room on the frivolity of the world being an unfitting sphere for an eternal being. 'Thy Kingdom come.' Oh, that all this form and phase of life were swept away, and the new earth appear, in which shall dwell righteousness!

"The main object to be pursued in life is communion with God. For the attainment of this should my course of life be tracked out, my studies regulated, my actions adapted. It is a good method of testing any way of spending my time to ask, Does it render me more ready for communion with God, that highest privilege of human creatures? Who would not cheerfully abandon every pleasure which earth can bestow for this happiness?"

August.—"The Lakes. Among the Lakes I enjoyed my most happy and favourite condition: solitude in the midst of fine scenery. I rowed on Windermere, and lived on its shore, and in contemplating nature, I beheld its Author. What lovely little spots there are deep in the bosom of the mountains, like innocent untainted hearts, from which the world with its corruption is shut out!

"I have not yet had the deep pleasure of being accompanied in such scenes by the sympathy of another."

Christmas, 1838.—"Have taken the Sacrament with the most intense delight. What earthly happiness can be so great and so without alloy, as the sense of communion with our Divine Saviour, the feeding on His Body, and becoming a member of His Flesh, His spiritual Body! I have surrendered myself entirely to Him this day. Oh, that I may not infringe that happy compact, or employ myself sacrilegiously with anything but His work!"

January 19*th*, 1839—"London. How I should like to be a reformer, devoting myself to the propagation of some new beneficial truth, advocating with all my powers the interests of some suffering class! How I should welcome the scorn of the frivolous, the hatred of the selfish, the hostility of the worldly, which should prove to me that I was performing my duty!

"Can I not in some way co-operate with the disciples of the Lord in the great work which He began on earth, that of improving the spiritual condition of mankind? This is an important era, and there are floating in men's minds the germs of an extensive regeneration of the race; and though egoism, indolence, and worldliness still rule the world, there is a widespread band of men devoted to philanthropic exertion.

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* Afterwards Countess of Gainsborough, one of our dearest friends. She was for many years Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

"Have I not in one sense taken, in the midst of the world, the three monastic vows of obedience to my Divine Master, poverty in the possessions of the goods of life, chastity in body and mind?

"Have I not renounced self-will, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life? May the Holy Spirit enable me to redeem this engagement."

"I will strive, through a more permanent union with the Great Head of the Church, to yield my members as instruments of righteousness. My hand is the hand of Christ, and should be pure and ever lifted up in holy prayer; widespread and open to all in distress; an instrument of labour, not of strife; and, by the honest pressure of its palm, giving an affectionate welcome to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

"My eye must be single, and ever fixed on Him to whom it is consecrated, following the painful steps of His pilgrimage, contemplating Him in Jerusalem, at Gethsemane, on Calvary, and in heaven; even now beholding Him who is invisible, but never absent, from those who love Him; always watching for opportunities of carrying out the objects of the campaign against sin, and for symptoms of the invidious attacks of the enemy of souls. Mine must be eyes of compassion to the sorrowful, of sympathy to the good, and of love to all.

"My ears must be open to instruction and reproof, and closed to flattery, slander, and all evil, but ever ready to admit a tale of need or woe.

"My lips must never move but in the service of truth, and be ever telling forth the praises of the Lord; guardians of temperance and self-denial. May the treachery of Judas be far from them, and may they be like those of Nathaniel, 'without guile.'

"My feet must be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, tracking the blessed steps of His great humility, and avoiding the broad path of sin.

"My head, my heart, the whole complement of this mortal frame, which is not my own, must never be sacrilegiously employed in indulging my own inclinations, but used by me as a faithful steward for the purposes of my Master, that so, being buried with Him, I may be raised again by His glorious resurrection, and made a portion of the Living Temple, to be inhabited by the Holy One for ever.

"Away with all self-love, self-dependence! I can do absolutely nothing without the help of the Holy Spirit and the intercession of my great High Priest, and may my prayers be more frequent and fervent."

"I am not my own. I am called to the high privilege of serving the Lord Jesus. I am enrolled in His holy army. I have been signed with the sign of the cross in

Baptism, and though on detached service at a distance, I have got His general instructions, and when He comes I shall have to give an account of my service, and the use I have made of the powers committed to me.

"I am to help to win souls, to promote the individual, social, and political welfare of my countrymen and fellow-creatures, to increase in holiness, and to unite myself ever more closely with Christ.

"A great contest is going on, a desperate struggle between the Spirit of God and the powers of evil.

"Am I taking my part vigorously with the former, or am I lingering in the rear, or slumbering in the camp, or standing under a neutral flag among those who, not being on the side of the legitimate King, are against Him?

"Without great effort nothing worthy was ever achieved. To 'endure hardness' is the needful condition of every service. Those who wait for moral improvement till outward circumstances make it easier, will find that to postpone 'the season is to perpetuate the sin.'

"Our life is like a rushing stream; its very condition is change. We have been made mutable, that we may now take a proper character, and made immortal, that we may retain it for ever.

"Watch, then, over the direction of the will, for it bears upon eternity. Realize your own immortality. Remember it all day long, in all places. Live as men whose every act is ineffaceably recorded, whose every change may be always retained."

"God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth before His face,
Like secrets kept for love untold.
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down and thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound in every place,
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking in the night, and said,
'Who kissed you in the night, dear guesser?'"

September 21*st*.—"Chatsworth. The most beautiful and enjoyable place in England."

29*th*.—"The view from the Hill as I came home from church was very fine. A clear blue sky is to me one of the necessities of life. The bank of wood, the house, and the cascade were lighted up alternately."

October 1*st*.—"Windsor. Swarms with Cabinet Ministers. Macaulay is in

raptures with the Castle, and with the absence of all foreign quarterings from the Royal Standard, free at last from lilies and white horses!"

October 7th.—"Queen Adelaide arrived to-day, with Lady Barrington and Bet Mitchell. Accordingly, we sat in the red room, to keep her from painful recollections."

October 18th.—"This royal flirtation is doubly interesting from the charm of the two concerned in it. He is exceedingly pleasing and gentlemanlike, and her natural gay manner is very pretty. She is in high spirits, and takes such thought of his health, recommending great-coat and dry shoes with earnest care."

October 23rd.—"Decidedly this Court life does not suit me. This incessant round of company gives me a wish to escape and be alone, and to employ my time more profitably. If it were not for my duties at Greenwich, I do not see when I could get away."

Castle Howard, October 30th.—"A beautiful place. The hall very fine. There are many pictures, but not many interesting ones. 'The Three Marys' is striking and powerful.

"Ray Wood is a glorious spot.

"We drove to-day to Duncombe Park, and it was very pleasant, though we went fourteen miles in a shut coach. Dear Lady Carlisle, with her cozy, kind, original manner, I like very much. The sweet and gentle Elizabeth reclined in the corners, and Lady Mary, with her handsome eyes and brow, made an animated bodkin."

November 4th.—"I have stayed so long I felt I ought to go away; but when I announced it, I found it ill received, and so remained another day."

Castle Howard, November 8th.—"Exceedingly sorry to leave. I have passed a pleasant fortnight here, and get enough leisure to prevent its being profitless. I have been reading Chrysostom."

Chatsworth, November 11th.—"Found the Duke alone."

November 12th.—"Walked on the moor with a pocketful of Coleridge. I enjoyed the fine tints and wild expanse of heather, and was very happy."

Lilleshall, November 23rd.—"Pretty, picturesque place. Drove to the hill of the Four Wolves, and visited the iron furnace. The liquid metal pouring out in clear transparent flame, and the myriad of dancing sparks was a beautiful sight.

"After dinner Constance* read to us Lady Calcott's History in a distinct, pathetic

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* Afterwards married Lord Grosvenor, present Duke of Westminster.

voice, about the cruel old king cutting off the heads of his wives. She and her mother formed an exquisite picture. The sunset reminded me of the termination of every earthly pleasure, for it is the last day here."

January 4th, 1840.—"Have just finished that wise, beautiful book (Deerbrook). How well it teaches that happiness depends on what is *within*, and not *without* ourselves. That passage about poverty (p. 199, vol. 3) is one of the noblest I have ever read. How well it leads one to see that there are things preferable to happiness, such as suffering with composure and resignation for duty's sake, and being brought thereby to a more entire dependence on God. The morality and heroism of this book are sublime. If she can write and feel thus, what matter her being called a Unitarian? How odd it is to be sitting here in my own room, with my own furniture, quite alone, with no company but those two very odd fish, with their staring eyes and their incessantly gaping mouths. I enjoy it very much, because it is not solitude either of the mind or spirit, and because I am drawn nearer to my heavenly Father."

March 13th.—"Drove Dr Kay to Greenwich to examine the school. Their time of education is so short, that it is over before they can acquire even the rudiments of learning. Then went in a boat to the Marine Asylum."

"Dined with the Duchess of Beaufort, placid and pleasing. Arthur Kinnaird read. Sir Walter Farquhar talked and dozed, and the trumpet hung ready to catch all sounds. Then, as a contrast, I fled at their bedtime to the ball at Carlton Terrace, very gay and brilliant."

Sunday 15th.—"To Beamish in the morning. He is the most spiritual preacher I know. In the afternoon went with Robes and school-mistress to Battersea, to hear Eden catechize his school."

16th.—"One of the little palace dances of eighty people, a beautiful sight; the long gallery well lighted, and each woman distinctly seen. The Duke of Beaufort danced with the Queen in the old courtier-like bowing style. I danced the country dance with the Duchess."

Chatsworth, Whitsuntide.—"Found the Duke alone. It was painful, but I was very glad to see him and keep him company. Why is such an irreparable loss inflicted? Why is the world deprived of one of its pearls? (The Countess of Burlington).

"It is pretty to see the attachment and confidence felt by the villagers for the Duke. They come to him with all their troubles and grievances."

London, June 22nd.—"Walked with Mr. Goodrich over my new district. It makes one's heart sick to see such a mass of miserable and degraded creatures in

the midst of this rich and (so-called) civilized town. Poor Mackay's wife had not tasted food since yesterday, and he could get no work, in a room which costs 1s. 6d. a week, without furniture.

"It was sad to visit these houses, each room containing a family, many ragged, many sick, some dying, and the streets filled with thieves and bad women. We should think of them, and carry them what help we can; above all, words of the spiritual life.

"Queen's ball. Crowds of M.P.'s wives. Waltzed with Lady Seymour, who was gorgeous in a tiara of red velvet studded with diamonds."

23*rd*.—"Rode with Fanny* in the Park. Her amusement somewhat compensated for what I (oddly enough) think the intense bore of riding in the Park."

June 28*th*.—"Dined with Bulwer at Craven Cottage; Lansdownes, Powerscourts, Normanbys, Guizot, and Mrs. Gore. It was very pleasant. Lady Powerscourt marvellously beautiful, such transparency and softness of colouring."

August 3*rd*.—"To Hampton Court. The Prince showed a good deal of taste and feeling for pictures. In the evening I play chess with the Prince. I like him exceedingly."

Bedwell, August 6*th*.—"Sir Culling Eardley, after dinner, announced the arrival of Caleb Morris. He had an idea of a church, which, as yet, cannot find utterance. The principle of sympathy pervading the masses is to work its way upwards, and produce unattained effects."†

Windsor Castle, August 17*th*.—"King Leopold there. He asked me, as he does everybody, 'Are you blooming?'

"Princess Feodore, very nice. She is a great admirer of Wilberforce, and wished to get his book translated into German."

19*th*.—"Overtaken in the library by the Prince and Dr. Pretorius. We looked over the original drawings. Fifteen thousand pounds worth given by Cardinal Albani to George III. The anatomical sketches by Leonardi astonishing."

22*nd*.—"Reached Liverpool in ten hours. Remained there for Sunday. Heard Dr. Raffles in the Mechanics' Institute. In the evening went to a Unitarian Chapel. It is delightful to be able everywhere to join in prayer and praise, and to carry away some good thoughts. The preacher said, 'It was a moral paradox; but you would find that if you dwell on a *feeling*, it will pass out of your reach, and that *conduct*, not *emotion*, should be your object.'"

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* Lady Jocelyn.

† (Is this the Salvation Army?)

Lakes, August 25th.—"Left a dirty, unsavoury inn called 'The Queen's Arms,' and crossed the sands, wild and drear. Quicksands and sea-gulls. Saw the sun set beyond the Vale of Duddon. The western rampart clothed with soft, rich foliage, and the murmuring of the clear, dark stream very soothing."

25th.—"Took three hours to the top of Black Combe. While there, the hounds turned off and found a fox. They gave tongue in the most exhilarating manner, and ran their fox gallantly down the steep sides of the hill. It was an odd contrast with the ideas naturally suggested by the place, which promised to be as free from foxes as from elephants. The huntsman sat himself down upon a crag, with his whipper-in, or gilly, by his side, and watched his pack among the rocks below. I perched myself upon another, and my guide, in cast-off gentleman's clothes, at some distance between us. I laughed at the original figure we cut. The hounds went away under the crags below us, and we could only hear them. The mist stole up upon us, and a whole army of clouds came on, which hid huntsman and boy and hounds and everything else, and we saw nothing more that day."

Lakes, August 28th.—"Walked for eight hours up the Vale of Duddon. A clear blue sky with white clouds. Beautifully wooded hill above Ulpha. Was accompanied by the murmuring stream all the way. The waters, with many a shock given and received, danced from rock to rock.

"I turned with pleasure to the holy lines of the 'Excursion,' to that passage in particular that begins, 'The clouds were touched,' and I experienced what he so splendidly describes. The blue firmament is the most appropriate image of God. It is bounded by naught but the inadequacy of our vision. It is universally comprehensive. In it we live and move and have our being. It is unchangeable, and the earthborn clouds that occasionally intercept our view of it have, of course, no influence on it, and it is a source of indescribable joy and bliss, from being thus a constant representation of the Creator.

"While leaning over the tombstone of wonderful Walker, I saw his successor come out to have a little chat with the stranger, so I sat myself down by the porch, and talked over the state of the Church with him. He seemed well-contented with his seventy pounds a year and his leather breeches, and in haytime works in his shirt like any other inhabitant of the Vale. He said a south country clergyman would not do at all here.

"I soon came to the meadows, and then turned up the hill, and bade adieu to Duddon. I was exhausted when I got to the top of Walna Scar, and I was nearly faint-hearted enough to return to the beaten track and go straight on; but a little

rest gave me strength. I went on, and, lying on the ground, peeped down the precipice of Goat's Crag—an awful descent, like the rocks of Martin's pictures. On again I went down the mossy slope and up to the 'Old Man;' but the most beautiful features of the view were those near hills with their soft colouring. . . . . I felt something of the disappointment which frequently attends the attainment of an object laboriously pursued, when I reached the top of Malna Scar, but chiefly, no doubt, from bodily fatigue.

"Descending the 'Old Man' was a long business, but it was interesting to track my own way without a guide, and in this instance I am convinced I did not go a yard out of my way. I read the 'Excursion' as I excursed, and got a capital fried char at the Waterhead, and went on by starlight to this large crowded inn, The Salutation."

Visit to Wordsworth.—"Walked, feeling very nervous, and delivered my letter to Rydal Mount. I was kindly received, and we talked—or rather, *he* talked, for his flow is unceasing—for three hours.

"His face is rugged, with eyes very deeply set, and a skin roughened by outdoor life, a scanty supply of greyish hair, and a merry twinkle in his eye.

"His voice is deep, with unequal intonations, and a Cumberland dialect. He has visited all the lakes of Europe, and gives the preference for daily enjoyment to his own, as having more variety and being more accessible, and peopled by a more various and pleasing population.

"The Lake of the Four Cantons he considers the most sublime; Como and some of its neighbours the happiest combination of beauty and grandeur; the Riva, at the head of Lago di Guarda, the most fantastic. . . . .

"Our people, he said, must have education to give foresight and self-restraint, and we must encourage emigration. We must consider ourselves a breeding country, and throw out our swarms annually. . . . . He is so strongly against the celibacy of the clergy, that he would separate from his own Church if it were one of its ordinances. By separating the clergy from the ordinary relationships of life as husband and father, it gives them a dangerous influence over their flocks. He admitted to me, however, that he thought the celibate a higher state, and that the absence of all material and earthly affections must be compensated by elevated and spiritual feelings.

"Fénelon and Leighton were such men of exalted and angelic nature, and he would not have wished them to be married; but in legislating for men we must look to the average, and such men as these are exceptions, and a clergyman's wife is

often as useful as a clergyman, for a woman has a key to unlock the recesses of a woman's heart which the best instructed men lack.

"He was a Whig of Hume's definition, but is now a Tory. 'The test of the sanctity of any *end* is, can it be attained by righteous means?'"

Lakes.—"Saw Stockgill Force* before breakfast, and thought little of it, perhaps because I was hungry. . . . . As I was leaving the inn, I was amazed at the sight of Lavinia and Mr. Harcourt.† So, after some consideration, I got in bodkin, and went with them to Keswick. I was very glad to see them, and passed the time very pleasantly; but I found society broke the charm of the place, and unfitted me for caring for the natural beauties in which I had delighted. We jolted in the car to Lodore Force, where I stayed with them."

29*th.*—"Began the day with a delicious bathe, and after breakfast sat at the foot of the waterfall, reading. The weather showed some symptoms of clearing, and I climbed up to the top of the Force. . . . .

"The first glimpse of Borrodale is sublime. The clouds hung about the crest of the mountains, and gave them an unlimited height." . . . .

30*th.*—"Attended the pretty church of Mr. Marshall's building, and after rowing back, went in the afternoon to Causey Pike, a most beautiful group of mountains, with the evening sun throwing shadows on them, and the tints on Helvellyn were exquisite." . . . .

Scafell Pike, 31*st August.*—"The day as clear as if in Italy. It is a central point, from which some portion of every valley could be seen. A wild, rocky desolation reigns above, and a striking stillness. The barren stones heaped in all directions, in some places looking like a cooled lava torrent. The outlines and soft bright tints of the neighbouring mountain enchanting. One sees, too, the distant coast and mountains of Scotland, the Isle of Man in mid-air, the sea with one ship, Duddon Mouth dotted with boats, and mountains all the way round.

"The first view of Derwentwater beautiful, embedded like a gem in the rough setting of rock. The water the same turquoise colour as the sky. How soft and brilliant was the moss encircling the springs, and accompanying the first flow of the Beck! I drank frequently, extended flat, from their delicious streams. I am so thirsty at this place; it is lucky that I incline to teetotalism.

"Walked to the Druid's Circle. Strange that the simplest edifice that man

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* Waterfall.

† George Harcourt and his daughter, Lady Norreys, afterwards Lady Abingdon.

could construct, by merely placing together a few unchiselled stones, should be the most permanent!

"Ascended Helvellyn with Tierney and Lethbridge. Most striking and beautiful. The dappling of the hills by shadows, and their rapid coursing over the face of the country, *enchanting*."

Howick, September.—"Howick is a nice, comfortable place. The long walk is very pretty, its termination among the rocks and breakers and the smell of the sea quite delightful. The railway hangs over them, to the horror of all but Howick and Frederick. Lord Grey says, 'I have told them I must do everything to oppose them. As to me, it is a matter of life and death. I would never come here again.' He would much rather travel up to London by the fourteen days' waggon! He has got to the age when men do not like new ideas or new inventions. He can hardly reconcile himself to subsoil ploughing, and thinks that all this use of steam thickens the atmosphere.

"He furnishes an instance of the repugnance towards new notions and new schemes which age brings with it. After leading the van of Reform all his life, he now dislikes and distrusts all innovations."

London, September 25th.—"Found London in the heat of the Eastern Question."

Bedwell, October 18th.—"Have great admiration for Caleb Morris, and for his candid rational mind. He considers that present theology is superficial, and that Christianity will not have its due effect until exhibited in its complete form, addressed to both mind and heart, and suited to the wants of the whole man, and that if it is not treated in this large way in this generation, it will fall into a sensuous system of Materialism, such as Puseyism or Socialism."

Dyrham.—"What a surprise to see that dancing young man* about town become the centre of a moral change in a whole district! Teetotalism has not only made the labourers rich and well behaved, but has in most cases led them to a sense of religion; the absence of the excitement of drink and bad company has led them to feel the want of religion, and the self-denial they have practised renders advancement easier. The 'after-dinner' of the labourers and gardeners very striking. So simple an expedient may have great results. Trotter appears to have taken Christianity into his nature without any unnecessary change. His phraseology is not altered, his manner is as simple and cheerful as ever, and the truths of religion are his household words. No forced gravity, no assumed decorum. He seizes every

* Captain Trotter.

opportunity of speaking to rich and poor on religious subjects, and has thus been made a blessing to many. In conversation, when another would say, 'I will think over that,' he says, 'I will make it a matter of prayer,' and he is always on the watch for the leading of Providence. Spent two pleasant and profitable hours with him, and our hearts burned within us as we talked of faith and mercy and immortality."

Tewin Water, November 30th.—"Henry Cowper* died yesterday in Christian hope and resignation. His last words were, 'Heavenly Father, have mercy on me. Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"About two hours before his death he felt he was dying, and prayed so earnestly that Flack, his valet, said his prayer seemed to raise him in his bed, and his eyes were fixed as if he actually saw the Invisible."

Windsor, December.—"A fortnight's waiting. The Queen recovering, and looking very happy and pretty.

"Had some interesting talk with the Lady in Waiting, Lady Barham. She was amiable, reproving, and comforting."

Broadlands, December 24th.—"For a fortnight. Full of Ministers, foreign and domestic."

1841.—William was made a Lord of the Treasury.

St. Giles, January 9th.—"The Earl particularly courteous, and his strange stories amusing.

"Lady Caroline† is vivacious; Lady Charlotte‡ splendidly handsome. . . . . Minnie is the most charming woman under the sun, and Ashley a noble fellow."

Critchell, January 15th.—"Lady Charlotte Sturt is as strange in every way as in her height, agreeable and fascinating. We plodded together in the snow, and sat by the fire."

January.—"A nice party at Trotter's. 'Every one has some particular gift, some line in which he is fitted to be serviceable; he should look for it, and keep to that.'"

February 10th.—"Royal christening. A fine sight, and the baby behaved well.

"Have been at a little dance at the Palace this week.

"Those two sylphish, golden-haired Pagets are looking well, and Lady Douro splendid. Ida Hay is very nice. Jocelyn has grown to look Chinese."

Trentham.—"The rooms are not fine, but furnished with the most exquisite taste.

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* A cousin. † Lady Caroline Neeld. ‡ Lady Charlotte Lyster.

Round my bedroom are bulrushes interlaced with ivy; in each room the colour is repeated in the same tone through the different articles of furniture. The white butterflies that spangle the blue walls reappear on the carpet, and the fuschias in another room are round the grate and on the door and washingstand, as well as on the walls. In the morning, when I opened my window, and saw and heard the plash of the fountains, and saw the lake glittering in the sun, I was carried away to a land all sunshine and beauty. The Belvedere of the Duchess, with its magic views of Venice through the crimson trellis, is quite transporting.

"What a noble, engaging little child Constance is! Elizabeth is very beautiful; the soul revealed in all her looks and ways. She looks like a pure, ethereal spirit working its way through human life and learning. May her aspirations lead her to a life of use and service.

"We have been reading 'Tristesse et Consolation,' by Grandpierre,* and 'Vittoria Colonna,' by Mrs. Jameson."

April 16th.—"Dinner with poor Lady Holland. It is sad to see her cry in the midst of ordinary conversation, and more sad that one cannot give her any comfort. She spoke with great warmth of my mother's kindness to her. She envies the faith, or, as she considers it, the superstition of Alava.† The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Elizabeth came in. Pearls of great price."

August, 1841.—"The Queen visited Panshanger."

Dyrham, July 2nd, 1842.—"Went this morning to Faithful's Missionary Meeting in a tent to keep his birthday. The Secretary gave a sad account of China. 200 children sold for eightpence apiece during the famine. Cunningham gave a clever, useful discourse, and Bickersteth spoke in his loving spiritual strain.

"The Tractarian movement may be an evil, but there are many evils greater and more dangerous—worldliness, pride of life, and self-indulgence."

August 10th.—"Started on a tour through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France. Was interested and amused, and made acquaintance with a number of religious people of all kinds. I found myself edified by conversations with Papists and Greeks, as well as with Calvinists and Lutherans."

November 8th.—"Touched English ground again."

November.—"Passed a month at Brocket, to try and make the time pass pleasantly for the invalid (Lord Melbourne)."

Exton, December 8th.—"Passed a pleasant ten days there, in incessant talk

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* A famous French Protestant preacher in Paris in those days.

† General Alava.

and gaiety. The morning and evening service have some effect in giving a good tone to the day."

January, 1843.—"It is a blessing to see my dear uncle getting better. May this year be more useful than the last!"

Chatsworth, *January* 18*th*.—"These grand things give me no desire to possess them. They do, and must, occupy so much of the possessor's time and attention, and add so many rivets to the earth-binding chain."

April.—"I have fancied sometimes that the sympathy and exercise of feeling which arises in marriage may conduce to spiritual advancement and vigour. I have certainly prayed earnestly with another, when listless myself, and there is a special promise whenever two or three shall agree together about anything; but, on the other hand, when we have no close friend but the Lord Jesus, none other to whom to pour forth all the abundance of our warmest affection, one is, of course, more thrown upon Him. There is much to be said on both sides, and I pray for guidance in this, as in all the important incidents of life."

He married in 1843 the lovely daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney. She only lived a few weeks, and remained a holy and lovely memory through life.

Ireland, *September* 21*st*.—"Arrived by Belfast at Tullymore. Was comforted by seeing Fanny. This is a most beautiful place, and the weather quite Italian. Walked by the torrent, which is equal to any I have seen, and drove over the Green Mountain among the woods, with evergreen underwood, to Parnell's. Sea view looking over Newcastle. The village of Bryansford neat and pretty, with a public walk where they meet for gossip, as in a foreign town.

"Chapel in the morning at 9.30. Lord Roden expounds very well, with practical effect.

"Dinner at 8. Chapel again at 9, George Stratton taking the pulpit."

November 15*th*.—"Visit to Mrs. Fry in her illness.

"She was better to-day. She received me with affection, and said I had been much in her thoughts, and gave me good advice. 'Be faithful; trust not in man.' She thought from what she had observed that the tendency of the present day is to trust too much in man.

"She thought the Lord might be intending me to do some service, and would lead me. I must trust in Him. She spoke of my position in the world. 'Do not be judging. When I was first called out to a profession beyond those around me, I said, "Bear with me, I am being led forward now; perchance *you* will be by-and-bye." You are not to reprove, but to be humble and gentle, and to influence others

by setting forth the Christian character. I would say to you the words said to Timothy, "Take heed unto thyself and to the doctrines; continue in them, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." But you must take care to walk in the light.' In reply to me she said, 'I do not see that we are intended to separate from the world. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep from the evil.'

"Her voice had preserved its beautiful tone, and her eye its loving kindness. She spoke with great feeling of its being difficult to bear the censure of the good when trying to do one's duty. She said, 'I am nothing, and can do nothing. I am blind, helpless, and miserable, but Christ is all-sufficient for me. He is my Light and my Life, my Joy and my Salvation.'"

February 6th, 1844.—"She bade me farewell to-day. It was most touching to see her sunk in her bed, still full of love to God and man. She begged me to serve the Lord in all things, and not to flinch from the cross of Christ. She wished me to give her love to the dear Sutherland family and to all who loved her in Christ, and to Lord Palmerston and all who had helped her in her work."

March 2nd.—"I saw her again in a moment of ease, and she spoke with her usual perspicuity and weight. I read her the 27th Psalm at her request, and her remarks were very edifying. Upon the passage, 'My heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek,' she said, 'How important it is to seek Him with the heart when we are young! Then our affections are warm, and we have something to give up and offer in sacrifice;' and she remembered how David kept the desire of dwelling in the house of the Lord all through his wanderings. She spoke about 'waiting on the Lord,' saying that 'we too often rush into His presence hastily from busy worldly thoughts, without giving time to prepare ourselves to receive what He may vouchsafe to give us.'

"Her daughter came in to stop our very interesting conversation, for fear of her being tired, and she bade me good-bye, saying, 'May the Lord make His face to shine upon thee!'"

"Mrs. Cresswell told me of three brothers. The eldest was a lawyer of considerable talent, but living without God in the world, and ridiculing all strict and earnest devotion. He fell into a bad state of health, and his friends were alarmed about him. His two brothers, one of whom is a clergyman, are devout Christians, and felt deeply for the sad condition of their brother. The night before they were leaving him for London, they sat together in a room in a distant part of the house, talking over his case. They were moved to pray for him alone and then

together, with earnest supplication. After they had so continued for an hour and a half, they felt relieved in spirit, and went to bed at two o'clock. They did not see him in the morning. Some days afterwards the clergyman had to pass through London. He did not intend to go and see his brother, for anxious as he was for him, he was not disposed to try talking seriously to him, as he had never found it answer. However, his brother, having heard by chance of his arrival, sent for him, and taking him aside, said, 'What were you about the last night we spent in the country?' and when he was told, he said, 'That is very striking. I felt suddenly at that hour as I lay awake, the love of Jesus, as it were, enter into my heart, and fill me with hope and joy such as I had before never experienced.' His whole life and conversation after this proved him to be a converted man. He died quite happy a few months afterwards."

Whit Tuesday. — "Have been for many hours with Charles Townsend, drinking in his speculative wisdom. He says, 'If I were to go to town and busy myself in hunting for preferment, I should think I was committing a sin, ungratefully attempting to cut out a path for myself, instead of acquiescing in the lot in which Providence has placed me, and which must be the one most adapted to the development of the best part of my nature, and to fit me for the destiny to which I am called.'

"The error of monasticism is that it is an attempt to attain perfection by an act of self-will; by St. Benedict's rule, or by any other rule, instead of passing submissively through the trials and difficulties of that miscellaneous society called the world, which, however dangerous to the soul, is still so adapted to it by the Creator, as to become an instrument and means of its purification. The world is the furnace in which the dross of our nature is to be purged off, and the pure metal cleared and refined. It is a school in which the fitting education is given to prepare the soul for a higher condition; and a man is far more likely to attain perfection by the authorized means than by schemes of his own invention."

July 20th.—"Visited Mrs. Fry. She is weaker, but her heart and mind are full as ever of beauty and feeling. She told me of her early life. When she was seventeen she determined to judge for herself before she gave up amusements, and gained her father's consent to go to the play and opera. When she had seen them she felt quite willing to give them all up. 'There is so much recreation that is innocent, that we need not resort to that which, if not contaminating to oneself, may be so to others.'"

Dyrham, 1845.—"My friends here have been speaking openly to me about my going

into the world, saying that whenever the subject of inconsistency is mentioned, I am always the example quoted; that many of God's saints have been much pained by my course; and that persons connected with the 'London Mission' felt it a sort of insult to their body that I should have gone to the Queen's Fancy Ball the same day that I took the chair at their anniversary meeting, and that my picture in the *Illustrated London News* after the last Fancy Ball was the occasion of much annoyance, as showing that a man who appeared in public as a professor of spiritual religion should at the same moment appear in the public prints as a prominent mover in the frivolity and worldliness of a *bal costume*."

Observations thereupon.—"This is God's world by right, and not the devil's. Our business is to subdue it to its lawful King, and not to abandon it to the enemy. Martin Luther said, what the devil hates next to prayer is mirth. All God's gifts are to be used in His service. Music had been more of use to him than anything but religion in keeping him out of temptation.

"N. has had twice in his life an indescribable sense of the Presence of the Lord. Once this ecstatic sense of the invisible world lasted for four days, even during the performance of the ordinary routine of law business, walking in Cheapside among horses and draycarts and crowds of pedestrians, in a dull fog, with nothing before him to excite his imagination; and yet he felt buoyant with exhilaration, basking in the light of his Father's countenance, and in constant inward prayer and praise."

Bowood, 1846.—"Macaulay—one of the company here—remarked that all the domestic animals we now see were known in the earliest times of which we have record. That the dog, the horse, the ass, were all employed, we find from the Pentateuch and the books of Homer, and we have brought into our service none that were unknown in those ages. Considering the dominion that has been acquired over the elements of nature by the steam-engine, the balloon, and through chemistry and other sciences, it strikes one as curious that we have made no progress in ruling the inferior animals. The monkey, from his cleverness and bodily dexterity, might be very serviceable, if he could be made to obey. Macaulay thinks the French language better adapted for rhetoric than for poetry. Bossuet and Massillon were splendid specimens of oratory. Open the latter anywhere, and you will find a fine passage. Many words are forbidden in heroic poetry. It is quoted as a proof of Corneille's ability, that he was able to bring the word 'chien' into one of his plays. In how many passages of Shakespeare the *dog* is used with great effect?"

Corn Laws.—"Landowners are necessary to carry the repeal of the Corn Laws. Great changes are not made by the few wise men, but by the fools. If they were

made at the dictation of wisdom, they would be made safely and just at the right time; but they are not accomplished until the passions of the multitude are roused, and then they are often pushed too far."

Ragged Schools.—"Went with Shuttleworth, Ebrington, and Gent on Sunday evening to see several of these excellent and singular places of education. We reached Brook Street School, New Road, before it had regularly opened. We found a small room crammed with boys talking, shouting, whistling, and pushing one another about. It was much like a kennel of hounds. A hymn was sung vociferously, and a short prayer offered up. After the room was full, the door was besieged by a lot of boys trying to get in.

"The next school was in the neighbourhood of Agar's Town. It was a covered skittle-ground floored by private subscription, and the benches were nailed to the floor, because when loose the boys used to amuse themselves by pulling the benches back, and upsetting the whole row. They sometimes put their feet under the teacher's seat, and trip him up in the midst of the lesson.

"We went then near L—— Street, a very small room up steep stairs. We found there a scene of confusion, and a policeman to overawe them. There are several boys in this school who gain their livelihood by thieving. One was asked the other day by his teacher why he was absent last week? 'Oh, I had fourteen days;' and when the teacher expressed regret, the boy assured him he did not mind it at all. 'I read a good deal, went to bed early, and jumped about and did very well.' They seem fond of their teachers, and are attracted by their kindness and sympathy."

April 7th.—"Breakfasted with Shuttleworth, to talk on education. Cobden, Milner, Ebrington, and Stow were the party. Cobden said he had tried in 1836 to organize a system of education in Manchester among all sects, and finds the repeal of the Corn Laws no difficulty at all compared to that of combining different denominations in one scheme. The only chance now, he thinks, is in forming a body of men on a plan of secular education."

Somnambulism.—"Bunsen in 1831 asked the philosopher Scheffer how it was possible to believe what he had been reading about magnetism? He answered, 'First of all you must dismiss from your mind that your eyes were given you to increase your power of seeing, or your ears to extend your hearing power. They are given to limit those powers, to prevent your being overwhelmed with the multiplicity of sights and sounds, from being distracted with the working of the universe, and from being stunned and crushed with the din and turmoil of myriads of other created beings. These senses restrict your attention to that which is around you, and which

concerns yourself. We should be careful, therefore, how we try to escape from the limits mercifully drawn around us."

October 12*th*.—"Dinner at Kingscote's. Met Ashley, Sandon, R. Grosvenor, and we agreed on a promising plan for the repeal of the Conventicle Act, and for opening licensed places of worship throughout the neglected parts of great cities, to be served by lay readers or subdeacons."

Government.—"Government is of God, whoever may appoint the ruler. The United States, for instance, elect a President, and he should say to the people, 'I will give my nights to thought about your good, and my days to working for it. My active life shall be for you, and I will shed my blood in your defence; but I cannot get my inspiration from you, nor the grace which is to enable me to govern, nor the guidance, nor the wisdom and strength which I require. I am not responsible to *you*. *You* will not judge me at the last day; and though you have placed me in power, the authority comes from God, and is His ordinance. The infallibility of the people is a more dangerous doctrine than the infallibility of the Pope, and public opinion is not the rule of faith nor the guide of life."

Castle Howard.—"Ray Wood is in extraordinary beauty of tints."

Arundel.—"Made to learn the polka."

Petworth.—"Pleasant, tranquil visit."

Woburn.—"Acting *masque* on New Year's Eve. Composition by Stafford O'Brien. Thirty people in the house; John Russells, Lady Rachel, William Russells."

January 19*th*, 1847.—"Parliament met. Ireland predominant."

Portsmouth.—"Circumnavigated the Isle of Wight in the *Sidon*."

April 13*th*.—"Sheerness. Held a 'Board' on *Black Eagle*."

Dyrham.—"Met Rev. T. Robinson. He says all denominations of Dissenters are diminishing in numbers. The calls made by the voluntary system contribute to this. When they get wealth and a higher station, they are very apt to join the Church of England. They wish to escape the connection and association with inferior people. He speaks strongly himself of the delight of attending the Church Service, and the repose of having only to follow the words of the Liturgy, instead of undergoing the pressure of mind, labour, and excitement when all the service depends on him. He thinks it is only the voluntary principle that keeps a large portion of the Dissenters from joining the Church."

July 27*th*.—"My election without opposition."

Here end the faint footprints that I have been able to trace of his consecutive steps during his early years. As life became more full and strenuous, he had not time to mark them with the same regularity, but his many Manuscript Books left to me bear testimony to his constant mental activity, and his wide interest in all the divers subjects that animated our time, and his intelligent thoughtfulness, and earnest desire to grasp and communicate the good in all so abundantly bestowed on us.

Now I pick up the slight thread of continuity that enables me to string the years together, only of value as it holds for me the quick succession of varied experiences, and many dear and sacred memories.

MARRIED LIFE.

"They two went on together."
"They two stood by Jordan."
"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

MARRIED LIFE.

1848.

So far, my dear brother, I have given you what I can of William's life. It is very imperfect; just scraps, drawn here and there from old journals, and pieced together as well as I could do so.

Now alas! I have no more journals to consult, but must give you what I can from my poor memory, illustrated by such notes and thoughts as I can gather from his hastily written jottings in his MSS. books.

But there is one eventful day I cannot leave without notice; it would be an imperfect record of our life if I passed it over. Some two years before our marriage, one lovely summer's day, you brought into our family one who has been a light and a blessing to it ever since. It was, I think, on the 3rd of June, 1846, that you married our beloved Marguerite. How lovely she was that day, when she stood with you at the altar in the little Church among Burnham Beeches, in her simple bridal dress and white muslin veil. In your constant thought for me, I believe you feared lest I should feel myself eclipsed. But jealousy could not live in her atmosphere; she was by nature shy and self-effacing, and so loving and tender to me, that I loved even more than I admired her. My beloved always thought her the ideal of womanhood.

I need not tell you what she has been as a wife, but I may recall with gratitude what a daughter she was to our dear mother, and what a friend and sister to us all. It was, I think, to our dear sister Selina, that we owe her entrance into the family; for in one of your early trips to Paris, she made you known to your future wife, who was already her close friend. We were very much to each other in that intervening time, between her coming and my going, and she watched with anxious hope the rise of that better love which was soon to transform and brighten all my future life.

You will still remember well the November day that we were married in St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, when my blessed life with him began.

You will recall the little family breakfast in Chesham Place, and our dear mother's beautiful, peaceful face, and the perfect trust with which she confided me to William. How worthy he was of that trust you well know. During the forty years of our happy companionship, he never varied in love and kindness to me, cherishing me indeed, in comparative poverty and in wealth, in sickness and in health, through many weaknesses and infirmities, in sorrow and in joy, through the long years that now seem so short, and whose harvest I trust is gathered into the higher life in which I hope soon to join him. During those years I cannot remember the smallest lapse from his perfect trust in God, and daily devotion to his Master, and earnest desire that every duty in private, social, and political life should be done in obedience to His will. I never heard his voice utter a complaint, or say an unkind thing to, or of, any one; I never detected the least film on the crystal clearness of his sincerity; I never saw a ruffle on his serene and sweet temper; I never knew him fail in sympathy; his heart and his purse were open with an equal generosity to all who needed them. He never cared for possessions except for use; he never wished to be in circumstances other than those in which God placed him; he took an impartial view of his own gifts, and desired nothing higher than to be in the niche in which he was sure God set him. The entire absence of vanity in his character was conspicuous to all who knew him. When he suffered, the ordinary lot of public men, in his share of criticism and abuse (and I writhed under it), he took it quite placidly, as all in the day's-work, not to be minded, if he could only feel he had done his best under the Master's eye; though, when public commendation was offered him, he was not too proud to be pleased. His firmness was as notable as his gentleness; his friends and family sometimes chaffed him for his charming way of bowing in complaisance, if something was suggested to him that he did not mean to do, and yet pursuing his way unhindered, without jar or discussion.

He was blessed with the brightest temperament. However disagreeable things looked, he found them all for the best, and when trials came, was sure they were blessings in disguise, "God's incognito."

This serenity was by no means indifference, for I never met any one with the same powers of enjoyment; every fine day and every wet day had something pleasurable for him.

He liked society in London, and he revelled in Nature; he was delighted with the company of his friends, and even more did he enjoy solitude. He loved Church and the Communion of Saints, and still turned with rapture to solitude with God, and was never so happy, I think, as when walking alone by the river, or in the woods

at Broadlands, or when in his little room he could in secret commune with his Master and pour out the love of his heart.

During his last years he became almost drawn into the life of heaven. No fewer than three clergymen, in whose churches he worshipped, noticed the heavenly expression of his face when partaking of the Holy Eucharist, and so also did the Archbishop during our last service together at Lambeth. Who of those who joined us in family prayers will forget the inward emotion apparent at times, in voice and look?

I suppose it was living so near to Him "Who is the Life" that kept him young; for young he was in spirit, and even in countenance and movement, to the end, though he had nearly reached his seventy-seventh year. He was young, too, in mind, and in readiness to take in new thoughts, and appreciate new discoveries and inventions.

After our marriage we went to Panshanger, and I saw for the first time the beautiful home of his youth. I shall never forget the glory of that Picture Gallery, as I first saw it, one bright sunny morning, or the beauty of the valley with its lingering autumn tints, as I looked out through the large window.

Panshanger is the perfection of an English country house. The gallery contains Raphaels and a Titian and many portraits by Andrea del Sarto, a splendid one by Rembrandt of Turenne, and the most beautiful Ecce Homo that Correggio ever painted, full of pathos. The special charm of this collection is, that there is not a single commonplace picture in it. The brilliant glow of the Fra Bartolomeo and other *Capo d'Opere* on the red walls lighted by skylights, the comfortable and luxurious couches and arm chairs, and the warmth and cheerfulness of two fireplaces, make this gallery one of the pleasantest of rooms to live in. William told me that his father was one of the few men he knew who enjoyed his own pictures. He would sit for hours before the Correggio. I have heard also that he was a great student of Dante.

Very soon a shadow fell on our happiness. Two days after our marriage, William was summoned to the death-bed of his uncle, Lord Melbourne, with whom he had been intimately associated as his private secretary.

Lord Melbourne's title and estate went to his brother, Lord Beauvale, who had been many years our ambassador to the Austrian Court. He was a good deal thrown with M. de Maltzahn, at this time Prussian minister at Vienna, whose young daughter became deeply attached to Lord Beauvale. He was then sixty, still very handsome, and one of the most agreeable of men. It had never occurred to him or

any one else, that a very charming girl of twenty could look upon him in any other light than that of her father's friend ; but he found out his mistake, and they were married.

The surprise of the family was great, when they heard of the proposed marriage, but they, of course, welcomed her gladly, and she was his clever and cheering companion, and devoted friend and nurse, during the years of suffering that soon overtook him, and that lasted till his death, 29th January, 1853.

They settled at Brocket (William's birthplace), and we were constantly with them. He was extremely kind to me, and I became very fond of him. They had generally a few very agreeable political friends staying with them, such as "Bear Ellice," Lord Brougham, etc. Lord Beauvale's conversation, from his brilliant mind, his large experience, and his knowledge of men as an old diplomatist, was most interesting. Though he lived so much in cities he had a great love of Nature, and it was a pleasure in those days to follow him in his garden chair through the little rose avenue of which he knew every tree and plant, and to witness his simple and unaffected enjoyment.

We went that Christmas to Broadlands. Oh! what a new life it all was to me! Lord Palmerston was then Foreign Secretary, and had often staying with him foreign ambassadors and members of the Corps Diplomatique, as well as his own political friends. Lady Palmerston was the most charming hostess, and he always genial and agreeable. He was generally hard at work all day, but he would come in for his orange at luncheon, and at dinner he was as bright and fresh and ready to amuse and be amused, as though he had not the burden of Europe upon him, with all its varying and anxious complications.

He made Broadlands a home to all Lady Palmerston's family.

Lord Shaftesbury, who had married Lady Palmerston's daughter, had a special devotion to him, and he always found Lord Palmerston ready to support him in all his works for the people. There, at Broadlands, was the great Philanthropist, as I remember him at this time, with stern, harassed face, belying all the fun ready to break out whenever anything amused him, and all the love and pity which filled the tenderest of hearts. He then alarmed me very much, but though, as we lived on, he disapproved of my heretical views, and feared my influence over William, he was in later times very kind to me, and I almost worshipped his noble, self-sacrificing character. His sunny, brilliant wife was with him, and generally a bevy of pretty children. What a beautiful set they were! I can picture to myself the dear mother playing so merrily with the two youngest, Cecil and Edith, who were like a pair of

child lovers. Her dear sister, Fanny Jocelyn, was also there. They were most amusing in talk, just a little funnily wicked and fond of laughing at people, but with the kindest natures possible, always ready to help others, and to put themselves out of the way to do kind things. Fanny's fine looking, good-natured husband, Lord Jocelyn, and her lovely little girls and baby boy, all were there, making the most beautiful picture possible. The sisters were devoted to one another, and to their mother, and at parties it was very charming to see them always standing in a little family group. This was the circle into which William brought me, a shy and shadowy woman, who had never before put the tip of her nose into the great world.

They all showed me the greatest kindness, but I felt almost to wither in their gaiety and brilliancy. I think I must have tasted the experience of a poor caterpillar, shrinking under the leaves, in the presence of its vividly coloured winged relations. I can laugh at it now as well as cry, remembering how, as the relentless years brought storm after storm on those dear heads, they let me come very near to them, and feel their sorrows as my own. I hope hereafter we may "look back and smile" as tenderly over all our griefs.

It was in those early days at Broadlands, when through my foolish shyness I felt sometimes lonely in the midst of those, since so dear, that I found a little city of refuge under the shadow of the old Abbey.

Gerard Noel was at that time the excellent Vicar of Romsey, and no words of mine can give an adequate idea of the comfort his dear wife was to me. How delightful it was occasionally to run away from the brilliant assemblage in those rooms at Broadlands, now so full of blessed memories, and flit across the Park to the hallowed calm of the Vicarage, where with dearest "Brownie" (Mrs Gerard Noel) and her step-daughter, Caroline Noel, I passed many refreshing hours. Caroline was a gifted being, a saint and a poet, and the gentle loving step-mother and daughter were devoted to one another. They were to me most dear and sympathetic, and the remembrance of those days ever lingers in my memory with gratitude and love.

From Broadlands we moved to Panshanger. There, only the *crême de la crême* was admitted, and Broadlands was reckoned rather bourgeois! As Broadlands was the centre of political, so Panshanger was the centre of fashionable life, and only the very choicest specimens of London society were found there. No one who had not the plea of near relationship, or close friendship, or some especial charm, either of agreeability or beauty, found entrance within that exclusive circle. I felt here like a dying ember extinguished by the sun's ray; and yet Lord Cowper, though certainly rather fastidious, was very kind, as well as his dear wife, who was the most cordial,

cheery, and human of creatures, and very fond I became of her. I am writing of first days among them all; when I was as shy as a foolish hare. The children were my refuge and delight. The then little girls were all my devoted worshippers, and dear Henry, when home from school or college, adopted me as his friend. William was his beautiful self in each sphere of life; quite at home in the world, and delighted in by everyone, and yet happier and more in his element upstairs amongst his books and thoughts and prayers.

At Panshanger, he spent most of his days among his constituents at Hereford, where he was adored, while I stumped about the country with the children, and their dogs and sticks, all named and loved as human beings.

In 1849, we lived in a delightful little house in Park Street, belonging to the "Young Bear," and Mrs Ellice. It had a charming balcony looking over the Park, and there we sat out and read, and enjoyed many an interesting talk with friends. William was Lay-Lord in the Admiralty under Lord Auckland, with whom he served till he died, January 1st, 1849, when Sir Francis Baring was appointed First Lord. Of course, William was very busy; I remember how he always tried to give cadetships to the sons of clergymen and poor gentlemen. I heard accidentally that he was much liked in his office, as a man who was quite without official airs, and was considerate and accessible to everybody.

While he was with the other Lords making their autumnal inspection this year, he left me in a delightful little place in Scotland, which you, my brother, had taken on the banks of the Dee. When he came back we had beautiful strides together over the heather and hills, and you made us very happy at Carlogie. Our dear mother was with you, so well, and enjoying everything. You accompanied us, you remember, to Inverness, where they were keeping a fast, during that terrible outbreak of cholera. I think it was at this time that Lord Palmerston wrote his famous letter, suggesting that along with prayer, we should try to be obedient to God's laws of health, and look to our drainage and our water supply! I remember what abuse it brought upon him from the "unco guid;" "but surely," as Miss Nightingale says in her letter, "there were never more religious words spoken by a statesman, one who believed that God's laws are perfect, and that it is man's disobedience that brings evil upon him."

After a very pleasant visit to Rossie (Lord Kinnaird's) we went up to Dunrobin, and there I had my first fright about William's health, as he had a touch of this same fearful malady; it passed off quickly, and then we had a charming time in that most romantic and beautiful place. The Duke was all kindness to us, and the

Duchess the ideal of a great lady, in nobleness of nature, as well as in queenly beauty. Lord and Lady Stafford were there, lately married, and a very handsome pair they were, not to be eclipsed (though nearly so) by the very perfection of human beauty, in the young lovers just engaged, Lord Grosvenor, as he then was, and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, the youngest daughter of the house. After Dunrobin, we made a sort of "royal progress" through Sutherland, stopping nightly at the houses of the Duke's agents, till we reached Loch Inver. Arthur Kinnaird (afterwards Lord Kinnaird) accompanied us, and with us ascended Canisp and saw that wonderful sight of cloudland far below us.

About this time our beautiful young niece, Leila Locke, married that dear and winning creature Lord Burghersh, the eldest son of Lord Westmorland. She was only sixteen, and our mother, who went to the wedding at Apthorpe, had also been married at sixteen, more than half a century before.

Italy was the spot in the world on which public attention was most fixed this year, and this page from William's note book may be interesting to you:

"Good intentions are not sufficient for the government of nations in times of difficulty. Pius IX. desired sincerely the happiness of the people, and he collected together in the first *Consulta* twenty-eight of the best and wisest men in his dominions. Many of them had gone over Europe, and had studied the working of Constitutional Government; but, though the Pope had the wisdom to ask their advice, he was so impeded by scruples as to abandoning any of the power which he had inherited from his predecessors, that he was unable to make any use of the advice he received, and waited to concede to violence what he refused to argument. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was the best of Sovereigns in intention, and the worst in capacity and execution. Charles Albert burned to redeem the reputation he had lost in youth; nationality had been the motive that had driven him into conspiracy, and on the throne he still desired to free Italy from the foreigner. He took up the Italian cause against Austria, earnestly and sincerely, and refused help from the French; though probably, had he accepted it, he might have succeeded. He had served in the field, and was brave as a lion, but he had no genius for command. He behaved in the war neither as a general nor as a king, but as a mere cavalry officer. He marched up the line of the Adige, and spent six weeks looking at it, until Radetzky had gained reinforcements, and was prepared to attack him and drive him back. That line is the strongest position in Europe; Napoleon only succeeded in forcing it after two victories (Mantua and Verona), and the most daring and skilful

manœuvres, with the help of all the enthusiasm of a victorious army. Since his time, Verona has been strengthened into a fortification of the first order. The result of Novara was chiefly brought about by the Republican Party. They spread a notion among the troops that the King was a traitor, while the Aristocratic Party were declaring among the officers that he was mad."

All seemed hopeless for Italy then, but we have lived to see her one and free. Lord Palmerston was one of Italy's best friends; he was not democratic, but a friend of Constitutional Government all over the world.

This year was one of war and change everywhere; the Italians and Hungarians were fighting for their liberties; and reverse and disaster had damped and dashed the hopes that have been so triumphantly fulfilled since.

The Hungarian dictator, Georgie, had to surrender to the Russians, who had come to the help of Austria; and the French were in Rome.

Of course, the sympathies of the Liberal Party were with the heroic men fighting for the independence of their country, but they were often so rash and foolish that they damaged their cause; and Lord Palmerston had to steer between Scylla and Charybdis to keep England from being entangled.

It was a very anxious and exciting time. Our own arms in India had been very successful, and the Punjaub was this year annexed to the British Empire. This year, the Queen paid her first visit to Ireland, and Fanny Jocelyn accompanied her. The Irish gave the Queen a rapturous welcome.

It was in the season of 1850 that the great attack was made on Lord Palmerston. On June 17, Lord Stanley made a Motion, censuring the Government for undue interference in the affairs of Greece. Lord Palmerston had really defended two British subjects from a gross injustice, and on the 22nd of June he made his great defence, speaking from the dusk of a summer evening to the dawn of a summer morning, with wonderful success. In his speech he expressed his famous wish that a British subject should be able to assert his national dignity and security, as a Roman of old asserted his, with a "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

It was, I think, on the 28th of this month, that Sir Robert Peel spoke against the Government, though with great kindness and moderation; and after expressing his admiration of Lord Palmerston's most able and temperate speech, said in words often since quoted, "we are all proud of him." This was the last appearance of Sir Robert in the House. The next day he was riding down Constitution Hill about five in the afternoon, when his horse shied, and threw him over its head; he was picked up,

and the best doctors immediately called in, but he had received fatal injuries, and on July 2nd breathed his last in this world of pain.

The Queen and Prince deeply felt his loss, which was a great one to the whole nation.

The "Papal aggression agitation" (as it was called) commenced at the end of this year. People can hardly imagine now the consternation and indignation that possessed the country. It is difficult to conceive it, since it has left no bad result, and a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has been seen on the same platform with Lord Shaftesbury, and Anglican Clergy, and Nonconformists, and is honoured by us all. The religion of the public of that day had in it a good deal of the hue of the Fifth of November, and there was a far spread desire for a faggot to burn the old Pope. All these events, of course, deeply interested and stirred William.

After the Session in this year we went for a change and rest to the coast of Normandy. At Dieppe we fell in with Count Zamouyski, who gave us many interesting details of the Hungarian war, in which he had been engaged. He described Kossuth as very handsome and fascinating, and by his appearance and eloquence, able to electrify the people, but as vain, and deficient in knowledge and character. At Frascati we met another Hungarian hero, Paul, the brother of William's old friend, Maurice Esterhazy. We found him very charming, and felt sorry for him that on account of his liberal opinions, he had to leave his country, to which he was devoted. We were delighted with Normandy, and the beautiful churches at Caen, and Rouen, Bayeux and St. Lo, and enjoyed our little holiday immensely.

1851.

This was a year of sorrow in our family. The clouds gathered early in the year. Our dear new nephew Ernest (Lord Burghersh), became very ill with paralysis of the brain, and died, leaving Leila a widow of seventeen. William was with him constantly in his illness, and was a great comfort and support to his young wife and her mother in this most heart-breaking time. Ernest had a beautiful nature, and had endeared himself to us all. Very soon after this we had a still greater loss, in the very sudden death of Ralph Leycester. My dear sister was quite devoted to him, and has loved him loyally and exclusively ever since. Tragedies marked the year, and another very sorrowful event in our family took place towards its close. My dear niece, Constance de Burgh, had married Lord Ward this spring. In the summer she joined you, my brother, and your wife at Homburg, and soon after, as you well remember, you went on with her to that fatal Schwalbach, where we followed you.

She became ill, and Lord Ward at once came out. We thought she was recovering, and left her with her husband, but shortly after our departure our dear one was attacked with fever and was taken from us.

I mention these great sorrows in this little notice of William's life, for in truth he made my sorrows his; and his deep sympathy and firm faith supported me through them.

I could hardly take pleasure in the Great Exhibition, the first of its race, which was opened this spring.

The famous *Coup d'Etat* at Paris took place at the close of this year. It was not only most important as a crisis in history, but to us of great moment, as leading to Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office. I believe all the world now acknowledges the foresight and resolution he showed, and it is not at all necessary for me to attempt any defence of him. I only allude to it as affecting our family history. William writes thus of it in his Diary:

"December 22nd. The Cabinet held, at which Lord John Russell declared that Lord Palmerston was to resign. Exciting times at Broadlands.

"December 26th. He gave up the seals. His magnanimity and indulgence for others are astonishing; he won't allow any one to be abused, hardly to be blamed.

"A chorus of eulogy raised by all the newspapers.

"No party pleased but those who desired the fall of the Government, which cannot last without its most popular member.

"Parliament opened on the 3rd of February. At the evening sitting, Lord John explained the circumstances connected with Lord Palmerston's dismissal; Lord Palmerston made his defence. He said 'It was obvious that if the Foreign Minister were never allowed in easy and familiar conversation to express an opinion on public events, that such restriction would be extremely injurious and prejudicial to the Public Service. So far as his conversation with the French Ambassador went, he had merely expressed his individual opinion that there had been for some time such an antagonism between the President and the Assembly, that their co-existence had become an impossibility; and if one side or the other were to prevail, it would be better that it should be the President.'

"Our Government was now like a card house, ready to fall at the first puff. A fortnight later, Lord Palmerston proposing some alteration in the Militia Bill, carried his resolution; and Lord John gave up his Bill and resigned.

"Lord Derby was summoned, and the Whigs enjoyed a holiday."

Lord Palmerston took this opportunity of visiting his Irish estates, accompanied by Lady Palmerston, and they took us with them.

It was my first visit to Ireland, and much amused I was.

I have been looking at my little Journal of the time, and as some of my notes give an idea of what Ireland then was, and the relations of the people with their landlord, I will jot them down.

"We slept two or three nights in Sligo where Lord P. had property. The people crowded round him, one man made a run at him. 'And is it Lord Palmerston!!' 'Yes' 'Thank you that's all!' But a man more bold and eloquent, came forward to explain the conduct of his friend. 'Och! your lordship, the thruth is, the poor boy is in such a sort of ecstacy at seeing your lordship, he hardly knows what he's saying! We're a poor people but we're a loyal people, and it's attached we are to the British Empire and yer honour's family, and it's proud we are, to see ye in the Far West!' He got petitions at every turn, some from 'abandoned orphans' of 50, and some from 'dissolute widows,' and one was signed by the name of a dead person, 'Will yer honour give me a coffin to bury me?'"

The drive from Sligo to Cliffony takes about two hours. It was very amusing and very affecting. I half laughed, half cried all the way.

As soon as we got into Lord P.'s "dominions," the "tinintry" swarmed out of the cabins to welcome him. They had made triumphal arches along the road of boughs, twisted elegantly with wisps of red flannel, and old garments of all kinds! They gathered round the carriage, all trying to touch the hand of their landlord, swinging their arms and crying "Whelcome to Ireland, we are glad to see ye in the Far West!" The children in shoals, very pretty, and nearly naked, and the poor people so ragged, one wondered how they could get into their clothes, or keep them on!

There was a grand illumination in the evening of dips in all the windows. We were glad to find ourselves in the clean, neat, white-washed little inn at Cliffony.

The next morning we walked to Mullaghmore. How wonderful in beauty the place is, with mountains, rocks and sea. There is a charming beach of firm sand in the Bay of Cliffony, with little waves rippling in, and when you walk farther along the coast, you come to wild acres and sand drifts, and ridges of black rock running out into the Atlantic, which there rolls in with huge, green waves of splendid colour.

We were on the Bay of Donegal, with the glorious Slieve-league and Killybegs opposite to us, the island of Innismurray in view, and the Seal Island, and the fair hills of Mayo, and behind us the dark mountains of Sligo with their curious forms

and deep glens, altogether forming a scene of such rare beauty, that it almost took away one's breath.

Mullaghmore is a fishing village where Lord Palmerston has made a very snug little harbour, and has built a row of lodging houses, hoping to attract visitors. We drove along the cliff which is very grand.

Lord Palmerston has reclaimed a great deal of sandy ground, in a very curious manner. It was a perfect desert of moving sand, which, when the wind was strong, blew all over the country. He planted a coarse sort of grass, called Bent, which fixed the sand, and, gathering it round its roots, formed soil; first a little clover appears and then grass, and finally he brought from the Landes country a great number of young pine trees and planted them; there is now a nice little fir wood. He laughed at the remembrance of visiting his *forest* some years ago, and asking his bailiff how the trees were growing. "And shure, me lord, they're flourishing!" "But where are they?" exclaimed Lord P. "Ah, look, me lord"—and sweeping away the sand, displayed with pride the tiny tips of green that are now trees of great beauty. They are the *Pinus maritima*.

Lord Palmerston is the best of landlords. He has spent on the estate all he gets from it. He has eight schools, an agriculturist to improve the ground, and plant, and teach the people how to sow their seeds, and keep their gardens, so that visitors coming to the estate, are struck at once with the tidy houses, the well kept gardens, and general air of civilization. He has had a covered boat and a skipper from Cornwall, to show them how to fish. This did not succeed, the Celtic race will not take to the water, and boat and skipper disappeared. He is on very good terms with the Priest, and gave him a glebe. However busy he may be, immersed as he is in politics, he exacts a weekly letter from his bailiff, to tell him all about the estate; if the people are flourishing, if they attend Church, and if the children attend school; if the potatoes are promising, and also the number of pigs and geese among the tenants. Of course the people are delighted to see him, and they crowd into the little inn, and scamper after him when he and William take their rides, stuffing petitions into his pocket.

Each evening "her honour's own musicinier" arrives with the fiddle, and the people dance jigs all down the passage. There is something very delightful in the mixture of familiarity and worship in the people.

However, all is not so peaceful a few miles off.

During the famine a few years ago, our kind neighbour Sir Robert Gore, was forced to unroof some cottages, to get the people to emigrate, and prevent their dying

of famine. Lord Palmerston would not evict any one. *Which* was the kindest course in the end? Better political economists than I am must decide. The visible result at this moment is, that Sir Robert's estate is as orderly and prosperous as an English one, while Ahamlish (Lord Palmerston's) is like a rabbit warren. Still the people all love him, whereas Sir Robert lives in constant peril. He never goes out unarmed. We visited Lissadell, and while there, Sir Robert took me out on his drag. The pistols were put in as a matter of course. His life has been so often attempted that he considers it quite an everyday occurrence, and feels he should never be unprepared for attack. He made me start; for after listening to various tales of hair-breadth escapes, he quietly said, pointing to a wall, "Now, as likely as not there is a fellow behind there going to shoot me!" Pleasant for me on the box by his side. The catastrophe, however, did not come off, and Sir Robert lived many years on his estate showing kindness far and near, and died in his bed.

Lord and Lady Palmerston had to return to England, and William and I prolonged our tour along the West coast. The "Reformation," as they called it, was then in its short-lived activity, and sufficiently obnoxious for us to get stoned by boys hidden in the priest's potato garden, as we went to a "Souper's School." We then went to Tourmakady, and we wrote in our Joint Journal: "There never was anything like Irish hospitality; not content with invading a stranger's house when he was in it, we are now settled in a stranger's house in his absence. The Bishop of Tuam kindly begged us to make any use we liked of his Lodge on Lough Mask, and here we are most comfortably established.

TOURMAKADY.—"Awoke by a stream of sunshine pouring through the dimity curtains. How happy we are! A glorious day! a lovely view! looking down from this bright little lawn over the young firs, on to that golden lake! We breakfasted and hurried out. Such a blue sky! balmy air! and lovely flowers! bushes of hydrangea and fuschia, primroses, carnations and stately orange lilies. The murmuring of a brook enticed us into the shrubberies which shade its course, and we walked along its side and sat on the stones, listening to its babbling talk and watching the little eddies and whirlpools it formed as it leapt and rolled from rock to rock. I never saw such beautiful and luxuriant heather; large bell heather, purple and white, abounds on the banks here; the flowers about twice as large as the lily of the valley; ferns and shamrock mixing with it, vary and enrich the vegetation.

"The Bishop has placed his boat as well as his house at our disposal, and about noon we set off in a four-oared galley, with the gamekeeper for pilot. We took in a fair picturesque girl, with golden hair and a red petticoat, to give her a lift across

the lake. When we got to the other side, she shared our lunch of bread and milk, but as she knew no English, we could not talk with her except by signs. At one end of the lake the mountains are very fine. On our return we walked to the waterfall, which is lovely. The water falls about 30 feet over cliffs covered with hanging ivy and bryonia, and bright green ash, and crowned with firs.

"We returned by Galway and Dublin to England."

The Duke of Wellington died in the month of September this year at Walmer. We went to the great funeral at St. Paul's in November. It was very grand and solemn. The crowds that gathered in the streets along the line of the procession were in number estimated to be a million and a half; they were so orderly that a few policemen were sufficient to preserve peace.

Lord Derby said the next night in the House of Lords: "When amidst solemn and mournful music, slowly and inch by inch, the coffin which held the illustrious dead descended into its last long resting place, I was near enough to see the countenances of many of the veterans who were companions of his labours and his triumphs, and was near enough to hear the suppressed sobs, and see the hardly checked tears which would not have disgraced the cheeks of England's greatest warriors, as they looked down for the last time upon all that was mortal of our Mighty Hero. Honour to the people who so well know how to reverence the illustrious dead. Honour to the friendly visitors, especially to France, the great and friendly nation, there by the presence of its representatives, showing respect for his memory. They regarded him as a foeman worthy of their steel. His object was not fame or glory, but a lasting peace. We have buried in our greatest Hero, the man who had the greatest horror of war. The great object of this country is to maintain peace; I trust that we shall bear in mind that in order to be peaceful, England must be powerful, and that if England is powerful, it ought to be to maintain peace."

The new Parliament opened on the 4th November. On the 1st of December, Lord Malmesbury announced the recognition of the French Empire by the British Government.

On the 16th of December, a Division on the House Tax Resolution, giving 19 against Government, the ministry resigned, and the Queen sent for Lord Aberdeen. This was another Government of the talents, and a combination of Liberals and Peelites, Lord Palmerston being Colonel Secretary, and William in the Admiralty under Sir James Graham. He had to begin to canvass for the second time this year, and was elected without opposition on January 1, 1853.

Early in 1853 the clouds began to gather, that burst later in the terrible Crimean War. Strange, that the Lord's Sepulchre should again germinate seeds of war; for disputes about the Holy Places produced the first signs of disturbance in the atmosphere, although this was, I suppose, a mere handle for the ambition of Russia. It led to a calamity which cast a shadow over all England. Friends and relations going forth, some never to return, and over all our occupations and amusements there brooded ever the mournful sense of the sufferings of our noble troops. It was not however till September, 1854, that the allied forces landed in the Crimea.

There was only one way in which we individually were able to help our poor soldiers in the great struggle. We heard with horror of the extreme sufferings of our troops, and of the misery and want of care for the sick and wounded. Then it was that a dear tender-hearted friend of my youth, Miney Forester, took the initiative, and proposed to go out with other women and give them that careful nursing they so greatly needed.

The thought had come to her in prayer, and she acted upon it at once. She went straight to Miss Nightingale, knowing that she was of all persons best fitted for such work. She found her eager to go, and when the proposal was made known to Sydney Herbert, he took it up warmly, and the little Band of Help went forth, not only to do untold good at the time, but to open a door of useful, blessed work for women, a work untried among us until then.

William was now in the Admiralty, and he thought, "Why may not our sailors be cared for also;" and with the concurrence of the Board of Admiralty, another devoted little band went out to our sailors at Therapia, under the leadership of the excellent Mrs Mackenzie, a daughter of Dr Chalmers.

But I feel that perhaps I am wandering too much into detail, for a life as outwardly uneventful as ours. I will only now try to bring out the salient points in the ensuing years. The long sad years, the long glad years, that bring us all things bright and dark, sorrowful and joyful, but never I trust, evil! I will pass over the great public events that stirred us vitally at the time. The Indian Mutiny, the American War, the Danish War, the Prussian Austrian War, the German French War, and move only within the inner circle of our lives. I think it must have been in these years, dear brother, that you exchanged your military for a diplomatic life, moving from Berlin to Paris, and then in 1853, to my misery, to Rio, whence you returned, as far as I recollect, in the spring of 1855. Soon after your arrival, being offered a staff appointment in the Foreign Legion, then being organized for service with our troops in the Crimea, you gave up your diplomatic post at the Hague, to

which you had been transferred, and served for some months in the War Department, then presided over by Lord Panmure. Happily, peace was proclaimed; and that you might not be entirely without official work, William made you his Private Secretary, but Lord Palmerston soon after gave you the appointment of Treasurer of County Courts, and instead of joining a foreign mission, or going to the Crimea, you were able to settle quietly in Surrey, at that dear Nutfield, which was for many years as the Land of Goshen to us and to many of our family.

We often made a flight there during the sitting of Parliament, always sure of loving welcome. William was very sympathetic towards what is called "the brute creation." You, my brother, have reminded me of one instance of his concern for a dog, and little regard for himself. Whilst staying with you at Nutfield he was one day attacked by a savage deerhound. The dog being a new comer and of unknown disposition, was chained to his kennel, and was pacing to and fro, straining hard at his chain. To enjoy a walk himself, and to see a dog pining for liberty was not in William's nature. He at once set the captive free, and together they started for a stroll in the fields. The dog wild with delight first rushed at some tame Egyptian geese, and, having chased them to their pond, began a hot pursuit after the sheep, so that it became high time for William to recapture his companion and take him back to his kennel. The dog suffered himself to be again chained, but as William gave him a parting caress, the ungrateful beast sprang at him with a fierce snarl, and seized him by the leg. With some difficulty, William, who was as calm and unruffled as though it had been a daily experience, flung off his assailant, and happily a thick trouser, which was bitten through, saved him from any ill-consequences.

Referring to his great natural generosity, one thus writes, "Truly of him it could be said, 'The liberal deviseth liberal things,' for he was always devising what kind things he could do for others, and this not only when he became a rich man, but while he was still a poor one. Thus (and there are many other similar instances), when, through the failure of a house of business, disaster was impending upon us, he was the good Samaritan who took upon himself the heavy burden, and did it in so genial and gracious a manner, one would have thought he was receiving rather than conferring a benefit."

In public events I need only mention that Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister in 1855, and was so happy as to bring about peace. In 1858, he was turned out on the "Conspiracy to murder" Bill, and in 1859, on a motion of no confidence in Lord Derby's Government, he became Premier again, and remained so till his death in 1865.

William several times changed office. He was President of the Board of Health in 1857, when we made our expedition to Brussels for the Sanitary Congress assembled there. In this office we became allied with that wise and delightful man, Sir John Simon, and William passed a Medical Bill with his aid. He gathered experience also in the several Offices of Trade and Education, and finally, in 1860, was made Chief Commissioner in the Office of Works, a place in which he delighted.

The year 1861 is sadly memorable to us, my brother, by the loss of our dear blessed Mother on the 13th of May, leaving us a memory that we shall ever cherish. A brass was put up in Nutfield Church "By one that mourneth for his mother." To the whole nation also this year brought mourning, for on Sunday December 14th the Prince Consort died. I wrote at the time Monday 15th: "What a terrible calamity! No loss could be so great, and it has come so suddenly, we are all stunned. This day week was the first time I heard anxiety breathed, and only on Saturday were we really alarmed. It seems however that Lord Palmerston got a bad account on Friday evening, just as he was sitting down to dinner, and was so upset that Lady Palmerston was frightened, and, not knowing of the telegram, thought he was going to be ill, seeing him look so pale. He has been ill with gout, but in his feet, so it may be a relief to the system. Our Prince seems to have been chiefly unconscious the last two or three days, but this is usual in gastric fever, so was not thought alarming. It appears, however, that early in his illness, he had himself a presentiment of danger, and told Princess Alice to write to the Princess Royal, and say that if it turned out to be *the* fever, he should die of it, and insisted upon her saying this much against her wish, as she thought it would unnecessarily frighten her sister. The poor dear Queen has been wonderfully calm and courageous; but the Duchess of Sutherland saw her yesterday, and said, "She shed torrents of tears, for which one is thankful, and said, 'Alice was a great comfort to her.'" Fanny Jocelyn has gone down to-day. Our blameless Prince! The country will now appreciate his virtues, and feel what we have lost!

William was through all his political life busy with philanthropic work. At one time he had a ragged school in Whitechapel, and during the Crimean war he opened and for several years supported an Orphanage, begun originally for the orphans made by the war. He also took great interest in securing allotments for the labouring classes in the country, and the improvement of their dwellings in town, and was forward in every good work. He also enabled me with Lady Ebury, and Mrs Sutherland, and two or three other ladies, to start "The Ladies Sanitary Society." The idea was given to us by Dr. Roth, a Hungarian Physician in London, who said he

observed as a foreigner that we in England are very charitable, and establish hospitals and institutions of all kinds for every illness and infirmity, and then bring up our children to fill them, by an utter disregard of the laws of health. He thought ladies might do much in instructing poor women on the methods of making their homes more healthy, and bringing up their children in sanitary principles. We therefore began, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure," and published simple tracts on fresh air, wholesome food, and washing babies; and had popular lectures for the people on kindred subjects. The Society, I am glad to say, still exists, and is doing good work. One of our plans for improving the health of the children, was to send them out twice a week into the Parks, in parties of fifty under the care of respectable mothers, with hoops and skipping ropes to get good air and exercise. In all these feeble efforts we were much helped by William and Lord Shaftesbury, and many kind medical men. William afterwards carried on the fight for fresh air, on a much larger scale in his crusade for the Preservation of Commons, and other open spaces for the people.

To return to our domestic history. I think that it was in 1852 that his brother Spencer married Lady Harriette d'Orsay. You, my brother, were present at their marriage, which took place at the English Embassy at Paris. She was the daughter and heiress of Lord Blessington. They lived at that well known place Sandringham, which had been left to Spencer by Mr. Motteux. He amused me by recounting to me the surprise he had felt, at a time when he was very low in purse, when a letter arrived, telling him he was master of this large estate. For some time he was expecting by every post a letter to tell him it was all a mistake. But happily for us this letter never appeared; for, with his inborn generosity, he had immediately given William twenty thousand pounds, for which I must ever be grateful, as it had enabled him to marry poor me. We were much with them. She was a beautiful gifted lovable creature. They had one dear little girl, the apple of their eye. In the outbreak of cholera in 1854 this terrible malady struck two of our family, the strong erect tree, and the fragile little flower." Lord Jocelyn caught it, when visiting his men in the Tower, and was struck down in one night, and this dear little Marie Cowper, taken ill one day in Paris, was carried off to Dieppe immediately, but died the following day. The grief in these two homes in our family cannot be told.

In 1856 William's eldest brother died equally suddenly of heart failure, when on magisterial duty at Maidstone; so our bright life was not without its dark shadows.

In 1858 we lost our dear sister Elizabeth Cardigan.

After this William took me for a change to Switzerland, and we gained our

laurels as Alpine climbers. We were snowed up at the Grimsel in August, and there I made what I thought a stupendous ascent of the Siedelhorn, and afterwards, moving to the Riffel above Zermatt, William went over the Cima di Jazzi with Llewelyn Davies, who was our pleasant companion during these journeys.

William retained the Office of Works for six years, 1860—1866.

He never aspired to the Cabinet. He judged himself fairly, and felt that he had not the power in debate, nor the eloquence in speech, that he thought necessary for that position; but he loved work, and this was work in which he could largely minister to the good and happiness of the people. It was also work in the two spheres he loved best, after the higher realm of the spiritual, nature and art; indeed, he did not disconnect these from the spiritual, believing all beauty to be a manifestation of God, and that if Nature is the Child, Art is, as Dante says, the Grandchild. This office, too, brought him in contact with the first artists and architects of the day, and gave him an opportunity of securing their taste and genius in the improvement of public buildings in London, certainly rather behind some of the continental towns in dignity and beauty. I remember how we laughed at the criticism of some opponent, who said on William's appointment, "Fancy William Cowper set over the Parks! A man who has never had a cabbage garden of his own!" This was quite true, but perhaps for this very reason, loving nature and landscape gardening as he did, he threw himself the more enthusiastically into the work, which gave him such a large scope for the exercise of these tastes.

There was hardly a flower in the Parks when Lord Llanover began the good work of floral cultivation, and set a few plants among the shrubs. This was the initiation; William developed the idea, and the Parks were soon arrayed beyond Solomon in all his glory. Beds were cut and filled with the flowers of each season. Rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs broke into beauty. Early and late the First Commissioner might be seen, with the excellent Superintendent, Mr. Mann, directing the design of each bed, and choosing the flowers that were to fill it. As years passed and the flowers flourished and multiplied, how he enjoyed our walks on a Sunday evening, when the people gathered there in crowds, and lifted their hands and opened their eyes with delight; and he rejoiced that he had been able to make for the poor of London a garden more beautiful than that of any rich man in the land. He also supplied drinking fountains for the thirsty, and turned an unsightly disused reservoir, which had long disfigured the most frequented part of Hyde Park, into a pretty circular garden, placing in the midst of it the spirited figure by Alexander Munro, of a boy riding a dolphin. He also placed in St. James' Park, Robert Jackson's graceful

little figure of the "Water Carrier." In the Regent's Park and Kew, he tried, for the sake of variety, Majolica ware, and on one of these fountains he had inscribed the lines of George Herbert :—

"As birds do sip and straight lift up the head."

Regent's Park was laid out by Nesfield, who gave his time and work gratuitously to his country. Battersea, rough and uncared for until now, ere long vied successfully with the other Parks; having the advantage of the neighbourhood of the Thames, and the skilled gardener, Gibson, who, trained at Trentham, soon worked miracles, and made the desert blossom like the rose for the people of South London. Nor was the East neglected. Victoria is really one of the most beautiful of our Parks. I remember going there on the occasion of the opening of the splendid fountain, presented by the Baroness, then Miss Burdett Coutts, and we were delighted with the raptures of the poor East-enders who had scarcely ever before seen a group of trees or known the beauty of a flower-bed. To them it seemed an entrance to Fairy-land! William also earned the gratitude of another class, "The Equestrians," by providing soft ground for their horses' feet, both in Hyde Park and St. James'. I could tell, of course, of greater works than these, such as the Law Courts, which were reared in his time, and the great work of the Thames Embankment; but his chief delight was to minister to the poor, and one day, the bright idea struck him which is so touchingly recorded in the following extracts from one of the daily journals. "The papers have borne ample evidence to the virtues of the late Lord Mount Temple, and especially to the great interest he took in all charitable and philanthropic undertakings. It was Lord Mount Temple who set on foot and successfully carried out the scheme, for distributing the flowers from the Parks to the London poor. He was First Commissioner at the time. The scheme devised then has been in force ever since, and some notion of the extent to which it has succeeded may be gathered from the fact that, at the end of the Season, no less than 20,000 plants have been distributed to the Hospitals, Workhouses, and Schools yearly. I protest I know of few prettier notions than this, or of a plan testifying more eloquently to the tender and romantic heart that conceived it."

Another thing he did that I recall with pleasure: when some rooms in the old Palace of St. James' had to be done up, instead of putting them into the hands of some fashionable upholsterer, as had been done before, he persuaded that great Reformer in Art, William Morris, to undertake the work. At that time our taste was what would now be considered atrocious, although we were quite satisfied with our-

selves. You remember our dear little house in Curzon Street; when we furnished it, nothing would please me but watered paper on the walls, garlands of roses tied with blue bows! glazed chintzes with bunches of roses, so natural they looked, I thought, as if they had just been gathered (between you and me, I still think it was very pretty), and most lovely ornaments we had in perfect harmony, gilt pelicans or swans as candlesticks, Minton's imitation of Sevres, and gilt bows everywhere. One day Mr Rosetti was dining alone with us, and instead of admiring my room and decorations, as I expected, he evidently could hardly sit at ease with them. I began then to ask him if it were *possible* to suggest improvements! "Well," he said, frankly, "I should begin by burning everything you have got!" I think I may be pleased with our humility, that after this insult, when our staircase needed renovation, we asked his firm to do it up for us! A Morris paper was hung on the walls, and a lovely little bit of glass by Burne Jones filled the staircase window.

Now our taste was attacked on the other side, and all our candid relations and friends intimated that they thought we had made our pretty little house hideous! Somehow, we got to like it more and more, and now I think nearly all people confess that they owe a deep debt to the Morris & Co. firm, for having saved them from trampling roses under foot, and sitting on shepherdesses, or birds and butterflies, from vulgar ornaments and other atrocities in taste, and for having made their homes homely and beautiful.

We then became very intimate with that rare genius, Mr. Rosetti. We often visited his studio, and to me Cheyne Walk became enchanted ground! As soon as we had a little money to spare, we asked him to let us have one of his single figures, and so we became possessed of that beautiful picture, most beautiful in feeling and colour, "Beata Beatrix." I have now had the great satisfaction of giving it to the National Gallery in memory of my Beloved. Mr Rosetti visited us once at Broadlands, and there painted his beautiful picture of the "Blessed Damozel." He is a rare example of possessing two heavenly gifts, and it seems to me that he is as great in poetry as he is in painting.

Another great delight to us at this time was going up occasionally to Denmark Hill for a happy day with Mr. Ruskin.

It seems that, quite unknown to myself, I had been a "phantom of delight" to him when we were in Rome together in 1840! I was then eighteen. It was rather humiliating that when we met again, after about ten years, he did not recognize me. We became great friends; I was very fond of his Cousin Joan and the "Rosie" of whom he writes in "Preterita," and she was a strong link between us.

In this stage I was his "Phylæ," and allowed to nurse him in a bad illness he had at Matlock; afterwards, when storms assailed him, he called me "Isola;" and finally, as grey hairs came upon me, I became what I remain now, his "Grannie!"

So the years sped away full of light and interest, and I am glad that I cannot say "Joy's recollection is no longer Joy"; but certainly it would be so to me, if I did not feel the Angel of my life ever by my side, and if I did not hope soon to share a still better home with him.

During the years of Lord Palmerston's supremacy in politics, Cambridge House was in a measure a centre of European interest. *There* gathered, on the famous Saturday evenings, people of all parties and all nations. There Lord Palmerston moved about, talking freely with politicians, travellers, men of science, artists, clever women, new beauties, old friends. His welcome was to all kind and genial, and his conversation lively and agreeable. Sometimes people asked "Why are Cambridge House parties unlike all others?" I think it was because the host and hostess were very unusual people. They were kind and genial, not only in manner but in heart; when they said they were glad to see you they were really so, and they themselves (a most rare thing) enjoyed their own parties as much as anybody there. Sometimes when the last guest was gone, we used to laugh in the family, for Lord and Lady P. were as pleased as if it had been their first party! And he would say "Well, my love, how well you have managed it to night," and she would respond, "Yes," really, we never had a nicer party, you seemed to please everybody." There is something beautiful, I think, in such youthfulness and simplicity in those who have been in the thick of the world for half a century.

I must quote here some words from Mr. Hayward's Essay about Lady Palmerston. "On her marriage, Lady Cowper immediately took her place amid that brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women, who continued to form the chief ornament of the British Court, through successive reigns, till they were replaced (not outshone) by a younger race." He goes on to describe how Lady Cowper was distinguished and admired in the brilliant seasons of 1814 and 1815, on the visit of the Sovereigns to England after the great war.

While speaking of later years, after her second marriage, Mr. Hayward says, "At that time coteries, cliques, and, above all, party exclusiveness in politics prevailed; but at Cambridge House there were no such limitations; all classes, Diplomatic, Political, Literary, Scientific, Artistic, found a welcome, even the proverbially dull country cousin, who had any claims on Lady Palmerston's notice. They were all re-

ceived with a gracious smile and a kind word by the amiable hostess. Her country houses bore the same character for hospitality and variety of attraction as the London dwelling; foreigners, in particular, were never tired of recording the delights of Panshanger, Brocket (to which she succeeded on her brother's death), and Broadlands." The same biographer says of Lady Palmerston, "that she never forgot a friend, or remembered an injury;" and speaking of her devotion to her husband, says, "she was most jealous of his reputation, and proud of his distinction as a minister. Every night she sat up for him, until his return from the House of Commons; and her many anxieties on his account were often hurtful to her health. Few things admitting of order can be thoroughly well done without it. Her visiting book was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger; so long as her health allowed, she made a point of filling up her cards herself, and she knew exactly whom she had invited for each of her alternate nights; she used to say that she rarely gave a large party, without its being attended by three or four more persons than were invited, but not a shade of manner on her part betrayed her knowledge of the fact. 'If,' she would say, 'it amused them to come, they were quite welcome.' Indeed, her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness. The quintessence of high breeding is never to ruffle or mortify a friend, never to cause an unpleasant feeling by a tone, a gesture, or a word; and instead of interrupting, or abruptly quitting wearisome visitors, or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded. Whoever was fortunate enough to be once received on a cordial footing of intimacy, might count securely on her enduring regard, and her generous advocacy if required. She was also placable in the extreme towards Un-friends, provided they had not been guilty of the unpardonable sin of caballing against Lord Palmerston, or transgressed the limits of fair party warfare in assailing him; *then* a change came over her, the *patte de velours* shot out its claws, the dove seemed armed with the beak and talons of the hawk. Her anger, however, was short-lived; she might have taken for her motto, 'Benefits in marble, injuries in dust.' She never forsook a friend, and always forgave a foe. The services of the great lady to the great statesman extended far beyond the creation of a *salon*. What superficial observers mistook for English indiscretion, was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, and to whom she was telling it; when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do harm or good; instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeler which was put forth, and no one knew from or through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known.

"She was rigidly just in her fixed estimates of people, chary, with rare exceptions, of her preferences; mild yet firm in her disapproval; warm but not extravagant in her praise. Her name will live, her memory will endure, indissolubly blended with one of the most brilliant episodes of the social life of England; with many a sweet scene of domestic happiness, with many a glowing image of conjugal and maternal love, with many a delightful hour of 'social pleasure' with all that is winning, high-minded, warm-hearted, with nothing that is petty, ungenerous, ungraceful, or false. It has been confidently predicted that the days of the grande dame of France and the great lady of England have passed away, as out of keeping with the age. It is certainly only by a happy accident that a loss we are now lamenting will be replaced; but should an attempt be made to ascend the vacant throne by any duly qualified aspirant, she will hit upon no surer mode of advancing her pretensions than by treading in the footsteps of her admired, beloved, and universally regretted predecessor.

"After Lord Palmerston's death, her circle was almost exclusively restricted to her own family and connections."

This describes well what Lady Palmerston was in the world.

I cannot say how dear and charming she was in her family.

She was devoted to her daughters, and always much more interested in Fanny's headaches, and the children's colds and chilblains, and the blue top knot that was to make the rather short but pretty granddaughter taller, than in a court festivity. She was very smart and funny sometimes in her talk, and would say very subtle, witty things, occasionally rather pungent, with the innocent smile of a child. She was not very distinguishing in her affections, but she was amiable and kind to each one of us, and Anne Cowper used to say, that Lady Palmerston had never found out any difference between herself, and me, and "Aunt Lamb."

We never thought Lord Palmerston either very distinguishing or fastidious about his company, and when he came in to dinner very hungry, after his day's fast and toil, he never seemed to find out whether he had next to him a remarkable politician, or man of letters, or a squire from the neighbourhood, a brilliant beauty from London, or a becapped and shawled County dame. He was always most thoughtfully kind to us; and at one time rather anxious about me, talking seriously to William several times of his fear that I was just the sort of person that the Roman Catholics would get hold of. How I wished that I could make myself known to him! As it was, I only saw him in company, and if, to my dismay, I found myself in that enviable place, next to him at dinner I used (as Bobby naughtily said)

to rise in my stirrups, and grow white as if I had a six barred gate before me. How I hope I shall be able to thank him, and meet his approval in another world. He was very fond of William, loving him, I think, more than anyone after Lady Palmerston, and William was very devoted to him.

BROCKET, 1865.

We passed the chief part of August, 1865, with them at Brocket. Edith and Sudley were also there. I remember thinking it so touching and pretty when Lord Palmerston saw the young pair walking together, and William with me, he drew Lady Palmerston's arm within his, and said "Here we are, three pairs of lovers." Minnie Shaftesbury was not there, having been detained abroad, and dear Lady Palmerston said to Edith, "I do not mind Minnie's absence as I have William with me. You know I always feel as if he was my contemporary, not my son." She was so wonderfully young in nature and ways, and so dear and pretty with her blue eyes, looking as if washed in dew, and her enjoyment was as fresh as a child's. We laughed at Vea Ashley, when she was a girl, saying after going to a play with her grandmother, "I liked it very much, it was so nice to see how immensely grandmamma enjoyed it."

I was sitting one afternoon with William in the Oak grove, and, complaining of my bad memory, I said that "I should like to be taken as they take photographs into a dark room to be developed," and the thought came to him, that Death might be the dark room that will revivify us and bring out all our experience in life, as illustrated by Admiral Beaufort's remembrance of nearly drowning, and that of many other dying persons.

One beautiful moonlight night William was at the window with Lord Palmerston. They had been interested in an article in a Journal of Science on the Nebulæ, and William said he sometimes hoped that hereafter we should visit the stars, that look so beautiful in the distance. Lord Palmerston said "It was quite possible, but that he inclined to the opinion that there would be first a time of repose, after the action and fatigue of this life."

Early in September we went to Wales and crossed to see the Dublin Exhibition. Whilst in Dublin, we heard that Lord Palmerston did not seem well. It gave us a panic, and, longing to be with him and Lady Palmerston, we hurried back just in time.

Brocket.—We arrived at Brocket on the evening of 14th October. We met

the Doctor at the station, and he evidently thought him very ill. On the Thursday he had got a chill, and the old inflammatory symptoms reappeared. When we arrived at the house, we found all in great apprehension, and we had a dreadful night of anxiety. Dear Lady Palmerston was in terrible distress. They thought he would hardly survive the night, but he rallied.

SUNDAY.—The improvement continues. He is quiet and free from pain. He lies sleeping peacefully; when awake, he is quite himself, often drolly so. When Doctor W. was giving him some medicine, he asked, "How shall I give it to you, my Lord; in a glass or in a spoon?" "Or not at all?" said Lord Palmerston. Doctor Protheroe Smith, who was his physician, and a very religous man, said to him, "How important it is to know and feel that Jesus Christ has died for us, that He might bring us to God. This is my sole hope; I trust it is yours, my Lord?" "Certainly," was his reply.

On Tuesday he seemed better, and William and I had gone for a little walk, when we were recalled. There was a change for the worst. Doctor Protheroe was giving him some ether to revive him, and Lord Palmerston, with his mind so active to the last, was asking him the name of the medicine, and its nature and properties. The Queen sent to enquire after him, and when told of this, he observed quite collectedly, "It is very kind of Her Majesty; I am much better." It was such a comfort to us to hear him say this, as it proved he was not in pain.

"Dost thou know that the Lord will take the Master from thy head to-day?"

On Wednesday the eighteenth of October at eleven o'clock, our Master was taken from us.

Fanny Jocelyn told her mother that he was gone, and she said she "praised the Lord for taking him so gently."

As he was passing away William observed on his face a look of great surprise as if he saw some unexpected and wonderful sight.

Among the many letters that of course came to us, this one of Miss Nightingale's pleased us very much :—

"Surely a more disinterested servant in doing God's work in the world, was never known. Without vanity, without ambition, and to do his work to the end, to fight the world's great battle to the last—is sublime, and the work of heroes. The wit, the wise jesting, lent but a grace to the seriousness with which he handled the stupendous interests of his life. He was more serious than any of our most serious-seeming statesmen, and his life the noblest exercise of true religion. I always remember his letter to Edinburgh about the cholera, as among the most religious of

human words. Perhaps God has taken him to be the statesman over one of his worlds, larger and higher than this one."

By his will Lord Palmerston left William unconditionally his estates in England and Ireland, after the death of his dear mother, but although left entirely in his power, William felt that if we had no heir he would be carrying out Lord Palmerston's wishes in leaving Broadlands to Evelyn Ashley, Lady Shaftesbury's second son, to whom also he gave our Sligo property.

How sad and grey those years seem, from 1865 to 1869! Dear Lady Palmerston still lingered among us in her divided life. She was increasingly gentle and affectionate, and not uncheerful, but one felt the sands of life were slowly dribbling out, and since his death our lives seemed covered with a pall.

We had no idea in early and even in late days, that Broadlands would ever be ours. It was some time after Sir William Temple's death that Lord Palmerston called William one day into his study and informed him of his intended disposition of his property. I remember the look of surprise and almost awe with which William came and told me of it. We certainly then felt no joy, but a feeling of great and solemn responsibility. Neither had we, of course, when we went to Ireland with them in 1858 any notion that we too should one day be received there with arches and shouts of welcome. It happened that it was just at that time that our souls were being filled with visions of a far greater and more enduring inheritance which made any earthly one seem to us of little account.

It was in the year 1867 that I went both in the summer and in the winter to Paris to nurse my dear sister Mummy, through some terrible suffering, and there and then it was that I first saw our little Juliet. My brother-in-law and Harriette were then living in Paris, and with their usual kindness took me in during those long months of nursing, and there I found the darling baby, little thinking she was to be so much in our lives.

When Mr Gladstone came into office in 1868, he offered William the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, with or without the peerage, intending it as promotion, but William gratefully declined, as he felt that any one holding an office without work was called upon to be great in debate, which he was not. He did not like a sinecure, and he also desired to cling to the House of Commons as long as he could.

In December, this year, we lost our beloved Marcia, the dearest and most devoted of sisters. Her good old husband, Admiral Harcourt, lived on for many years in mental weakness, but spiritual calm and peace. I find this mention of him

in my note-book, when he visited us at Broadlands early in 1870: "William and Marcia Harcourt went to the Abbey; I stayed to read the Service with Frederick. It was very touching, he read the chief part of the prayers, and I felt helped to pray, by the lifting of his spirit; feeble as his mind is, his heart seems as warm as ever towards his Master. He had taught me my first hymns, and I then repeated one to him, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' and I said to him, 'Dear Frederick, it will be a happy day when you are called there,' his old face flushed, and his eyes brimmed, and he said, looking up, 'Yes, it will be indeed, He loved me, and gave Himself for me.'" He was loved and nursed to the end by his devoted children, to whom he had been from their babyhood the tenderest of fathers.

Early in September, 1869, William and I were at Mullaghmore. I never saw the place look more beautiful than the last day we were there. I find these words in my note-book: "The mountains in alternate and combined gloom and glory, thunder-storm and golden haze. Sea calm and pearly, with here and there the ripple of shoals of mackerel, the fishermen in their boats after them, and bringing up no less than 40,000! Such an animated scene, the natives all out to see the sight. The cries, the hauling in of the silver fish, the calm lake-like bay, the seagulls resting on the nets and fishing too, all reminded us of the Lake of Tiberias." We were summoned the next day from Ireland, by the intelligence of dear Lady Palmerston's illness. We started at once for Brocket, and there found her in bed and very ill. Once or twice she seemed to recognize us, and looked pleased to see us, but she was far too weak to take much notice.

It was a sad change from Mullaghmore to find ourselves by the death-bed of his dear mother. About six on Friday, the 10th of September, she passed away without the least struggle; just at the last she had that wonderful look of renewed youth and beauty that one trusts the spirit body impresses on the earth body as it leaves it.

On Monday the 13th I took a little stroll with William among the thorns and ferns and scuttling rabbits to the great firs, and we sat by the water on the big knobs of the deciduous cypresses. In the evening we all met, very dejected, thinking of her and the bright days that were gone.

On the 17th, her dear body was laid in Westminster Abbey by the side of Lord Palmerston.

In December we went to Broadlands. Certainly it was with no exhilarating sense of possession that we entered the well known house, in sorrowful dejection. I myself felt so intrusive, almost impertinent, sitting in their chairs, and looking into their drawers.

Dearly as we have loved Broadlands, and blessed as have been the days we have since passed there, I think we always felt that it was their home, which they had lent to us for a little time, and that we were merely passing shadows, drifting over it.

How often in the long after days I have stood in that drawing-room, so filled with beautiful and beloved ones when first I came there, now all gone. In my dark times I have said to myself:—

"The many dear,—the Beautiful,
And they all in death did lie—
And a thousand thousand dreary things
Lived on, and so did I!"

And when the sun shone, I thought:—

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is fair and bright!
And my sad heart doth cheer.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days that are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays."

More sorrow, too, was at hand. There were few still upon earth that we loved so much as Harriette Cowper. She had borne with noble submission the sorrows of her later years, and devoted herself entirely to works of mercy. She became this autumn sick unto death, and on December 17th, she "left the land of the dying for the land of the living."

We and Fanny Jocelyn started at once to go to Spencer, and stopped with him till after the funeral. I found she had said during her last days, "I hope Georgina will take baby;" this was a great delight to me. She used to say to me sometimes in old days, knowing my passion for children, "Some fine morning you will find a baby tied to your knocker," and now, dying, she fulfilled her promise, and left to my care the beloved child of her adoption; and on the 29th Spencer brought little Juliet to us. She was welcomed warmly by William, who has ever since loved her with the most touching and devoted love, and she has been the treasure of our hearts now for twenty years.

1870.

We are now established at Broadlands, no longer as the happy guests of the beloved heads of the house, but as holders and keepers of it for them; with all the cares and responsibilities of such a large trust. Following in Lord Palmerston's footsteps, William, immediately with his excellent agent, Mr Kendal, set himself to work to improve farms, to build cottages, and generally "to dress and keep his garden." He was on the happiest terms with his tenants, and rode about constantly, visiting them and inspecting their holdings.

All this was quite new duty for him, and he found it absorbingly interesting and became more and more devoted to Broadlands.

In our time the house was twice on fire, so he at great expense made a reservoir at the top of the hill, to put us out when we caught! We had also a private fire engine; I mention it because it did good service for a dear neighbour. For when Lady Ashburton's beautiful Melchet was gutted by fire, our little engine saved the Wing. It is a day to be held in remembrance. One brilliant summer morning there was a rush in the garden and rumours of fire at Melchet. William instantly got on his horse and galloped there; I followed; and there through the long summer day we watched the remorseless fire do its dreadful work of destruction, the dear splendid owner looking on thankful that at least no lives were lost, and consoled by the thought that it was not an old historic house that was lost to the country. So our friendship was welded in the fire, and lasts unimpaired until now. She one day brought from Melchet Mr Carlyle to see us. I write thus in my Journal of the day: "He looks much older than when last I saw him, as if his big soul could not be imprisoned much longer in the worn, weird form. He gave us a long and indignant jeremiad on the sins and shams of this base time; all going to squash as fast as it can, and we crying 'Hurrah' over it."

Lady Ashburton told me there had been a discussion among her guests about the inspiration of the Bible, and how far and in what sense it could be said to be a Revelation from God; and Carlyle said, "The best way to decide the matter is to read the Book, and try to live as it directs you, you will then find out who gave it."

Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs Russell Gurney, came to us in the early part of 1870, after her dear mother had died, or rather soared to the world of light.

I can do nothing more here than touch on one of the most blessed gifts to us in life in the friendship of Mrs. Russell Gurney. We met her for the first time at a dinner at the Trevelyans in 1860. By degrees, our acquaintance ripened into closest

intimacy, and she has been by our side ever since in happy days and sad ones, in thought and in heart, in our earth pilgrimage and our spiritual quest, sustaining, enlightening, and enriching us.

We had the treat of Mr. Ruskin as a guest for several weeks one winter at Broadlands, and found him as always the most delightful and instructive company: his talk full and brilliant, and his kindness unceasing to all in the house, giving a halo to life. He set us all to manual work! He himself undertook to clean out the fountain in the garden, and made us all, from Juliet to Mr. Russell Gurney, pick up the fallen wood and make it up into bundles of faggots for the poor!

I have refrained from writing on William's political career, and will therefore only allude here to the happy circumstance of his having been able to preserve Epping Forest for the people, as he also helped to secure the New Forest from further encroachments and enclosures.

It was, I think, in 1870, that there was a threat to cut down some of the finest trees in Epping Forest, and it became necessary that the Government should be stirred to action.

I will quote from Mr. Fawcett's life:—"It was agreed by the Committee that a Resolution should be formed, and Mr. Fawcett proposed that it should be brought forward by Mr. Cowper Temple, who would be better able to represent the less extreme party, having been First Commissioner of Works, and President of the Commons Preservation Society, and who, as Chairman of the Enclosures Act Committee, had been a staunch ally of Fawcett. No one was freer than Fawcett from the paltry jealousy which too often leads smaller men to prefer the glory of *leading* a movement to the *success* of the movement itself. Mr. Cowper Temple threw out a suggestion, afterwards taken up, that the City of London might take action in the matter. The Debate, in which Fawcett thought it needless to speak, had a most remarkable result. Government opposed the resolution with its whole strength, and though nominally in possession of a large majority, was defeated by a majority of 101 (197 to 96)."

It was also in 1870, I think, that he passed the famous Cowper Temple Clause. The Church and the Secular parties had come to a deadlock; the Church Party struggling for the maintenance of Catechisms and Prayer-Book, the Secularists trying to banish religion altogether. To William, in the course of the debate, came a thought like an inspiration, and he brought forward the proposal to exclude from Rate-built schools all formularies, and by this means the Bible was preserved in them.

His proposal was misunderstood by the Church Party, as it was thought by them to militate against religious education, whereas he saw that it was the only way to obtain it, as the Nonconformists would not dare to vote with the Secularists against the Bible.

I will quote here a passage from Forster's Life:—"After discussing various amendments, Mr. Forster declared himself in favour of one proposed by Mr. Cowper Temple, which was virtually identical with his own suggestion to Lord Ripon in his letter of May 18. By this amendment it was ordered that no catechism or religious formulary, distinctive of any particular denomination, should be taught in the Rate-paid schools."

In a letter of Mr. Forster's to Mrs. C. Fox, on the Cowper Temple clause, he says:—"Thy approval is precious to me in a matter like this, which has gone close to my heart and conscience. It does rest much with me just now whether or no the State shall decree against religion, as of *a thing of no account*. Well, with my consent the State shall not do this, and I believe I can prevent it, though very probably by my own ostracism, but that does not much matter."

William's proposal was carried, but it brought upon him a great deal of blame from the High Church party, who did not understand the position, and naturally wished to retain the Catechism. This would never have been allowed, but William's proposition secured the reading of the Bible to the schools throughout England.

1871.—This year dear Dolly married Auberon Herbert; and William's brother, Spencer, married again; his second wife being an American lady, Jessie, the daughter of Colonel Maclean.

FROM MY JOURNAL.

BROADLANDS,

Oct. 4th.

William came into my room about nine, looking very grave, with a telegram in his hand. It came from poor Sudley to say that darling Edith* was taken from him very suddenly yesterday evening, at the Hotel at Basle. Alas! alas! then came a

* Lord Sudley's wife, and daughter of Lady Jocelyn.

telegram from Bob* to say his mother had started, and to beg me to come immediately. I set off at once and drove straight to Hertford Street. I found poor Bob almost distracted between his grief for Edith and his anxiety about Eric,† to whom he had not dared to tell the news, Gull and Chepmell having given a very bad, indeed hopeless, opinion of him that very day.

At last Bob took courage to tell Eric; he received it with surprising calmness; in fact, the poor dear boy was so weak, he had hardly strength to suffer. It is terrible for Bob, his love for Eric was most touching; he is so absorbed in him that he suffers every pain with him, and writhes with every cough and quick breath. Then he is broken-hearted at the loss of Edith, and, worst of all, is his dread of seeing his mother crushed by this fresh loss. William and I went with them to Cannes, and remained with them all the winter, and there the dear boy finished his short earth-journey. We had gone on to Rome to try and help dear Leila in troubles of another kind, and there we heard of his death, and returned to Fanny.

The following autumn (1872) William lost his dear sister Minnie, Lady Shaftesbury, whom he loved almost better than any one. How radiantly beautiful she was, some may still remember; and she was like him in sweetest temper, and bright, joyous nature. She died very unexpectedly. Her last words were "None but Christ."

From 1865 to 1874 we had gone yearly to our dear Irish home for a month or six weeks. I cannot say how we loved both it and the people. They gave us, until the last year, the most exuberant of welcomes; all pouring out of their cabins to hail us as soon as the carriage wheels sounded on the road, following us with welcomes; and as night closed in, they came out with torches, and, walking in procession round the Bay, came to our house to welcome us with "Cead mille failthe."

At first we lived in one of the lodges that Lord Palmerston had built for visitors to the place, close to the harbour. Here we were almost too overwhelmed with the attentions of our "tinants." When I looked out in the morning I found forty or fifty women squatting in front of the windows, who, as I approached, began curtseying and vociferating, and giving me the most eloquent demonstrations of their joy and admiration. If we put our noses out of doors they all swarmed on us like bees; when we drove in the jaunting-car they held on and swept on with us along the roads, and if we went on the beach for a solitary walk they would stalk us from the hill and mark a point at which they could surprise us. Sometimes when

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* Lord Roden. † His brother.

the dinner-hour struck, no dinner was to be had, for "shure the musicinier had arrived and the poor girl was having a dance along with the others;" or at dinner two combatants whould appear with bandaged heads and bloody noses for "his honour to judge with fairness between them!" They came like children to his honour "to crave justice and the restoration of a bit of land which was theirs by right, only someone else had possession of it," and even in the affairs of love or rather of marriage (for I fear they cared more for "the bit of land" or "a cow," than for love in these alliances), a girl would come blushing to his honour "to jest find her a boy to marry her!"

How we laughed over their funny compliments; they said I was "the finest lady that danced before the Queen," as if I was a nautch girl! And my smile "was sweeter than all the sweetmeats in Sligo," and, for fear his honour should be jealous, "Shure you're a beautiful lady, and his honour too!" Their attentions and compliments were not perhaps wholly disinterested, but they are really a very warm-hearted people, and hold us still, I am told, in affectionate remembrance. We had a fine opportunity of winning their affections the first year of our accession to the property. The time had come when the absurdly low rented holdings were, according to the law of the estate, to be raised. William, seeing how poor they were, declined to do this, and they never forgot this kindness. The sacrifice of a few hundreds a year, he felt, was amply repaid by the affection of the people and by our own peace of mind, in feeling that we had not impoverished them. Sometimes, as it was, one could not but feel the deepest pain at their poverty, and I longed for an estate in the New World to which we might carry half the population; but I do not think they felt their poverty, as we, with our English ideas, should have expected.

We began at once to dream of making a home there, more retired and homelike than a Mullaghmore lodging house could be, but where to find the land! for we could not think of taking an inch from the people. In going about with Mr. Kincaid, Lord Palmerston's friend and agent, we came upon a great rock standing out among the sandhills, some hundred yards above the sea, and exposed to all the winds of heaven. In front of us we saw Roskearagh Point, a ledge of black rock stretching out into the sea, with the great Atlantic waves rolling in and dashing over it. Behind us were the Sligo mountains, Donegal Bay and Slieveleague in view, and to the left the mountains of Mayo. It was a lonely, wild, desolate spot, but with the risk of its being called "Cowper's Folly," there we determined to build our house. William felt that nothing could be so good for the people as to ensure,

as long as it stood, the presence of some civilized life among them; and we took from them no land which could be of any use to them. We called in Mr. Carroll as our Architect, and in a couple of years, the rock was crowned by a substantial, little stone-towered house, very cosy and well arranged, and with this Apocalyptic vision from every window. We called it our Patmos, and, exoterically, "Classiebawn" (the White Rock).

Each year I became more devoted to the people. I scoured the country with my active little coadjutor, Miss Vantreight, in the car in all weathers, holding on in the gales. We visited the schools in the distant part of the estate, where, "Shure they're all waiting naked for yer ladyship"; and when we could not go to them, the people used to come up to the house for a picnic and have a happy day sitting about in groups.

The night we took possession of it there was the usual torchlight procession round the house, with such a pelting shower of sparks, that had we not been housed in strong stone, I think we should have been in flames.

Seeing me so fond of place and people, my Beloved asked me one day if I should like him to leave me the place should I outlive him. I said there was no place on earth would suit me so well, but the religious difficulty deterred me, as it would prevent my being able to do the good I would; for though *I* felt no separation from them, they did from me, and were always suspicious of my intentions. In fact, though they liked my repasts, and my clothes, they would not take even the most innocent little sanitary tract from me, and the children were afraid of my reading them a fairy tale. I never wanted to proselytize, believing they had all they needed to make them good Christians, which was all I desired, but when we twice formed lending libraries (with the priest's censorship) our books were burnt. They had even a suspicion of my influence as malign in material things, for when I provided armchairs for the old and sick, whom I could not bear to see doubled up on their creepies, I found the next year they had made firewood of them, thinking, as the invalids had died, that my chairs had brought them bad luck.

I was afraid, therefore, though I loved the people, that I could not really help them much. We pondered on it all a great deal; through mortal limitations we felt that we could not live among them as much as we would, and it struck William that our nephew and heir, Evelyn Ashley and his wife, having no country home, would live a good deal at "Classiebawn"; and that it would be both an addition to their happiness and good for the people. They came to see us at "Classiebawn" in 1876.

After much thought and prayer, William decided to make over the dear place at

once to Evelyn. The 14th September was a beautiful day, sky and sea blue as in Italy. William and I were sitting on our house-top enjoying the glorious scene, and talking over our project. Suddenly, we thought what a day this would be for giving the Ashleys this agreeable surprise! We saw them walking below, and beckoned them up; they, too, were struck with the wonderful beauty of the view from our tower. William said simply, "You really admire the place? Would you like to have it?" They were naturally dumbfoundered, and thought he was joking; but he was quite in earnest, and so the property of Ahamlish and Sligo was made over to them. Alas! the plan did not answer so well as we hoped, in causing them to live there. Dear Sissie Ashley, his wife, was very delicate, and could not bear the climate, and from 1879, when she broke a blood vessel, until she was taken from us in 1886, she had to live the life of an exile at Davos, and on the Riviera, bearing her sufferings and separation from home with marvellous courage and unselfishness.

This is the story of our leaving Ireland.

In March, 1879, William lost his dear brother, Spencer. He died at Albano of Roman fever.

In December of this same sad year, I went with dear Fanny Jocelyn and Roden, her only remaining child to Mentone, as a last hope. William followed us quickly. On the 10th of January, darling Bob was delivered from the bondage of mortality, and entered into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Can I ever forget him, lying like a young knight on an old tomb, in his manly beauty. Dear Fanny accepted all from the hands of God in perfect submission that all was right, and ordained by Love; but she could not live without her children. We moved with her to Cannes. I could fill pages with descriptions of those beautiful last days. All fear was taken away. She said she had never felt so happy since her widowhood. It was not like death indeed, but a wonderful and lovely change taking place before our eyes. She was lying on a couch in the window of the Hotel Californie, in the first burst of Southern Spring, surrounded with roses and violets, and listening to the ripple of the not distant sea, and the specially Southern sound of the frogs, in which she delighted. It was her last Lent, and on Good Friday, 1880, she laid down her cross. She had lost all her children one by one, and having closed the eyes of her last, her eldest son, she now closed her own and followed them.

William, never daunted by death, but rejoicing in the victory, was by her side, sustaining her by his faith and prayers.

By many she had been thought more beautiful than her sister. She has been beautifully described by Mrs Craven as having "ce quelque chose d'achevé que donne

le malheur." She lost her husband when only thirty, and gave herself up entirely to the care of her children. Her death was the last scene of a tragedy which startled the world, in which they had all been so lately at the summit of brilliant prosperity. Emilia Gurney was with us at this sorrowful time.

We returned to England, where I found my own dear sister Marianne de Burgh dying. She and dear Anne Cowper, William's sister-in-law, entered into Life Eternal almost at the same time, and their funerals were on the same day. It was by dear Mummy's bedside that they brought me the Gazette announcing William's peerage. She was amused at introducing me to the Doctor by my new name, and asking him whether he thought Lady Mount Temple bore any resemblance to Mrs Cowper Temple.

We went to Panshanger for Anne Cowper's funeral, and there found Henry and Dolly in the first shock of losing their dear full-of-life mother.

Having left Ireland for good, William with his usual thought for me, began to fear that I should miss our yearly visit to the sea. He also wished to provide me with a refuge, should he leave me. In the autumn of this year, therefore, we made an expedition along the South Coast to the Land's End in search of a cottage by the sea. We enjoyed the trip immensely, and friends were praying that we might be guided to the place appointed for us; but every place we saw was either too distant or too expensive, and we were on our way to the station at Torquay, to return home from our fruitless search, when the driver said, "There is a little place at Babbicombe, but it is so small that it is hardly worth while for you to look at it." We said as there was time we would take one look. We fell in love at first sight with the bank of rock and trees, forming a wild and lovely glade, and though the house was too small even for our modest requirements, we thought it worth while to stop, summon Nesfield, and see if he could make it habitable for us. This he did to perfection, and made it the perfectly lovely little place it now is. William loved it dearly, and it agreed so well with him that it always restored him in a wonderful way; and blessed days we spent together there. You, my dear, faithful brother, came and camped near us in the charming glen, and we have every reason to believe the prayers were answered, and that we were angel-guided to our dear little Bab! It is now for me a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat; but its loveliness would be only a torture, did I not believe that he is constantly with me there, enjoying its loveliness more than ever, free and untrammelled, without the heavy bondage of mortality. My tale is almost told.

The winter of 1880 we went to Dublin, and stayed with the Cowpers, Lord

Cowper being the long-suffering Lord Lieutenant! There, William had the second of his terrible fevers; he nearly left us then, and from that time I always felt I held him by a thread. As ever, he bore all the pain and discomfort, with angelic sweetness and brightness, and God had pity on me, and left him with me a little longer. Our friend, Mrs Wagstaff, had come to help me nurse him, and she accompanied us on our anxious journey home in midwinter. It was, I think, on the shortest day that we crossed and went straight to town. He did not suffer from the journey, but was for a long time in a very weak state, and I was still very anxious. Whilst in this state of tension, watching him as he lay on the couch, news came that Juliet had scarlet fever at Broadlands, and was very ill. What a terrible time it was! I think I should have gone out of my mind, if she had not had that wise and most devoted woman, Fanny Martin, to nurse her day and night. What petrifying journeys I had, in the very severe cold of that winter, to and fro from one patient to another.

When they could both be moved, we went to our dear little Bab, and there they soon recovered.

We had suffered blow on blow this winter of 1880, losing Anne Cowper, and William's dear sister Fanny Jocelyn, and my sister Mummy de Burgh, and now this terrible time seemed to complete the wreck of my nerves.

1881—82.

Florence Herbert also began to be very ailing, and the next year lost the darling of her heart, her firstborn Rolf.

1883.

I was walking in London alone one Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1883, when I caught my foot in a coil of wire, carelessly thrown on the road, and came down full length on the ground. I got up quickly, and being late was able to run home, happily very near. I did not feel hurt in the least, and said nothing about it, but when I undressed I found my body was numb, and it seemed that I had injured the nerves of my spine, and I have been more or less crippled ever since.

My beloved was very kind to me, and tried all means to get me well; and in the winter took me to Bordighera, a spot that has become sacred to us all. The dear MacDonald family met us at the station, and wheeled me to our Villa in the wood, "Casa Margherita."

The last part of that beautiful journey had been very sad to me; passing by the

places where I had been with my dear Fanny and her dear children, and where now their bodies rest; but beauty and sunshine always help me to hope for all they promise, and the change from London fogs to the Riviera was, as William said, "like passing from earth to the happy home our eager hearts expect." We had with us only Juliet and Clara Alfchen.

All through December I lay out in a little marble Loggia, with damask roses clustering round me, listening to the delightful lessons given to Juliet by Clara, in German and History; and reading Dante and all sorts of beautiful things, and sometimes sitting in the olive wood with William; sometimes reaching Caso Coraggio, the beautiful home of the MacDonalds, and basking in the rays of the love and light which filled it.

We were not long alone. The first to come out to us, who has specially made Bordighera holy ground to me, was Florence Herbert; for there, her yearning soul found rest. She had never at all recovered from the loss of her boy. She felt keenly, too, for others, and the mystery and misery of life appalled her and filled her with anguish; all was to her as a tangled web. She had recoiled from the narrow Evangelical teaching of her youth, and was quite at sea without rudder or compass; but she was always of a beautiful, self-sacrificing nature, panting after good and God. On one occasion, I remember her saying to Mr. Corbet, "How can one believe in the goodness of God, through all the horrors and cruelty of life?" and his answer was, "By the protest of our own hearts." After all, it is true that the witness to God is within. How it all came to her, who can say? The wind bloweth where it listeth, and here, He, whom she longed for, visited her spirit. The great hour had struck, and the glory of God filled her soul. The conditions were, I think, favourable for the heavenly visitation; the quiet, and the radiant beauty of the place, and my beloved's bright, holy company, our Dante readings and long ponderings together, and most of all perhaps, the companionship and teaching of George MacDonald, the "blessed St. Mac" as she called him; all helped to lift up the gate for her. Soon, her brother, her twin soul, our beloved Henry arrived, also to receive great blessing. It was a very still time for him, one might have feared he might find it dull, but he told me afterwards that in all his life he had never been so happy. Then you both, my dear brother, appeared to make the little villa "Minima" ever dear to us, and then came the Leycesters for a rest in their flight to Italy, and our dear little friend, Emily Ford, and later still, Kathleen O'Meara, and Mrs Russell Gurney, and Mr Corbet, and we were really a very rare little company. I know you will like me to recall the various beautiful incidents of that winter before you came. On Christmas

Eve, we were dining in our little room looking on the olive wood, and we heard the sound of many voices, and looking out, lamps glimmered among the trees, and figures carrying lanterns and sheets of music. Who should they be but the dear MacDonald family visiting the houses of all the invalids in the place, to sing them carols and bring them the glad tidings of Christmas. The next day they had the most beautiful tableaux ever seen of the Annunciation, the stable, the Angels, and the Shepherds, ending up with the San Sisto, in their wonderful room in the Coraggio, and had invited the peasants to come and enjoy this, for them, novel representation of the event of the blessed Christmastide. That house, Coraggio, is the very heart of Bordighera, the rich core of it, always raying out to all around, and gathering them to itself.

We had weekly poetry readings there enriched by the thoughts and the voice of the reader. Sometimes there were concerts and theatricals for our amusement or for some charity, and this winter there was a concert for the completion of the Church for the poor of the Marina. This delighted the good Father Giacomo, the village priest, and delighted us also, as a mark of true Christian feeling and catholicity. And how can I describe the Sunday evenings. The moonlight or starlight walk through the olive wood, and the gathering, in that beautiful room, dimly lighted, the group of family musicians round the organ at which the mother presided. The little assembly in the genial atmosphere; the welcome that greeted all; then the hush and the appearance of that noble grand form, with bowed head. The reading of the Bible, with illuminating heart-reaching comments, and the prayer that seemed the very outpouring of the soul of all humanity to the Father of all.

Another Bordighera delight was getting up to see the sun rise, when the most enterprising among us went to the Capo to see its first dawn and to mark the outline of Corsica. Henry had a quaint little villa called Amica, a funny pink box on the Capo. The dear fellow caught cold sitting with us on the beach too late one evening, and was confined to bed for several days. Then we visited him in his wonderful dormitory; a room that occupied the whole square of the house on the first floor. It had windows looking east and west and south; there he was lying so patiently, communing with St. Ampeglio; it seemed he was the saint of the little chapel on the shore below, and Henry liked to imagine what the saint's thoughts must have been, and expressed them in most beautiful verse. Dolly and I and a very few others have been allowed to see these lines. One day, it came into our heads, how much we should like to pass a vigil there; for having windows on three sides, and a few steps leading to the roof, it seemed just the place for it. One splendid night, therefore, we determined to keep watch together. It was a night to be always remembered. We

saw the moon go down in splendour, and the stars come out, and Orion wheel round, and then the dawn and first burst of sunlight; dear Dolly ministering tea to us; and we only separated when all was lost in the light of common day. I dissuaded my Beloved from keeping vigil with us; I so dreaded his catching cold, or being over tired; and he always prevented the sunrise, rising early to hail it, and to pour out his soul in praise.

As spring advanced, how fond I was of early walks in the first blaze of sunshine, to surprise you with my activity. I think it was in March that we all separated, leaving Dolly to perfect her lesson from "St. Mac." This was the purport of his teaching, "We cannot make ourselves believe, we cannot make ourselves love, but we can obey, and then love and trust will grow of themselves."

This teaching was emphasized by the lives of the dear dwellers in Coraggio. Their young married daughter, Grace, (who had been dying all that winter) was taken to her rest soon after we left. They all acted on their principle, "*we deny dying;*" they did not murmur or allow themselves to think it a sad event, but tried and contrived to be glad for her. Dolly wrote to me that "she never knew people so act up to their theories."

We joined Emily Ford in Florence. I was almost too ill and too anxious about William to enjoy it as I should otherwise have done. We returned home by the St. Gothard. We spent Palm Sunday in Milan; and there had the pleasure of walking in the procession round the Cathedral with palms in our hands, feeling like the blessed in the Apocalypse.

I was not much better for all the pains bestowed on me; and that autumn, while William paid his last visit to Ireland with Juliet, I went to Droitwich, and spent a few quiet weeks with my dear old friend, Emily Gore.

We tried the brine baths, and we tried the "mind cure," but had sadly to feel that old age is a complaint for which there is only one radical cure. William joined us there, and had a little meeting in a chapel, showing his untiring desire to do good; and after a short pleasant time at Malvern, in the congenial company of Lady Mary Fielding and Lord Denbigh, we went on for rest to our dear Bab.

1885.

One day in the spring of this year, when we were again at Broadlands, our dear friends the Wilberforces drove over from Southampton to see us and brought sorrowful tidings. He was very ill and had to undergo a severe operation. Happily our

house in London was at liberty, and we were a little comforted by thinking that his stay there would save him the noise and worry of an hotel. Our poor dear friend remained there in the "torture room" as he called it through the summer. We lived then in 15, Great Stanhope Street. I spent the time chiefly at Broadlands, in great anxiety about him, for at one time we feared he could not recover. William was backwards and forwards; with me for a few days, and then at the bedside of the friend he loved so much, to cheer and strengthen him with his calm faith and love and fervent prayers. The next year their conditions were reversed; William was lying in the same house at the point of death, and Basil was by his side pleading with all his heart and soul for a prolongation of his precious days with us. It was fever again, that terrible recurrent fever; Waggie again nursed him night and day with indefatigable skill and tenderness. Sir Andrew Clark and Dr. Collins did all that medical skill and care could do, but Sir Andrew thought all was in vain, and that the chances were a thousand to one against his recovery. It seemed another miracle, when we saw him rise again and able to be moved in a bed-carriage to Broadlands. There he lay on his bed or couch for many weeks, and as the spring advanced sat out in a garden chair, or took a little turn on crutches. His patience and sweetness were inexhaustible. He had no desire himself for the added life here, but for my sake was content to take up again the burden of mortality, in the great hope that added days would all be spent for the Master, who he doubted not, had sent him back for some wise purpose. We had visits from dear friends; Wilberforces, Emilia Gurney, Mr Pulsford, Mr Carpenter, and we basked in the garden or in the portico, rejoicing in the beauty of spring and the daily renewal of precious life.

This was an eventful year, generally of a sad character, but one family event pleased us much, the marriage of our dear Mabel, the child of Edith Sudley, with Lord Airlie, a brave young soldier who had lately much distinguished himself in Egypt.

For the last two years, that charming creature, Laura Lyttelton, had come much into our lives, and very near our hearts; she had married Alfred Lyttelton, her "king," as she called him, and alas in this spring, in obtaining his son he lost her. Wherever she was known she was loved, combining something of enchantment with a rarely beautiful nature; her loss quite thrilled through London society. Later on in the summer we had a visit from the Wyndhams, and their lovely children. Laura Lyttelton was dear to them, and it was comforting to talk with them of her. We read Walt Whitman, and had altogether an interesting time, as one always has with beautiful Madeline. She also did us a great kindness in taking our dear little Juliet at the close of the season with her and her children to Schwalbach.

We had been to Bab, and had come back to Broadlands, when our dear Sissy Ashley came to us for the last time, very ill, but brave and unselfish as ever. Soon after her return to Eastbourne, she was set free from the suffering she had borne so heroically for six long years. Thus, our young ones foreran us in the race: Alice Oliphant (who had gone early in the year), Laura, and Cissy were all gone, and one other had left us in the spring, whom I mention last, because it costs me most to write of her. Our darling Dolly, my "child," my greatest friend, in the younger generation, was taken from us. She seemed very ill in the autumn, and Lord and Lady Carnarvon lent her and Auberon their house at Porto Fino for the winter. She suffered with me throughout William's illness, and rejoiced with us in his recovery! Who could have imagined that she was to go first? She was brought from Porto Fino in the hope that an operation would prolong her life; but it was too late, and she was told she had but three weeks to live. I was then at Broadlands, anxiously watching by William, so I could not go up to nurse her as I should have wished, but I went to spend one last day with her. What a day it was! She was in the Carnarvon's house in Portman Square, surrounded with spring flowers and with some lovely pictures lent to cheer and please her. There was that most touching of little pictures by Burne Jones of Psyche falling over the cliff, caught in the arms of Love. It seemed exactly to express Dolly's case, and even the face seemed to me like hers. She looked so ethereal, very thin, almost emaciated, her eyes unnaturally large, and her smile sweeter than ever. She made me sit quite close to her and took my hand. "The doctors say three weeks, darling. When they said the operation could not be, I felt just a little flat for a day or two, but now it is all right. I only want to make the time as cheery as I can for Auberon and the children. I meant to get him to take some little house where I could be alone with them, as I am sometimes afraid lest he should think I neglect him for Henry; but it is all settled, and I find he wishes me to go to Brocket, and Henry wishes it also; so, in a few days I shall move there. Of course, leaving the children is the worst part, but even for them I am not anxious. I am given, I know not what to call it, Oh! does not the Bible say, "the peace that passeth all understanding?" It is wonderful! I am not a bit afraid, not a bit afraid."

I repeated the verse from an old hymn:—

"Upon thy will I lay me down
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch or downy bed
Could ever yield me such sweet rest."

She made me repeat this again and again, and write it down for her, and said she should like it put on her grave. We sat talking of many things till she became exhausted, then she crept to the couch, and got tea for us. She showed me the pictures lent to her by Katie Cowper and Lady Pembroke, and said, "They are all so kind to me; when the flowers and things come to me, I wonder sometimes what has happened. Am I going to be married? And *then* I remember. . . . . Do not mind, darling, it is all so right, and I have—the Peace. Remember always it was Bordighera did it! It is the same with Henry, only he is more in the world, so it is more fluctuating, but Bordighera did it for us both." The hours had passed, and I had to hurry back to William to be as cheerful as I could. Kind Lady Sandhurst had come from town to take care of him through the day.

Dearest Dolly was taken by Henry to Brocket, and there about a fortnight afterwards, as Evelyn de Vesci, who nursed her so tenderly, expresses it, "They saw, not death, but the triumph over death." The darling lay as long as she could in the window, enjoying the sights and sounds of spring that she had always loved so much, in a company of brothers and sisters and children, very weak, but not suffering much, and went at last, saying, "It is all so, so right," and to her little girl, Clair, when she bade her "good-night," the last evening, she said "Good-night, darling, in the happy land to-morrow!"

Evelyn de Vesci has written for Clair, and for her other children, the most lovely account of those last weeks. Henry bore it bravely at the time, but, it was his death blow.

There were two movements in which William took great interest that I have not mentioned, the promotion of Temperance, and Kindness to Animals. He had always been very temperate, but was accustomed to take a small amount of wine. I think it must have been about 1862 that I was led to form a little Temperance Society in my district in Mayfair, and having to ask my poor friends to take the pledge I could not but take it myself. I never asked William to join. It was no sacrifice to me to take it, and I never suffered the least from giving up wine; on the contrary I believe the abstinence has been very good for my health. However, I then thought there might be danger in leaving off a long life habit, but as years went on, he saw more of the terrible evil of drink, and when Mr. Booth visited England, William took the blue ribbon. Speaking at Portsmouth at an opening Temperance Mission, William is reported to have said, "The question he would ask was, 'what were they, as individuals, doing to promote the welfare and happiness of their fellow creatures?' The Government *they* were met to consider was the government of self. They were

each, he trusted, wishing to do right in the sight of God, and to do their utmost to benefit those around them. They would naturally, therefore, be asking themselves, what was the greatest evil that was affecting the prosperity of their country, and whether that evil was capable of effectual, satisfactory, and rapid remedy? The answer to the first was no doubt to be found in the intemperate habits of our people; and the only certain remedy was in the total abstinence from alcoholic drink. Every year the working classes were spending in drink at about the rate of £20 per family. As could be proved by statistics, there was no evil affecting our land to so great an extent as this habit of drinking, which has become an endless source of misery and ruin. The remedy seems more obvious even than the mischief. The first thing to be done is to show people the folly and expense of this custom; and the second was just what the blue ribbon helped them to do, to create and to manifest public opinion in favour of temperance. The movement, he felt sure, had its origin, not with men, but with God. Joining the Temperance movement, and wearing the blue ribbon, seemed of themselves very little things, but they expressed what might make the whole difference between righteousness and wickedness, between salvation and utter ruin."

For animals he always felt the greatest pity and sympathy. He was among the first that joined that excellent and able woman Miss Cobbe, in her crusade against the horrors of vivisection. He encouraged me to form the Plumage League—till now, alas! so ineffectual—to try and protect the innocent songsters of our woods and our sea birds from wholesale slaughter, for the sake of ministering to woman's vanity and a tasteless fashion. He formed a Broadlands Band of Mercy, and with the help of Mr. Moor, Mrs. Suckling, and other friends, Bands were formed in eight neighbouring places. These met yearly in Broadlands Park, and were talked to simply on our duties to our "poor little brothers," as they were looked upon by St. Francis of Assisi. Prizes were given, and they had tea and games. How happy those times were for all who were present, many will remember.

During the last two years, this idea developed, with the help of Mr. Timmins, into the Universal Band of Mercy. The intention is to gather children all over the world into a band of kindness. Mr. Timmins goes into every school where he can gain admission, and appeals to the children's hearts, and gets them to try never to pass a day without doing some kindness to parents, sisters, and brothers, schoolfellows, sick people, and to all the animals that come under their care. It is a very simple thing; but largely carried out, may spread in the world the regenerating power of love.

In the autumn of 1886, being always much maimed and crippled from the effects

of my fall, I again joined my old friend, Emily Gore, in the pursuit of health, and spent a few weeks with her at Bath. There, as ever, our friends were faithful, and came to us. First and foremost, Emelia Gurney, then the Leycesters, and finally, the beloved and heart-stricken Henry and his niece, Etty Fane. Henry and I had long drives in the country, when we could talk freely of our darling Dolly, and I felt that his sorrow was as deep as life.

I do not know that the poor old friends were much the better for this fresh enterprise; we had rather sorrowfully to acknowledge that we were wrecks, but as Mr. Corbet once said, "Not wrecks of a sinking vessel, but of a bursting seed."

The Beloved was much of the time with us, and afterwards we visited the Horners at Wells; dear Laura had linked Mrs Horner and us together, and had also drawn to us Lady Ribblesdale, her charming sister.

The year 1887 soon dawned in dark clouds with streaks of blue. The year began with awful earthquakes on the Riviera. Those of our family who were there happily sustained no worse injury than a shock to the nerves.

Two weddings came off among our neices. Etty Fane (Adine and Julian's lovely child) married Willie Grenfell, with great satisfaction to all the family. Later on in the spring another of Edith Sudley's daughters, Alice Gore, was married to Lord Cranborne in St Margaret's Church, a memorable day to me in many ways, and personally rather a painful one, as I fell off the step of the brougham, going into the church, and, besides spraining my ankle badly, gave my poor back another shake. How I worried my Beloved with these constant falls! This was the year, too, of the Queen's Jubilee; every one knows what a brilliant and touching event it was. We moved about this time to Shelley house. Since the quarry disaster, we were much impoverished; indeed it had become a problem how we were to live at all. Certainly we should have entirely to change our mode of life; and the first thing to be done was to try and sell the lease of the Stanhope Street house. We were happy in being able to do so. I felt the change, of course, chiefly for him. I could not bear that he should feel the pinch of poverty at his age. He, however, bore it as he did all things in the full confidence that all was for the best; and through our beloved Henry's kindness and generosity we were tided over this bad time. William chiefly minded having to dismiss old servants, and reduce work and wages on the estate. He thought he would prefer not to have an inferior house in Mayfair; and as I had from old Rosetti days, a romance about the Embankment, we took Shelley House, and enjoyed the river views. On settling there, we had a Dedication Service, and George MacDonald wrote for it the following lines:—

FOR THE DEDICATION OF

SHELLEY HOUSE.

JULY 2nd, 1887.

Lord, this earth so high and great,
All its floors and stairs and towers,
All its spleudour and its state,
Is thy Father's house and ours.

But like birds in sheltering wood,
Nests we build of warmer stuff,
Lest Thy strong house-angels should
All unwittingly be rough.

Lord, this house is all Thine own,
All and whole and every part;
Let the guard around it thrown
Be Thy presence in its heart.

Thine is every bed and chair,
Every table, every book;
Meet us up and down the stair;
Talk with us in every nook.

Thine is every servant-hand,
Thine each foot upon the floor;
Never shall the Master stand
Waiting at un-opened door.

Always here, come every day;
Always with us, nearer come;
Till these walls shall melt away
In the light of very home.

In 1887, we had a great sorrow, the greatest we ever shared. It must have been in August that we first heard that dear Henry was ill. On September the 8th, we had a letter from him asking us to go to Brocket. We went at once. How shocked we were, having no idea that he was seriously ill, to find him so changed that hope fled almost at once.

The next day he said, "I have had a dreadful time, but I have a rooted and passionate conviction that all is well." We were from this time almost constantly with him till he died, November the 10th, 1887. It was a wonderful time. Henry's perfect submission and manly endurance, admirable. He said again to me one day, "I have the most absolute trust in all being well. Perfect submission seems to me the most manly attitude." Sometimes he told me in the morning that there had been "light in the night;" and he loved that I should read him passages from the Bible and Thomas à Kempis.

How sad it was to see him grow weaker from day to day, till at last he grew to feel that it would be a comfort when it was over. He felt he could not live without Dolly. She was his twin soul. They had been, since the time I married, my dearest friends in the family, though she was then a little girl, and he still a boy. They were both very fond of "U. B." as they called my angel. How few who knew all Henry's fun and agreeability, were aware that there was in him, also, the most passionately loving nature, as well as real genius. His was the greatest soul I had ever had for a friend, and I loved him as a superior being.

I heard from Lady Camilla Wallop afterwards that he had said to her, he sometimes asked himself, supposing he were very ill, whether he should send for me, or spare me! He knows now how eternally grateful I must be to him that he did not let me lose one of the greatest blessings of my life, in being allowed to be with him those last days.

His death was such a sorrow to William, that the doctors advised his going abroad.

We went to Cimiez, near Nice.

This loss, and my constant apprehension about William's health, seemed to throw a pall over this winter; but William was always hopeful and happy, whilst I seemed under the shadow of coming grief.

To return to 1887, in the summer, the dear kind Wilberforces took Juliet with them to Homburg, and she then being in a very delicate state of health, was recommended to try Dr. Kelgren's system. It was a great addition to our sorrows, that at the last moment of starting for Cimiez we had to leave Juliet behind. Basil was by our side when we started that dark sad morning on our pilgrimage, giving us as our watchword "Emmanuel, God with us."

At Cimiez we found ourselves surrounded with many friends whose society we much enjoyed, and we were thankful sometimes for our rare treat of a *tête-a-tête*. William seemed to grow more heavenly every day. How vivid to me are those

morning hours when he rose before the dawn to meet the rising sun with praise, and, kneeling in his little room, enjoyed hours of blissful communion. Sometimes he would call me up that we might watch the miracle of sunrise together. On our way home through Paris we stayed with Jessie Cowper, always so kind to us, and there he held a meeting for the City Mission. Here we again met Mrs. Craven. We found her as delightful as ever. It was a very touching visit, for she had been very ill and we all felt we were meeting in the vestibule of the next life; she had written an account of our "Conferences" in one of her books of Reminiscences; and though she laughed a little at them, she did it so kindly, one could only laugh too, and thank her for having let us off so easily.

So we returned to England, having completed our last of many journies together; and the few remaining months seemed spent in preparation for his blessed journey to the home where I hope soon to follow him. He was very happy, I think, those last months. I wondered sometimes that, being as well and joyous as he was, he could be so glad at the thought of leaving earth. Sometimes in my desperate clinging to him, I used to say, "I wish we could live a thousand years together here." He used to laugh, and answer, "You are much too contented; I should not like it at all, nothing could make me so sorry as to hear I was not to die. It will be much better farther on! We are not going to be separated, of course I shall be with you, till you come to me. Death is nothing but a change of clothes! and when I get my new suit, I shall be much better able to help you and serve my Master."

In the month of September, after our last Conference, some of our dearest friends gathered to us, as if they felt the time was short. The weather was most beautiful, and not being strong, I used to lie out a good deal in the Portico, watching the western sky, and its reflection on the river, and listening to the soft chatterings of the swallows preparing for their flight. We were also amused seeing the rooks strutting on the lawn, and when we had tea under the shade of the Portico, the fantails came up the steps, and partook of it with us. I mention these small details because they will recall the beautiful time to the friends who were there. The Macinlays came with their boy, Malcolm, and also my dear young friend, Mary Webbe. We read Dante together in the lovely evenings, joined before long by dear Mrs Sumner, and by Emelia Gurney, who spent a fortnight with us. She had some delightful times with him in these, their last walks together. I remember her telling me of one. They had been to Romsey, and were returning beside the river, all looking glorious in the evening light, the house in the distance, the sloping lawn and trees overhanging the shining stream. "Here we are at your own dear Broadlands again," she said.

"Not mine," he replied, "I shall soon leave it, and a very good thing too, it will be better for the place, better for my successor, *and how much better for me.*

He was so bright and well all this time; and though, I think, I felt the shades of evening closing on us, this seemed partly because I was ill, and my friends thought I might have been so happy as to go first. But no! I would not for anything have left him behind, and I thank God that the pain and loneliness are mine.

Many came and went; my eldest brother's boys, Stratford and Morty, Emily Ford, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, Mr. Maitland. The Wilberforces would sometimes drive over from Southampton in the gloamings, and my dear old faithful friend, Bessie Bertie Mathew now came to us. Finally, as if called to us for this time, you, my own dear brother, and your beloved wife arrived on Wednesday, the 3rd of October.

We had settled with the Mackinlays that the Christening of their three children should take place in Romsey Abbey on the 6th of October. Through Mrs Mackinlay not having been brought up as a Churchwoman, her children had not been baptized, but now she and her husband desired this blessing for them.

For some reason this day was rather inconvenient to her, and she wished it to be put off, but William (as if feeling the time was short) insisted on keeping to the day. Our Juliet had just come back from Sweden, and she, I, and Miss Wilson were the Godmothers, and my Beloved and Edward Clifford were Godfathers. No one present will ever forget that day, the last of his health; and the last act of his life was the ingathering of these lambs into his Master's Fold.

The next morning (Sunday the 7th) he seemed even brighter than usual. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to bear the name of "Temple" as continually reminding him of that verse in 1 Cor. vi. 19. He took up from the table a book with quotations from old Spanish writers,* and read aloud the following passage:—

"Throughout your religious life, you are to regard all men as instruments of God through whom you are to be shaped, chiseled and polished; and this training, *oftimes grievous*, is designed to make you holy." He stopped and said that he had not had any experience of this kind; there had been *nothing grievous* in his religious training. On the contrary, he had always met with kindness and consideration from those with whom he came in contact, and he was thankful to say that he himself felt nothing but good will towards others.

It was in this spirit of love and charity with all men that he partook of his last

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* "Spanish Mystics," by Mrs Tollemache.

Sacrament in Romsey Abbey. Driving home he spoke of his delight in the Communion Service, as being to him the nearest approach to the bliss of Heaven.

That same evening he was taken ill. You who were there know the fluctuations, the rise and fall of our hopes and fears, the gradual loosening of the silver cord, until the gentle summons came from the Master he loved so well, and his glad spirit, released from this mortal coil, entered within the veil to see Him face to face.

It was when my Angel was lying on the brink that I summoned Emelia Gurney, his dear friend in life and death, to see him once again. And though when she came he was too far raised above earthly things to be conscious of her presence, she had the priceless comfort of watching the supernatural light on his face and the heavenly smiles which played over it like summer lightning, during those last days.

I cannot close this memorial without grateful mention of one who had nursed him with unremitting care through his former illnesses, and who by her wonderful insight and tender vigilance was the greatest comfort to the end. This was dear Mrs. Wagstaff, in whose skill he had always the greatest confidence, and whose devotion to him was unwearied. Her daughter Minnie sat by my side the last night.

His kindness and consideration for each member of his household was a special trait in his character, and it had its reward, for they one and all revered him; and in this his last illness, Stephen Pleasants, who had served him thirty years, and his head gardener, Thirlby, helped to nurse him, watching by turns night and day, with a reverence and tenderness which I can never forget.

Friends whom we loved gathered to the spot: Hannah Smith, Antoinette Sterling, also Basil Wilberforce, who hurried back from Vienna, but arrived too late to minister to him, though not too late to give much help and comfort to me, administering the Blessed Sacrament in the room where his precious body was laid, before they bore it forth to the grave.

You, my dear brother, and Magsie were by my side at that Holy Communion, and it is for you that I have endeavoured to give this imperfect record of one so dear to you both, and who made for forty years the happiness of your poor sister's life.

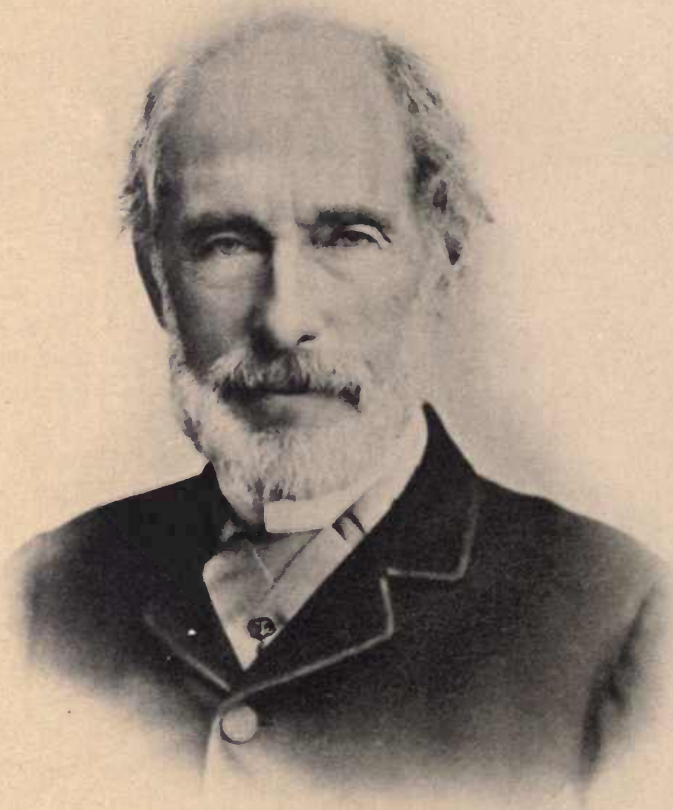
I end with the blessed words you gave me as the one ray of consolation in the thick darkness—

"Parted from thee for a season, that thou mightest have him
FOR EVER."

PART III.

OUR QUEST.

And through the labyrinth, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and lead me how by it
To climb to Thee.



OUR QUEST.

We had very different upbringing, but met at the same point from opposite roads. He had no religious training, but a longing after God, and a blissful sense of His presence from his early childhood.

I was early taught the Evangelical view of the Gospel. My dear sister, Charlotte, and my sister-in-law, Georgina, led me to pray.

I think I really longed to be converted, but conversion never came to me. Instead of it I was early beset by doubts of all kinds, and was so miserable, I longed to be an animal, or that Christianity might not be true; only then I thought, what is better? And I was tossed between ardent desire after God and utter unbelief.

I clung thus to religion, as the best thing I knew; and feeling that my dear mother and good sisters would think my doubts a temptation of Satan, I kept them to myself.

"The world," when I grew up, was a great difficulty; my mother and my dear Evangelical sisters could not bear me to go out, and my more worldly relations thought it very unfair by me that I should be kept in!

This, therefore, was also a great trial to me; I could not understand how God could mean us not to love our fellow creatures, and enjoy their society; yet I heard so much of the evil of the world, I felt afraid of it. Being also very shy and morbidly sensitive, I did not enjoy my rare dips into it, followed as they were by the grieved looks of my dear sisters.

I was therefore a bone of contention, and, though treated with immense love and kindness by everybody, was not happy, having no pleasure in society, and no well grounded faith.

This was my state when I had the blessing of blessings in meeting the Angel of my Life.

It was nice that we met chiefly in Church, as William attended, as we did, St. Michael's, where Mr. Harrison then was. Wiliam used to walk home with us; and we afterwards met at Bible Readings and at Exton. We became engaged at Helmingham, and were married in St Peter's Church, Eaton Square, November 21, 1848.

We were quite agreed in opinions as far as I had formed any, only I was in the shadow, and he always in the light.

We both wished to lead the best life we could; and he certainly always sought first the Kingdom of God. Immersed as he was in political and social life, we had no choice about the world, unless he had deserted his duties and cut his relations. His dear sister used to say that he was the only man she knew (besides Lord Dufferin) who lived in the world quite unspoiled by it. Certainly, after a party or ball, he was as ready for prayer when he came home, as if he had been at a religious meeting. I remember when we were at a large party at Broadlands in early days, with the Palmerstons, I asked what interested him most, and I was struck with his answer, "Oh, nothing of course compares in interest with communion with my Master, and work for Him."

This was the spirit of his life through all the blessed years I lived with him.

I think from the first he combined the opinions of the Broad Church with the fervour and warmth of the Evangelicals.

His trust in God was as a rock, his love of Christ passionate, and his one desire was to do his duty, and serve his Master.

He never could get up any dislike to other bodies of Christians, but learned something from all.

So he was when we married, and this attitude of mind was of course thought very unsatisfactory by his religious friends on all sides.

It is interesting to mark the charity and liberality of his character in early life.

In opening the pages of a notice of the "Life of Lady Kinnaird," a friend came upon the following passage:—

"Lord Kinnaird was one of a group of young men of position who almost simultaneously devoted themselves to the Lord, and tried to win others to the same mind. They exhorted one another, and occasionally censured one another, as the manner of such is. For example, Captain Wellesley, we find writing in 1840, 'My dear Kinnaird.—I am distressed to find Trotter going into the House of Commons. Who ever went in there and came out better in his soul? It is almost as bad as throwing his Park open for a Temperance Society, though I doubt not both the acts were with the very best intentions.' Again, Captain Trotter in 1843, bewails the worldiness of the Hon. William Cowper, 'I cannot now understand Mr. Cowper and others who go into the world.' Mr. Cowper himself does not seem to have been hard on anybody, and one of his letters from Munich to Mr. Kinnaird is worth quoting, if only for the spirit which it breathes. 'I have been mercifully enabled to pray fervently in a

Romish Church, and join in the Litany, which was beautifully sung in German, the whole congregation joining. We soon came to a part which shocked me very much, addressed to the Virgin, but then I left off looking at the book. It is a great comfort to be able to join in prayer with all one's fellow Christians, to one common Lord and Master, and to turn the superstitious practices one sees into an incitement to intercession and humble prostration. Lord, what am I that Thou shouldest have left me in less darkness and error than these holy men who devote their whole life to Thy service, and that Thou shouldest have called me to a greater freedom? What can I render? At the very least, love and charity towards these brethren.' "

We set out together in the search for truth.

We went to Church, read our Bibles, and mixed with religious people of all kinds, at the same time, going out moderately to political and smart parties.

I do not remember any very special influence which affected his religious views till we became acquainted with Mr. Henry Drummond.

We were helped indeed by many religious friends: the late Duke of Marlborough brought Dr. Baylee of St. Aidan's to us. The special point in his teaching that I remember was his view of Baptism as being not a change of nature, but of state, in which the child is born into the Church, and made (not an heir) but an inheritor of the Kingdom of God. Dr. Baylee was a friend to us for many years, and when he once visited us in later years at Broadlands, he was rejoicing in the universal hope.

Mr. Douglas, too, who had been a dear friend to me before I married, was often with us, and helped us much by his deep devotional spirit.

At Albury, Mr. Drummond and Lady Harriet, the Duchess of Northumberland (then Lady Lovaine), and Lady Gage, the other daughter, were all very kind to us, and hoped perhaps that we should join the Apostolic Church, of which Mr. Drummond was an Apostle.

It was all very interesting and hope-giving, and opened a new region to us. All we heard of the birth and development of this Church was thrilling.

Haldane Stewart had instituted previously a system of prayer for all Christians, for a special outpouring of the Spirit. He and other devout friends assembled at Albury, and there was, they believed, such a miraculous answer, that it was to them as a second Pentecost. Some began to speak under spiritual influence, and through these persons, endued, they believed, with the prophetic gift, a most beautiful Church system was organized, not, they said, by their own will or wisdom, but by the Spirit of God.

They believed the Lord was soon to return, and that a new body of apostles and

faithful disciples were called out to receive Him. They called this the Elias ministry.

They declared that of the four ministries mentioned by St Paul, only the Pastoral had been hitherto preserved, divided into the orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

The true Evangelist had been wanting, so the Mission work of the Church had done little; the prophetic gift was unknown, and the apostolic universal ministry had been lost. They believed apostles were appointed supernaturally to rule the Church universal. Prophets were inspired to teach and evangelists sent forth with power.

Of course I cannot attempt to give any just view of this really splendid ideal of a Church. That is to be found elswhere. I only want to give, if I can, some idea of the effect of this teaching on my husband's religious development.

The kindled hope of the Lord's speedy approach, the calling out of Apostles, and of an elect body to meet Him, greatly quickened our spiritual life. We attended their beautiful services, we listened to Mr Armstrong's eloquent and fervent appeals; he lifted his voice like a trumpet calling us to prepare the way of the Lord.

We hung on Mr. Drummond's words for hours, while he described to us this wonderful ideal, and opened the history and position of the Church, and the glorious hope of its speedy ingathering.

The whole spirit of the house, too, was most stimulating.

Henry Drummond's name is of course well known as one of the most brilliant men of the day. When he was to make a speech in the House there was a rush of members to hear him. His conversation was the delight of a dinner party, and clever men flocked to Albury for his society and that of those they met there, quite unaware of the underlying spiritual life, or only knowing enough of it to consider it one of the vagaries of genius. He was indeed one of the last men, when superficially known, whom one could suspect of any fanaticism or spiritual aberration. A Scotchman, with a mind like a sharp knife, cutting knots, dissecting arguments, somewhat of a cynic, and so witty he kept his guests in roars of laughter.

Imagine such a man an Apostle, with this one strong current in his life, to which all else was subservient, the bringing in of the Kingdom of God. The family were all in the same key, the Duchess very like her father, agreeable and witty, at the same time so filled with the Hope of the Coming, that I remember her saying "I never put on a new gown that I do not hope the Lord will come before it is worn out." This was the new world in which we found ourselves, and very kindling and entrancing it was!

I was carried away by it, though scepticism always shadowed and bound me. It deeply moved William, but he did not feel called to leave the place and the duties to which he was attached.

Let me think what remained to us of the teaching and blessing of this time. First of all, the revival of spiritual life; then, a much wider view of the Church as the Body of Christ. The Church, in Mr Drummond's view, included all who have been baptized into one Body, comprising therefore the members of the Roman and Greek Churches, and all Nonconformists; it is true Quakers are not individually baptized, but they are the descendants of those within the covenant of baptism. He taught us also the meaning of Symbols, and of Ritual, too often used ignorantly and superstitiously.

The members of the Apostolic Church hold that the Lord is truly present in Holy Communion, regarding it as the deepest mystery of the Faith; not that the Elements are changed into Flesh and Blood, but that the spiritual Body of Christ is imparted to the nourishing of our spirits and the building up of our spiritual body.

They believe that each body of Christians has some special truth confided to it; the Unitarians, the Unity of God; the Friends, the Inner Light; the Baptists, the necessity of individual conversion; the Wesleyans, the change of moral nature and progress in the path of holiness, going on to perfection, etc. All one body, under various garments, and observing different customs.

In early Christian times, as we read in the Acts, the people chose their own deacons, and the same instinct now leads them to choose their leaders; the ministers of the Nonconformists, they believe to be deacons in the Universal Church. At present these varying sects quarrel with one another, each maintaining a truth less recognized by the others.

Mr Drummond was fond of saying "people are generally right in what they affirm, and wrong in what they deny."

So it was, that without joining the Apostolic Church, William always felt much indebted to the teaching we received at Albury, as well as grateful for all the kindness shewn us there.

Our next help and enlargement came through the great Christian prophet of our day, Frederick Maurice. We used to wander on Sunday afternoons to Lincoln's Inn: and in the Chapel there, first heard the broader view of Christian truth and of the universal hope, given in that strong, tender, penetrating voice that reached one's conscience and one's heart. Akin with this was the teaching of Frederick Robertson, and we occasionally indulged in a Sunday in Brighton, not only for the sea air, but for the great and helpful delight of hearing him.

About this time William joined Mr. Tom Hughes (our dear friend) and a few others in the movement called Christian Socialism.

A leader among them was one we loved heartily, Charles Kingsley, whose books appearing at that time, "Yeast," and "Alton Locke," and others, made an era in our life. Above all, we learnt from our great poet, "We can but hope that good shall fall, at last, far off, at last to all, and every winter change to spring," and we felt that this hope once kindled, can never be put out.

It must have been at this time that, owing to our ragged school being in his parish at Whitechapel, we made the acquaintance of Llewelyn Davies, who was, and is an earnest disciple of Maurice, and became one of our best friends. A young tutor in our family lay in a dying state in our house in Curzon Street. Mr. Davies came with a young brother of his own (also in a consumption) and administered the Communion to him, and brought also to the young sick man a fellow countryman, (for he was Scotch) to read "Saul" to him. It was the blessed George MacDonald; and from that time he has been one of our dearest friends and teachers.

All this time William was immersed in political life, but his heart was always in the higher regions, and thence he gathered strength for his many varying occupations. Certainly *he* "carried music in his heart," and "plied his daily task with busier feet.

"Because his secret soul would holy strains repeat."

I think it was in 1860, when he was First Commissioner of works, that one of the London chapels in the gift of the Office became vacant, and he had the great honour of being able to offer this poor little chapel of St Peters, Vere Street, to Mr Maurice. This for certain reasons suited him, and there it was that every Sunday he "rang in the Christ who was to be."

The only other bit of ecclesisastical preferment that ever fell to William was St James', Westmoreland Street, also in the gift of the Office of Works.

One day we went to see a newly built Church in Westminster; a young curate preached with so much ability and largeness of view, that, struck by his sermon, we waited after Service to make his acquaintance; thus Mr Haweis became our friend, and when the poor, ugly, empty chapel fell to William's gift, he asked him to revive it. This Mr Haweis has certainly done, as may be seen by the now crowded services in the restored Church.

Storms of abuse and indignation came upon William for these appointments, and remonstrance and even coldness from near friends, but all this he stood up against

with the gentle force of his nature, and was happy in believing he had done his duty and made the best appointments he could.

He also obtained from Lord Palmerston the incumbency of Christ Church for Llewelyn Davies; and was, I am afraid, instrumental in gaining the Archbishopric of Dublin for Trench, then Dean of Westminster. "*Afraid!*" only because, though he was a crown of blessing there, in the difficult days of Disestablishment, he was himself a martyr in the cause.

It must have been about 1857 that we met at Moor Park dear Edward Munro, of Harrow Weald. He is well known for his work there, and the beautiful allegories, and poems, and other books that he wrote. He was one of the most interesting and lovable of men.

His Church, his parish, his work, were something ideal. For several years from this time, we spent Holy Week, in what we called our "Retreat" in a farmhouse there. He had a wonderful gift for impressing on one the scenes and the events of those last days on earth of our Lord, and I think William never enjoyed anything more than our blessed days there, and they linked him on in sympathy with the Anglican party, and their aims and lives.

It was in this year I first heard of spiritualism. Mr. Bell had written an article in the *Contemporary*, at which all the world was laughing. I, unhappily, groping in darkness, pricked up my ears. I was always staggered that the supernatural interventions often mentioned in Scripture never happened in our time. Now, I thought, there is a hope! In 1861, I lost my dearest mother, and being very dark and miserable, I wrote to Mrs. Howitt, who I heard was one of the "fools" who believed that there could be communication between those that were gone and this earth. She responded most kindly, and I went to Highgate to see her, and thus made acquaintance with Mr. Home, and was initiated into all the phenomena that are so alluring, so bewildering, and so utterly disappointing; but still furnishing to the material mind a new basis of belief. A friend, many friends said, "How can you believe in such trifling folly?" I acknowledge that I should have wished and expected that it might have been a wider rending of the veil, and that the revelation might have been of a higher kind; but I compared myself to one of the mourning wives on the brink of the Hartley Colliery (where there had been lately a terrible accident), and with something of the same joy that they felt in hearing some sounds, no matter how faint and discordant, that testified there was still responding life in the depths. I write this, concerning myself, only to explain how William was drawn into what is called the folly of spiritualism. It was entirely for my sake. He wanted

no confirmation of his faith. He never in his life doubted the reality of the other life, or the continuance of personality beyond death. He never doubted the goodness of God, or that all was for the best. Still he saw nothing incredible in spiritualism, as he believed in the great cloud of witnesses encircling the world, and he felt that those who were gone took an interest in us still, as it is written that "we are made a spectacle to the world and to angels." Therefore he saw nothing so surprising in the fact that they should, under new conditions, manifest themselves, as it was believed they had done of yore.

He thus became interested in what he thought *might* be a merciful interposition of Providence in this materialistic age, and was glad of any further light that might be shed on the misty land to which we are all bound. He was not even staggered by the triviality of many of the messages; for, as he reasoned, "more trifling and silly people go out of this life than wise and saintly ones, and they are probably nearer the earth, and may more easily be communicated with." He gathered all the good he could from spiritualism, and was helped to feel this world only a school time, leading us to a higher life; that the body, as we call our material clothing, is only a manifestation for this life; and that the true man is growing beneath it all the time, "renewed day by day."

We then studied the almost forgotten writings of Swedenborg.

About this time Mr Harris came to England, and no one I think ever attracted William more. We found in him at that time a devoted servant of Christ and a man with open vision. He particularly interested us by his belief that the kingdom of Christ was soon to be set up on the earth, and that we might all help in its unfolding. On his return to America, Mr Harris left New York with a devoted body of men and women, and established a community at Brocton. It was through him we became much allied with Laurence Oliphant, whom we first met at Broadlands soon after his return from Japan, where he had been nearly murdered. All there were interested in him, but I felt an interest of a deeper kind, as I found he had been brought out of materialism by a communication that he did not doubt came from his father. He was ambitious, and people prophesied great things of him: when, just as he had got into Parliament, to the surprise of everyone, he turned his back upon all and went off to Brocton to find God under the guidance of Mr Harris. It was a great spiritual adventure, and though he had differences at last with his leader, he always said he owed everything to Mr Harris, and did not regret his sacrifice in search of truth. It is known how he worked liked a labourer at Brocton, and gave up all he was, and all he earned by literature, to the great cause which he believed was to inaugurate a new

day for the race. He married from our house in Curzon Street the lovely Alice L'Estrange, who was of one mind with himself. She accompanied him on his return to America, and (as some think) shortened her life by working as a laundress, sempstress, and teacher, in order to earn money for the society, upheld by the hope of bringing others into the new and higher life. She spent the last winter in England with us at Broadlands. She was a rare being, beautiful, "with sweetest eyes were ever seen," brilliant in mind, a musician, an artist, full of kindness and help for everybody; most loving to us, and trying always to draw us all up to the higher sphere in which she lived. Towards spring Mr Oliphant came to England, and in the summer took her off to Haifa, under Mount Carmel. There they formed a colony of seekers after the new life, and friends who visited them describe their life there as very beautiful. In the beginning of 1886, they made a journey to Tiberias, and on the shores of the Lake she caught a fever, and we lost her.

In 1869, William lost his mother, and Broadlands became our home.

He was perfectly free from all pride in its possession, but he loved Broadlands above any place on earth. He was, of course, busy for the people, building cottages and improving farms, but his chief care was always for their spiritual growth. He built a school church at Ridge, and appointed an estate curate, paid by him, to perform service there, and at Lee, where Lord Palmerston had built a little chapel, so that all on the estate might be able to meet in Divine worship. He provided schools in situations within easy reach of all the children. He also built a school-house in Romsey for the boys of the National School, in memory of Lady Palmerston. He opened a social club in Romsey, where often he would go for Bible readings, and at one time he used to hold meetings in the New Forest, and speak to the people from a cottage window, or a cart, so anxious was he to bring all within his reach to the blessedness of the knowledge of God.

Meanwhile, he did not neglect his own spiritual growth. He enjoyed times of retirement and communion, and in his own room, and by the river he so loved, he was ever seeking his Master, and asking for strength and guidance to do His will. At the same time we had the house nearly always full of family and friends.

PART IV.

COMMUNINGS.

"They that loved the Lord spake often one to another,"
"In psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,
Making melody in their heart to the Lord."

COMMUNINGS.

I COME now to the last stage in "Our Quest," and will give a short account of the origin of the Conferences which have been such a blessing to us and, I trust, to many others.

Gabrielle Rosetti was in the house during one of our Conferences: he was painting the "Blessed Damozel," and, connecting this with the "mystic trees" under which we met, he wrote these lines in our Book.

"——In the shadow of
That living mystic tree,
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be;
While every leaf that his plumes touch
Saith His name audibly."

For those friends who were kind enough to come to our Conferences, I have written down from my journal some of my recollections, wishing that they should hold them in remembrance, as they will, I am sure, cherish the memory of him who tried in this way to bring together differing minds into clearer understanding and closer fellowship, and to unite hearts in the common love of the same Master.

They will, I hope, excuse the poverty and homeliness of my account, and I am sure they will like the memorials that I have been allowed to append to it.

I should like to say (but words fail me) how grateful we were to those who came so bravely and cordially to our adventure for their sympathy and their help, for their patience with people of opposite opinions, for their generous love, and for the fervour they kindled in many faint and flagging hearts.

I will give first his own words about the objects and character at which he aimed in these meetings, and I will then ask that my simple narration of the way in which his idea took form and embodiment may be read with indulgence.

"These Conferences were established by those who felt that, amidst all the Conferences and public meetings for discussion and for public worship, something still was wanting. Each religious community has had its special public worship, some as a development of the worship of the Temple at Jerusalem, some as of the meetings in the Upper Chamber of The Church in the House.

"There have been Conferences of Churchmen to consider the circumstances and position of the Church, and the best means for its development. There have been Conferences of Congregationalists, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Friends.

"But something still was wanting, something akin to the spirit of the meeting on the day of Pentecost, when people were gathered together of one accord, in one place, to seek the outpouring of the Spirit directly on the individual, without the intermediate agency of Ceremonies, or Office-Bearers; a tongue of fire on each head, and these anointed and consecrated individuals making up the unity of the whole. A meeting, not of sectional, but of universal character, all speaking as the Spirit moved them, not of doctrines or of systems, but of the wonderful things of God.

"In 1874, a few persons were led together on this new basis. It was a meeting not for the promulgation of any new system, nor for the combined execution of any organized plan; it was one of grateful, loving hearts, united through the attraction that drew them all to their common centre, and through their participation in the same desire to lead a higher and deeper Christian life."

I think it was in 1873 that Mr. Pearsall Smith came to England from America, followed the next year by his dear, beautiful wife.

It was a time to be long remembered; they came full, one may say, of the new wine of the Spirit, and longed to help others onward in the divine life.

A friend asked us to lunch to meet them. I shall never forget my first sight of Hannah Smith. We called her the "Angel of the Churches," and she looked like one with her golden hair, and clear beautifully cut face, in a dress distinctly her own, but simple as that of the Friends, among whom she had been brought up. I may mention what strongly drew me to her that day. I have confessed that I was only a seeker after truth, without the confidence and clear vision of my blessed husband.

Hannah was sitting in a little circle of excellent orthodox friends, who had assembled to hear of the good things of God that she had to impart; and she was there on her examination.

She happened to have seen a funeral in the street, and as she spoke of it, we all put on the conventional look of sadness. "Oh," she said, "I always give thanks, when I meet a funeral, for the brother or sister delivered from the trials and pains of this mortal state." How wonderful! I thought, and could not help exclaiming "Is that possible? Do you give thanks for *everybody's* deliverance?" I was indeed an *enfant terrible!* She stopped a moment and looked round. She was amongst a party of Evangelicals, at a time when the universal hope was deemed a heresy; and she was on her trial! She owns that she went through a few moments of conflict, but truth prevailed, and, looking up with her bright glance, she said, "Yes, for everybody; for I trust in the love of God."

I yielded my heart at once to this manifestation of trust, love, and candour. William was deeply interested in the experiences of which she and her husband had to tell us. We had been brought up to *try* to hold the forensic view of justification by faith; but of sanctification by faith we had never heard, and it seemed to us that, though the meaning of the two terms might perhaps be identical, it enabled us to look at the doctrine in a new light, and it seemed to contain the reality of salvation; for who could really care about being merely *accounted* righteous? while to be *made* righteous, by trust in the holy power that is always creating and moulding us, seemed something worth hearing about.

When, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Smith had settled at Stoke Newington, and asked us to come to breakfast with them, we were glad to do so. There we met one who has been since then one of our wisest teachers and dearest friends. "Not know Mr. Jukes!" exclaimed our hosts, "why we have come from America on purpose to see him!"

These breakfasts, with their Bible Readings, were carried on through the summer, and we were allowed to enjoy them. We thought it delightful to come out of all the turmoil of the London season to this Mount of Transfiguration, and felt inclined like the Apostles to fix our tents there. One day we expressed something of this feeling, and Mr. Smith said, "That is just what we want. People try by snatches to know God, and no sooner does the seed fall into the ground of their hearts, than they let in all the fowls of the air to devour it. In America it is our habit to go out into the woods for a week or ten days, and seek together in long breaths to draw in the influx of the Spirit. And the result has been wonderful. I wish we could do something of that kind in England. Mr.——— offered us his park, but there is illness in the house, so we cannot avail ourselves of his offer."

With an impulse that surprised us afterwards, but which seemed, later, like an

inspiration, William said, "I will gladly give Broadlands for such a purpose, if you will arrange and conduct the meeting."

Thus our first Conference was initiated.

Much our worldly friends laughed at the idea, and still more did our religious friends regret our folly! Even some very dear to us distrusted the project and trembled for us. Still, they were brave and stood by us, and Mr. Jukes promised to come to our support.

That summer we met for the first time under the beeches.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith went abroad for a month or so before our meeting, and found amongst French pasteurs and ministers in Germany many who were thirsting for an outpouring of the Spirit, and desiring to rise to what they called "The Higher Life"; these they invited to come. People of all sorts and conditions in England flocked to us. I was called away soon after the meeting had begun to a sick sister for a couple of days, and never can I forget the beauty of the return. The dear place seemed transfigured. The house was silent and empty like a palace in a fairy tale; all had assembled in the Orangery. I heard what seemed heavenly music. It was the final hymn of praise. I ran to the window. It was the most beautiful of summer evenings, all glowing in rich light. In this light I saw the blessed company streaming through the garden with radiant faces, and, as among them were some that I loved best on earth, it seemed to me like a meeting in Paradise. I awoke the next morning to the sound of voices from the beech trees, ascending, like the fountain to heaven, in praise and prayer. So the days went on, yet there was no tedium.

That first Conference some have described as a foretaste of heaven. It was succeeded by many others, one almost each year to the end; and each had its distinctive character and charm, so that it was often said, "Surely this is the best we have had!" I think, however, that none brought out such intimate revelations of spiritual experience as the first, or seemed to make each one present so understand the meaning of the Communion of Saints.

Among those who came to our Conferences were many good and honoured Churchmen:—The Bishop of Truro, The Bishop of Ripon, Canon Body, Canon Carter, Mr. Hilton, Revs. H. Jeafferson, Charles Fox, Evan Hopkins; and some of another "Fold," but of the same "Flock," George MacDonald, Mr. Pulsford, Lord Radstock, Newman Hall, also Friends, Wesleyans, Baptists, (among them our friends, Borton Brown, Mr. Westlake, &c.) Besides these our less frequent visitors, we had constantly the dear and faithful members of our Conference family, Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce, Mrs. Russell Gurney, and Rev. Alfred Gurney, Mr. Jukes, Mr. Farquhar,

Mr. and Mrs. Corbet, Lady Darnley, Mrs Charles, Edward Clifford and his sister, and others too many to name, but never to be forgotten.

The last of all took place little more than two months before my Beloved was called to higher company. All thought him more than ever heavenly in look and manner, and he spoke with special feeling and power. It made him very happy. He longed so much to give himself and all he had to the Master he loved so devotedly, and his ardent joy was to see the glory of the common life manifested in others. His great desire was to bring together all of every opinion who loved his Master in truth, and to see and show how insignificant their divergences were in comparison with the one great Truth and bond of union, the common life in Christ. He never forgot that all were members of the same body; members varying in form and use, but all united to the one Head, all fed from the Fountain of the same Heart, and from their very differences in mould and function the better able to minister to one another.

Before closing these recollections of our Conferences, I should like to add how much we and our Guests felt indebted to our household; for on our servants fell, no doubt, the chief stress of our assemblages, and they were found invariably full of zest for the meetings, and of care to make all as welcome and comfortable as they could. We have throughout our lives been happy in those who have served us, and I have felt constrained to mention two especially, who tended him during the last days, his valet Stephen Pleasants, and our head gardener, Thirlby. They helped me to nurse him with a love and tenderness which must always live in my memory, and I know they expressed the heart of all in our family.

My friend Mrs Gurney, who was present at the first Conference, whose following description of it, written at the time, was preserved, will also gather together some notices of those which followed.

"*August*, 1874.—You ask me to write my impression of the Conference we attended at Broadlands.

"As I attempt to define the essential and enduring part of those impressions, a manifested Life rises up before me in exuberant changing growth, reaching forth in almost infinite ways; and I am convinced of the impossibility of seizing its outline. The natural framework to the spiritual picture presented to us was fair, and who can describe the summer glory and the whisperings of wind amongst stately trees, and the clear calm movement of a river amidst green pastures, so that one immersed in darkness should feel their harmony and peace and beauty? Much less can words depict to those who have not witnessed it, the revelation of spiritual life in a united

body of Christians. The vision that was impressed upon us, reflected as it were in this company (though, of course, so narrowed by time and space), may best be described in St. Paul's words as that of 'the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, making increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.' These words seem to me to epitomise those six days of communion.

"The purpose of this gathering together, as expressed by Mr. Pearsall Smith, who really initiated these meetings, was different from that of other religious gatherings. It was not for the teaching of religious truths, nor for the arousing of the careless, nor even for taking counsel one with another on spiritual subjects, though, I think all these objects were in a measure attained; it was rather for the blending of hearts, through prayer and silence and separation from the world; and thus preparing a condition, or as it might be expressed an atmosphere, in which the teaching of the Spirit should be heard, and the truths we already accepted vitalized. This atmosphere we all felt increased day by day.

"More and more it seemed as if the blessed Spirit were moving upon hearts; deepening them, humbling them, and drawing from them fragrant odours of adoration and love.

"One of a different nation,* who largely contributed to the building of our Spiritual Temple, said some words to this effect, 'I had often heard that sentence "Guided by the Holy Spirit," but was half inclined to think it something dangerous; but now I understand what it is very well. Have we not realized here that He means us all to be of one heart? In my prayer alone this morning the thought of the love of Christ was filling my mind. I come here and find the subject especially brought before us; the hymn was chosen that I wished for, and when it stopped I thought if we could but have one more verse; and directly dear Mrs. Smith, as if reading my heart, asks for one more verse. So we find everything we want prepared for us.'

"This was experienced by many; their secret thought or need seemed to be met by others. Very remarkable also was the teaching of one supplemented and crowned by some added word of another, either in prayer or in comments upon some verse of Scripture, so that it was often felt when the whole day's utterances were considered, that not one could have been omitted without a distinct loss.

"As we sat together morning after morning under those overshadowing beech-trees, the breeze now stirring and now dying into silence amongst the abundant

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*Rev. Theodore Monod.

leaves, and heard the wild doves' voices in the interval of our own prayers and hymns, it did indeed seem as if one heart were shared by all. We seemed together to ascend higher and higher, and, in the rarefied atmosphere that we breathed in common, to gather courage to make a fuller and more joyful consecration of body, soul, and spirit to our Lord.

"In such an atmosphere we shared all things in common. Self seemed to pass out of sight; and even the sanctuary of the heart's Holy of Holies was revealed without a sense of profanation.

"On the two or three last mornings one and another could stand up and confess in tones that can never be forgotten, (tones that cannot be heard by our ordinary ears, so touching in their humility and child-like unconsciousness of self), that they had sinned, that they had been unfaithful to the light of conscience, but that, with a quickened trust in the Lord, new strength and life had been granted to them.

"These personal revelations cannot be repeated, they were fresh pulsations from the love-life of the soul, that can no more be written with pen and ink, than the fragrance of the flower, or the clearness of the morning dew.

"One who gave us a deeply interesting address, and spoke of his own experience, told us how he used to shrink from any expressions of the kind; and how complacently he used to quote Pilgrim's Progress regarding Talkative, and Mercy's swooning and becoming speechless when she reached the Wicket Gate. 'But,' he said, 'personal experience ceases to be repellant the moment we lose sense of the *I*, and recognize that it is Christ and not *I* that lives in the soul. It was self that hindered my perception of Christ's purpose for me; it was self that hindered and made difficult to me the risk of losing my reputation if I became His follower; I actually entertained the foolish thought that my neighbours were engrossed by admiration or blame of *me!* But since I know that Christ lives in me, I am thoroughly amazed at the freedom I have gained from fear of man, or considerations of self.'

"The progress upwards in the tone of the successive meetings might be illustrated by the story told by one, of the dream of a friend, who thought he heard three Angels singing wondrously together; they stopped and told him to join them, but their voices were pitched so high he could not attune his voice to theirs. Three times they paused and told him to try again in a higher key; each time he obeyed, and hoped his song came a little nearer to theirs. At last he awakened with such a sense of joy in the presence of God, that all care and anxiety seemed to have vanished from his life. So, as our company tried to sing higher and higher, the songs became at last all praise and thanksgiving. One and another could not refrain his lips from

recounting the blessings he had received, and letting his loving thankfulness break forth.

"The deeply solemn accents still sound in my ears, in which one said, as he knelt 'I can only tell on my knees, O my God, what thou hast done for me.' On the last morning, the last notes of the endeavour to "sing higher" were heard in response to the solemn question brought before us by Mr. Pearsall Smith: 'Are ye able to drink of my cup, and to be baptized with my baptism?' In the prayers that followed his very heart-searching address on this subject, a complete self-abandonment and readiness to suffer seemed to be manifested by some.

"I cannot attempt in this slight sketch of the general progressive life evidenced in this united body of Christians to describe the wonderfully inspired way in which we were sympathetically led by Mr Pearsall Smith, nor to specify the truths that he and others witnessed to, by their personal experience. No doubt many of the most characteristic addresses given by him and by others will be recorded. All who were present must have acknowledged the great value of the variety of minds nurtured in different nations and in different schools of thought. How thankful we were for our French brothers! All evidently rejoiced also that the womanly element was not wanting amongst these utterances; it was indeed most nobly represented by Hannah Pearsall Smith. Can we ever forget the early morning when she stepped forward from the shade, with the simplicity and dignity of a queenly child, saying, '*I* want to say something, Robert?' and then, with her sun-illumined countenance turned upon us, said: 'I want to tell you, dear friends, of the joy that this union with the Lord gives, never mind under what circumstances. Why, you might stand all day at a wash-tub and sing from the overflowing of a joy your heart could not contain. I have seen it, I have known it.'

"One note was sounded many times by those who spoke, very stimulating to our aspirations; it was a thought with a double aspect, and in the combination of the two words of Scripture which illustrate it lies its strength—'With God, nothing is impossible,' and 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'

"Surely the diverse voices that proclaimed such root-truths as these produced a richer and a truer unity than could have been given if all had been attuned in one section of the universal Church.

"A very distinct feature of this Conference must not be omitted in any attempt to delineate it, namely the conversations over passages in Scripture between Mr. Jukes and Mr. Douglas, two well-instructed Scribes, who had not tarried in the *letter* of the Word, but had discerned everywhere beneath it the *living* Word. Their unveiling of

the inward and spiritual meaning in the Jewish history and ceremonial was deeply interesting and practically helpful. The interweaving by these and others, of the intellectual, and the spiritual in the teaching of Scripture, gave a bracing tone to the religious emotions excited during the more devotional exercises; and recalled the words, 'Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation' (Isa. xxxiii. 6). I sometimes wondered whether there could have been such freedom of utterance, whether innermost hearts could have been so outdrawn, if the host and hostess who gathered us together had been other than they were; possessing their outwar dhome only to make others absolutely free of it. His spirit was so at home in the heavenly kingdom, his voice ascending and dwelling there in prayer, so completely natural as to remove all sense of transition between the things of the outward and of the hidden life; and by his side was one, who like

> "——A nerve o'er which do creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of the earth,"

would perceive even on the distant horizon any possible jar between speakers, or the hurt of some sensitive soul, or the need of a timid one for encouragement, ere the word trembling on his lips could be liberated; and in all such cases swift imagination was at the service of charity, and relief was devised. A sense of freedom and naturalness was in the very air we breathed.

"A joyous little child often flitted round the Tabernacle of beech trees, and served to symbolize the filial spirit, as set forth by some amongst us in the oft quoted words of St. Augustine, 'Love, and do as you like.'

"*December* 1889.—The above description of the first Broadlands Conference was written under the impressions then received, in their first glowing freshness.

"Fifteen years of testing time have sifted those impressions; and I feel impelled to endeavour to answer the question sometimes asked, 'Was all you described a passing wave of religious excitement, or does any result remain that you can still grasp?' Very briefly and meagrely, without any allusion to creed or doctrine or special personal experience, I would say, doubtless there was excitement at that extraordinary time, a joyous thrill of emotion that could not but pass away; but recognition of eternal verities, then, as never before vitalized, remains. I think the compelling evidence in living witnesses brought us almost into touch with the Divine presence, so that the possibility and blessedness of communion between Heaven and earth became from that time established facts in our consciousness. The reality of the one Spirit that stirred our hearts then, abides now, and increasingly compels recognition, not

a memory but a power, assailed and yet strengthened by the stress of everyday life.

"I now add a more detailed account of one of the Conferences, and the teaching then given, from a religious periodical of the day.

"The meetings were mostly held beside the quiet flowing river, under the shade of some large and beautiful beech trees, and recalled to the minds of those who were present the scenes that were witnessed upon earth when the Master Himself taught the people on the grassy slopes of Galilee. In opening the meeting, Mr. Cowper Temple urged upon his hearers the need of a higher spiritual life, and taking a lesson from the scene around he said, 'As the leaves will drop from the trees above us, and in their turn after decay will produce life, so out of our lives death will come, and then will follow our risen or resurrection life. Union with Christ is alone the source of life. For us to live in Him our own natural will must die, our carnal will must be subdued, the old man must die, or we cannot be partakers of the new life. There are three ways by which we can attain to this result: first, by the action of our will determining no longer to live to ourselves; secondly, by the consecration of ourselves to the service of God; and thirdly, by surrendering our will to the will of Christ, and so emptying ourselves of human desires and carnal wishes and, crucifying the old nature, we become able to be filled with the grace and mercy and love of God. There will then be opened within our hearts an inner sanctuary to God; and as Christ in olden times drove out from the Temple the money changers and those who sold doves, so shall we be able in His strength to drive out evil and sin from the sanctuary of our hearts, and enjoying holy sacred feelings, and overcoming anxiety, grief, and care, we shall repose in this sanctuary, and so advance in the spiritual life.'

"Such was the absorbing interest, that no difficulty was found in gathering the guests at seven o'clock in the coolness of the morning; and it was even an effort to separate when the breakfast hour at nine came. At ten o'clock conversational meetings were held, Bibles in hand, in different places; and at eleven o'clock there was prayer with singing and addresses. Later Mrs Pearsall Smith held meetings for ladies. Her three o'clock conversational meetings were followed by a general gathering at four; and after tea, Bible-readings were given, till the regular evening meeting.

"So quietly and with such freedom from excitement did the current of the meetings flow on, that their continuousness seemed rather to refresh than weary those present.

"We began with the negative side, renunciation of discerned evil, and even of doubtful things which are not of faith, and therefore sin. For some days the com-

pany was held under the searching light of God, to see and remove any obstacles to a Divine communion. We sought to have that which was true in God as to our judicial standing in a risen Christ, also true in personal appropiation and experience. Many secret sins, many a scarcely recognized reserve as to *entire* self-renunciation, were here brought into the light of consciousness, and put away in the presence of the Lord.

"These days of preparation and solemn waiting were most essential before those which followed. Alas, how many had to acknowledge to God that, while talking of sitting in heavenly places, they had been stumbling in the mire of this world; while clearly teaching a standing in a risen Christ, they had been living more or less after the corrupt flesh! The cry was loudly sounded in our hearts, 'Awake to righteousness,' practical, actual righteousness, 'and sin not!'

"The provisions in the indwelling Holy Ghost, the exceeding great promises of the Word, the separating power of the cross, the risen Saviour, the life more abundantly, were then set before us in various aspects, and pressed upon us as realities, to be laid hold of by faith and held with unfaltering grasp.

"When many or most were able to say that they took Christ to be their Saviour, not only from the guilt but from the power and practice of sin, we were led on to see that the Scripture command, 'Be *filled* with the Spirit,' was our immediate privilege, and that Pentecost was but a sample of that dispensation of the Spirit, which was the gift of God to the Church in all generations. As we waited and prayed 'with one accord,' there came upon the company such a sense of the presence and power of God as filled most hearts full, unspeakably full of the realization of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. 'The Communion of the Saints' never meant so much to us before. The great truths we had believed and taught were illuminated as with the sun, and many felt the power of the Spirit for service as never before.

"After this, in all the meetings, we were able to fix our minds on Christ Himself, and to dwell on the closer union to which in His love He was calling us; Himself living in these tabernacles a supernatural life, the great heart and head vitalizing and guiding the "members of His Body." It was no new teaching, but a new and soul-inspiring, satisfying *realization* of old lessons learned in the head, and now experienced in the life.

"A letter from Rev. Theodore Monod, says:—

'The difference between those Broadlands meetings and many others that I have attended is just the difference between a flower and the name of a flower. Christians too often meet only to talk *about* good and precious things: peace, joy, love, and so

on; but there we actually had the very things themselves. I cannot be grateful enough to God for having led me into such a soul-satisfying and Christ-glorifying, faith. I think I may say that I got all that I expected, and more. And I begin to expect that we always get from God everything (provided it be good for us) that we ask for, expecting to get it. Oh, for self-forgetting faith, that I may have more, and more, and more of it, and that the Church of Christ may cease to grieve Him, distress herself, and hinder the coming of His kingdom by disbelieving His Word!'

"On one of these days, Rev. T. Monod wrote the verses now so well known:—

"Oh! the bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time should ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain and proudly answered—
'All of self and none of Thee.'

"Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly,—
'Some of self and some of thee.'

"Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helpful, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and Oh! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
'Less of self and more of Thee!'

"Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered!
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
'None of self, and all of Thee.'

"The following letter from Monsieur R. St. Hilaire (Member of the French Institute), who was present, cannot fail to interest deeply those who read it.

VERSAILLES,
28 Juillet 1874.

'Vous me demandez quelques lignes, cher monsieur, sur les impressions que j'ai reçues à Broadlands, pendant ces cinq jours si tôt écoulés, où j'ai vécu, je puis le dire,

plus près du ciel que de la terre. Oui, mon séjour, trop court hélas, à Broadlands comptera comme l'une des grandes dates de ma vie chrétienne, si tard commencée. Nous avons tous senti, mes chers compagnons de voyage et moi, le souffle de l'Esprit passer sur cette foule émue qui s'inclinait devant lui comme des roseaux sous le vent. Nous avons appris à connaître ces prières muettes, ces silences plus éloquentes que toutes les paroles, ces recueillements intimes où l'âme se sent en contact immédiat avec Dieu. Nous nous sommes sentis frères avec tous ces chrétiens, que nous ne connaissions pas la veille, et qui étaient devenus tout d'un coup pour nous concitoyens de la céleste patrie. La langue même avait cessé de nous séparer, la malédiction de Babel était levée ; nous parlions tous la langue du ciel, et dans celle là, on est toujours sûr de s'entendre.

J'ai trouvé sous votre toit, cher monsieur, et soyez en mille fois béni, ce que je cherchais depuis longtemps, la communion *continue* avec mon Dieu, l'affranchissement du joug du péché, et le baptême du Saint Esprit. Il m'a semblé, surtout pendant les derniers jours, que je montais, plus haut, toujours plus haut, sur les sommets de la vie chrétienne, et que l'air devenait toujours plus pur et plus léger, à mesure que je montais. Aussi j'aime à rendre nos humbles actions de grâces aux frères, plus avancés que nous, qui nous ont révélé les secrets de cette haute spiritualité, bien rare hélas ! dans notre pauvre christianisme français. Qu'ils soient bénis pour les avoir ainsi initiés à notre chère et malheureuse France ! Puissent les touchantes prières qui ont monté pour elle vers le ciel être bientôt exaucées, et l'Evangile, comme on l'a compris à Broadlands, avoir un jour droit de cité en France !

' Votre affectionné frère en Christ

' R. St. Hilaire,

' Membre de l'Institut de France.'

" Mr Edward Clifford gives, with youthful enthusiasm, the following account of the impressions he then received.

' I expected very great things from the Conference, though I did not know definitely what ; I thought we *might* have almost a tangible sign of the Spirit. But I can truly say that it was *ten times* more helpful and delightful than I expected.

' I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere ; '

for those two lines of Miss Waring's come into my head describing the atmosphere

which was one of the soul's *health*. I never felt so natural in my life. The greatest and first joy was the Lord himself, loving us and being glad Himself, married to us and rejoicing in our gladness, and in our poor imperfect selves. At almost any moment one could turn to Him and talk to Him, and be conscious of His smile and His sympathy, feeling, too, perfect confidence in His arranging all our lives for us and leading us in His paths of service or suffering or gladness. The next and second joy was the delightful learning in a new way the communion of the saints. We really did and do love one another in the Lord. All the thorns were *gone* from friendships, and we were just clustering round our Beloved One, seeing His light and likeness in each other's faces. So many faces quite changed their character in those days. 2 Cor. iii. 18.

'The third joy seemed to me that our ears and eyes were opened to see God's message in nature. How precisely fit and natural the surroundings were! The trees, and river, and wind, and grass, received us into their harmony with God, and told us some of their secrets of His love.

'"O all ye green things of the earth, O ye rivers, O ye winds, O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."'

"Miss Julia Wedgwood, authoress of "The Moral Ideal," etc., was present, and writes as follows:—

'I feel assured that there must have been at these meetings an effusion of something that did not come through words, or I could not have felt so much of it. The words I heard were most precious to me, but there was much more than they accounted for, a sense that, different as we were, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, we yet did hear our own language, and recognized the union that lay beneath all our differences. I felt as if all the separate coals that had been strewed over a wide space, and were losing their little spark, were put together at last, and the glow was spreading from each to each. It seemed some prophecy and promise of the organic life I am always yearning for, the corporate union in which so much will be possible and easy that we cannot even try for, now that our lives are all separated by the "estranging sea." I am looking for some mighty change that shall lift our level, and turn all these islands into a continent.

'I feel sure that every word of Christ's and of the whole New Testament encourages anticipation, and that our mere backward gaze is altogether a misunderstanding of what we find there.'

"In 1875 the Conference was most ably led by Canon Body. It lasted for three days, and was conducted rather on the lines of a Church retreat. Progressive

instruction was given by Canon Body in the mornings, while later in the day there were conversational meetings. Mrs. Charles, the well known authoress, referring to this Conference, says—

'So many helpful thoughts rise up as I look back on those wonderful days at Broadlands, that it is impossible to recount them; but it seems to me the keynote of the whole was struck in Mr. Body's first sermon, when he said that the human heart was athirst, not for happiness, nor even primarily for forgiveness or holiness, but for God, the living God; that He, knowing what we are and what we want, and loving us to the fulness of His nature, which is love, suffers us to be satisfied with nothing, and no one else, not with the deepest human love, not with the fullest human religious teaching, not with the spiritual joy He gives, but only with Himself, give or withhold what He may; and that with Himself He does completely satisfy us.

'I was most deeply touched by Mr. Body's words about learning our sinfulness, where only we can bear to learn it, on the very heart of Jesus; also by his instruction about the holy angels, as our examples in their *adoration* of God for what He is, in their *charity*, delighting in the lowliest services. I was especially struck with the thought of their needing *silence*, "silence in heaven," and the importance of such adoring, waiting, receptive silence in the depths of our being before God.

'It was also a great happiness to me that Mr. Jukes, in all his prayers and addresses, never suffered the separating veil to be drawn between us "here below" and the heavenly Hosts, the "heavens, and all the *powers* therein," compared with whom we are *so few and so feeble*.

'But, above all, it was the spirit that pervaded the meetings; I should say rather it was the Holy Spirit of love, and power, and gentleness, who made all so ready to learn, melting down all the ice barriers that prevent His love and light flowing into our hearts, and that shut us out from one another.

'All to-day I have been feeling that those days have been a glimpse into the world where so many of our beloved are, where the communion with each other and with God is perfect for ever!'

"Mr. Andrew Jukes, who was reverenced at these meetings as a spiritual father, writes after this same Conference—

'Many praises surely have ascended to God, not only from those whom we see, but from many whom we do not see, for these meetings. Shall I tell you what I thought I heard after I left your door? I had just taken my seat in the carriage, and was lifting up my heart for a blessing on the house we were leaving, when all through the park, as I sat silent with closed eyes, not a word passing between Mr.

Douglas and me, I heard, or seemed to hear, now rising, now falling, one reiterated strain of grand and stately music; and all through it just two words, only two, came to my ears,—"Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him," till we passed beyond your lodge gates. Do you say that this is all dreaming? I only say that to me it seemed as if I heard it. But, whether I heard it or not, I am certain there was praise, not only from us, but from others; for if there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is surely joy in the same presence over brethren seeking together to be conformed to Him who loved them. The Lord give you and dear Mr. Temple great joy as the result of this meeting, even the joy of seeing many living more and more the heavenly life. It is this life, Christ's life, with its joys and sorrows, whether for us or in us, which above all things serves others. I say with its sorrows as well as its joys; for I believe it is only as we suffer with or for others that we really help them, a living teaching, far more costly, but far more efficacious than all the sermons which were ever preached. But we, like drummer boys, are often beating an impatient tattoo to quicken the rest, instead of, like the Captain or Bringer-in of our salvation, bringing others to glory by living for and suffering with them. Yet even the drummer's tattoo helps some, if it is only to wake them up.'

"To attempt to give further details of the various Conferences that succeeded these would involve repetition, and become wearisome. Yet each time a providing hand seemed to send us a special teacher or prophet, whose personality imparted some fresher and fuller light to the aspect of the truth he reflected. Once, we were led by Mr. Boyd Carpenter (now Bishop of Ripon), and those who were present will remember his taking the 23rd Psalm as the framework for his three days large and stimulating and deeply interesting instructions. At several meetings, Dr. George MacDonald seemed to be entrusted for us with special messages, not poetic alone, as his cannot fail to be, but, above all, eminently practical, in for ever pressing upon his hearers the fact that willingness to do the will of the Father leads to knowledge of his doctrine; and as the tender filial communings of his mind with God were revealed, we recognized that we also of the nineteenth century had our George Herbert.

"Once the quaint negress missionary, Amanda Smith, stirred all hearts by the account of her wild, impassioned search for God, repeating to us in vibrating, pathetic tones, the appeals she used to make to Nature to lead her into His presence.

'Oh sun, you have been obedient to your Maker, oh moon and stars, you know your Ruler, will you not tell Him I'm a sinner, and ask Him to find and forgive me!' Then she made us partakers of her joy by her simple, rapturous story of finding, or

being found of Him, when all things became new to her, and she had looked at her hands with surprise to find them black still, while she was so conscious of the new life that bounded through her veins!

"It is difficult to sketch even such slight indications as these of less picturesque and subtler teaching, such as was given to us by Father Corbet, (as he was then called) who had not long relinquished the brotherhood of the Holy Spirit, which he had carried on for ten years at his Rectory at Stoke. His ardent belief in the actual, living, inspiring presence of the Holy Spirit in each heart, and the rapturous certainty of hope in His all conquering power, rekindled the fearful and fainting hearts of many. 'Do you not think humanity is a wreck?' was once asked him; and his flashing answer has since remained a watchword with those who heard it: 'Yes, but the wreck of a bursting seed, not of a sinking vessel.'

"The fatherly counsels and deep spiritual insight of Andrew Jukes cannot be reproduced; his books happily remain as a mine of wealth to those who will search them. Canon Carter's* calm and deep catholic instructions, and those of several others like-minded, were felt to be invaluable; while Lord Radstock, with the frank directness and valour of his nature, contributed also to the many sidedness of the vision of Christian truth brought into evidence at Broadlands.

"Canon Wilberforce's wonderful eloquence and deep earnestness is known to every one, but surely as striking, perhaps more striking, was his often continued silence, and his readiness to hear and to learn from others, and to draw out from them by his fearless questions the deeper thoughts of their hearts.

"And so year by year we drew on to the last of these happy Conversations which took place in August, 1888.

"I am permitted to copy a few lines from Lady Mount Temple's journal, giving some of its details. 'Father Stanton was there, who had not been with us before; he spoke as if his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, and was full of Christian large-heartedness and charity. He was particularly glad to meet Mr. Newman Hall, and kindly welcomed also some from the Salvation Army. He said he had been perplexed to find so much goodness and piety outside the Church, in persons who had not even the benefit of the blessed Sacraments; and addressing the audience, he said he would be happy if any one present could solve the difficulty, and give him a reason for this. A voice,† a well loved voice, answered from the other end of the Orangery, "*Heredity*"! We concluded the voice signified that all

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* Canon of Truro. † Canon Wilberforce's.

being children of God, we might expect to find in all some likeness to the Father. Mr. Jeafferson beautifully opened our morning services with meditations on the Magnificat. George MacDonald as ever sought to draw us to the very heart of God. Hannah Smith was radiant, direct, and practical, and seemed to clear and brighten the atmosphere. Mr. Corbet rightly divided the Word of Truth, and Alfred Gurney, as he had always done, soothed and blessed us with his heavenly thoughts before we closed our day. Mr. Farquhar, our constant friend and teacher, read us one of his clever original papers on the Parables. We had also a much gifted Swede, Professor von Bergen, who gave us a most interesting lecture on Parsifal; and, though last mentioned, not least appreciated, our dear Antoinette Sterling sang to us standing under the beech trees with her inspired face, pouring out her rich volume of voice, full of soul, in praise and in appeals to us to trust our God, in the "Song of the Quails," "The Lord is my Shepherd," and others.'

"Little has been said in these notices of the Broadlands Conferences concerning him who was their mainspring, their very heart. What his pervading spirit in our midst did for them, for us all, could not be said in his lifetime, it can never be said; only in the spiritual fuller life can it be measured and seen by other scales, and 'other larger eyes than ours.' He was amongst us, not as the apparent master of the assembly, but as one who had the right to be the servant of all, like the Divine Master. He was the preparer and the almost hidden ruler of the feast. In our rooms we used to find his carefully thought out programmes of the subjects for consideration, with a few sentences of counsel for our profitable use of the time. He was ever circulating amongst us to unite and to encourage all. He did indeed 'honour all men.' I remember one who was not in the same sphere of society, who had been to Broadlands on business, saying, 'When I had been with Lord Mount Temple, I came away glad to be alive; and that's not always the case when I leave a great house; I often want to hide myself.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'his courtesy was perfect.' 'Well, I suppose it was,' she said, 'but I thought *his* was the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' It may easily be imagined how such a spirit in our centre was the uniting element that brought each and all into touch with one another. At one of our morning meetings, I remember a then rather stiff ecclesiastic (on whom time has now laid a mellowing hand) speaking to us rather severely conscientious words of warning and almost reproof concerning the sentiments of the hymns we had been singing, and the aspirations that had been uttered, 'aspirations,' he said, 'that ought to have found their fulfilment in Church membership and Church privileges.' After such words as these he turned away to leave us; the chilly silence that

prevailed was almost at once broken by our host going up to the stranger, and linking his own arm in his, saying, as he drew him towards the house, in natural and sweet tones, 'But you surely will not leave us; we are just going to luncheon.' A discussion about trains to London followed, and finally, as they walked together across the lawn, a confidential interchange of thoughts seemed established between them. He was always on the watch, not only to unite and to draw out the gifts of others, but also to lead to a practical issue all the beautiful and elevating thoughts that were uttered. At the opening of one meeting he said, 'He would venture to say to all present, don't be too critical.' If you go to a feast of a varied character, you can leave the dishes you don't like, and partake of those you do like; I do this when I am wise, but I am not always wise, and am sometimes too critical. This occasion, however, is too solemn and too short for any of its precious moments to be wasted thus. Let us endeavour in all we think and say and do to remember that it is Christ who is our life.'

> "Some there be that by due steps aspire
> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> That opes the Palace of Eternity."

"After all, it was chiefly *this* he did for us; and, hearing the simple reality of his voice in prayer, and seeing the illumination of his face, who did not long to follow and enter with him that 'palace of Eternal Life?' That sacred illumination of face, too sacred almost to speak of, was noticed within a few months of the end, and tenderly recorded in a letter of sympathy from the Archbishop to Lady Mount Temple. I am allowed to quote from it here. 'It will not pain you, I trust, if I dare to tell you that the last time you and Lord Mount Temple came for Holy Communion when I was celebrating, the perfectly serene and heavenly smile that passed more than once over his eyelids and lips made me then and there give thanks to God, that in our days there was a visible sweetness, love, reliance, access in devotion, which, alas! seem to belong to an earlier, more blessed simplicity of faith than ours, and to a more certain insight into things behind the veil. I have often thought of it since; I have even dared to mention it to those who could understand.

'I thought you would just allow me to tell you this as the best immediate message, to assure you that that holiness bore fruit to the end, so sweet, so proved, and that the end unto which it will bear fruit is very far off.'

"Was not the goal of 'The Quest' described in the preceding pages apprehended (as far as we may apprehend an ever beyond goal) by intimate heart-union with Him

who is the Truth; and did not the aim of his life express itself and take visible form in these Conferences? We have seen our friend in the preceding pages, from early mature life, seeking out and holding converse with the widest varieties of seekers after God; and, as he recorded in quite an early diary, he felt he had learnt something from each.

"To discover and promote spiritual unity beneath outward divergence, became increasingly the desire of his heart, and by the exercise of his wide sympathies he was more and more qualifying to be the link, the Uniter (as some called him) not only between members of different classes of society and of different nations, but a far rarer attainment, of differing Christians; and this, not by stilling them, like drowsy members of 'the Happy Family,' (as unfriendly animals used to be seen cooped under one cage,) but by uncovering and appealing to that deep Christ-nature and Christ-enthusiasm which arouses all to give to and to receive from one another of their very truest.

"High Church, Broad Church, Low Church were in his presence submerged in the Deep Church; that larger soul, transcending visible limitations, the blessed company of all faithful people in whose fellowship he loved to dwell.

"His many good works, social, political, and philanthropic, were seen and known of all; their tokens remain and will endure; without undervaluing them, it yet seems to some who were present at the 'Conferences,' that it was in *these* that the sap of his finer ideal life had found issue, and had brought almost into sight, even in this cold climate, a bud of the mystic Rose of Paradise.

"These meetings made him very happy; as Lady Mount Temple writes, 'his greatest joy was to see the glory of the common life manifested in others.' Was not such a joy as this the inflowing of the tide of that more abundant life that was to quench his long thirst and carry him out of our sight?

"On the 15th of October, on the last Sunday of his life, I was permitted (I thank God and my dearest friend for it) to enter the sacred chamber where he lingered on the threshold of life, and to behold once again that blessed face, though consumed with fever, still placid and often illuminated with wonderful flickerings of light from beyond.

"Occasionally, amidst inarticulate whisperings, two names could be distinguished, the dearest in Heaven and the dearest to him on earth. I beheld, too, a miracle of love in the one always by his side, courageously, radiantly giving him leave to depart to the 'far better' with his Lord."

In Memoriam.

LORD MOUNT TEMPLE.

The world is colder since thy sun went down,
  Went down in splendour noiseless as thy life,
  Thou noble-hearted banisher of strife,
Thou tender traveller betwixt Cross and crown.

Heaven's own simplicity was thine,—a light,
  The light of early dawn instinct with dews,
  Healing all sundered souls, thou didst diffuse,
Like summer twilight linking day and night.

Thy name was fraught with human brotherhood,
  Thy words down-lighting softly everywhere,
Like snowflakes fell, but straight unveiled there stood
  Truth's dauntless snowpeaks, towering crystal-fair!
Thy life soul-luminous, transparent, just,
Seemed God's own signature in human dust!

CHARLES A. FOX.

ADDENDA.

BROADLANDS AS IT WAS.

Broadlands is chiefly known by its historical and political associations with Lord Palmerston, but the place has since become associated in a different manner, but in an almost equal degree, with the name of its successor. For Lord Mount Temple will be remembered by all who knew him, not only as a Liberal Statesman, but as one who took a leading part in all kinds of philanthropic work. And beyond this, the remarkable series of religious Conferences held at Broadlands under his auspices have made his name and place known far and wide among men of all shades of religious opinion, who were there brought into Christian fellowship through his harmonizing influence, and who were together partakers of his gracious hospitality.

Many can speak by experience of his great generosity. All who came in contact with him must have felt the attraction of his kind and courteous manner; but perhaps few knew the full beauty of the saintly and happy life he led.

My acquaintance with Lord Mount Temple began in the year 1869, when I was a very young artist.

My unsold pictures were deposited with an Art student, who had turned picture dealer, an amiable but unprincipled young man, who cheated me abominably, but to whom I owe an infinite debt of gratitude.

One day a lady and gentleman entered his shop, and asked if he had any pre-Raphaelite pictures. Whereupon, among others by Bateman and Wooldridge, he showed them a picture of mine, representing St. Anthony sitting under a carefully painted sycamore tree, with mountains behind, and a luminous Angel kneeling near, setting him a good example by making glorified ropes.

The visitors bought the picture and went away, and then came a note to me at my home in Bristol from the Right Honourable William Cowper, saying that he had given my picture to a friend in America, and asking me to paint a replica for him, and to come and spend a night at Broadlands.

Of course I accepted the invitation and went.

The sun shone, and the woods were russet, as I drove through the town of Romsey. Admitted through the iron gates of an old lodge, I found myself in the

deep shade of a road which was overspread with thick branches of cedar and ilex. Then came a noble Park, and at length appeared the east side of the house, somewhat cold and alarming in aspect to an intruder.

A gentle old butler, Mr Small (peace be to his memory), appeared in response to my ring and admitted me.

The busts and bas-reliefs in the hall, which are now old friends, were then strangers, and the hats and heaps of rugs attracted my eye as I passed, from their multitude.

I was taken into a beautiful home-like room, large and richly furnished. Rather low windows looked on a lawn which sloped down to a winding river. Silver and grey are its lights and shadows always. Above it grow planes, cedars, and elms, and one tall cypress. To the left is a cluster of beech trees (now of holy association), and I could see, over long stretches of green, the distant hills, and the beginning of the New Forest.

By the fire knitting sat a lady with her son, a handsome courteous man. I am prohibited from describing her as I should like to do, but she was very gracious to me while I was making the discovery that she was *not* Mrs. Cowper, and during the next twenty-four hours she became a life-long friend. I was soon led through two other rooms, rich in pictures and in signs of culture, into the great dining-room, and there Mr. and Mrs. Cowper were sitting together, still lingering over the breakfast table. It was about half-past eleven o'clock, their wise habit being to preserve a great bit of the morning for quiet before the business of the day began. Mrs. Cowper was a vegetarian, and instead of the débris of food one usually sees, there appeared on their breakfast table chiefly fruits, vegetables, and flowers amidst choice china and silver.

At one end of the dining-room was a large and superb picture by Giorgione, representing a compact between two noble Italian families. Over the fire-place was a Tintoretto, on which Ruskin loved to expatiate. "Lady Hamilton" by Romney, smiled opposite the Giorgione. Outside, one looked upon fountains, lawns, and carefully kept flower gardens.

The remembrance is still fresh to me, of how Mr. and Mrs. Cowper looked as they sat that morning talking and sunning themselves at their breakfast table. Mr. Cowper was tall, slender, and active; he had beautiful Vandyke-like hands, light blue eyes, and a delicate skin.

Their welcome was more than ordinarily kind, though I learnt years afterwards that they were disappointed not to find in me a working-man artist, with rudimentary

manners and a blouse. His manner was genial, and sympathetic, and they talked well about everything.

I had rarely before seen such a constant and steady practice of the warmest kindness. They seemed to have eyes only for the good qualities of all with whom they came in contact, and they showed a wonderful dexterity in discovering these. It was noticeable, however, that he was capable of courteously putting a stop to a tiresome speaker, and in rare instances of bringing to a close a very prolonged and fatiguing visit.

It was always a vain attempt to speak evil of anyone there. I remember some ludicrous failures. The charity which thought no evil, which hoped all things, and believed all things, *never* failed. The edge of the unkind word was always turned with consummate skill, and the offender learnt his lesson, perhaps with shame and blushing. Some interpretation or explanation of the thing complained of, threw a heavenly light on it. They loved to prove that faults are but twisted virtues, and that, with patient waiting, it is not impossible to love everyone. Even the evil speaker was never snubbed, only taught better.

Cruelty was the one vice which they judged sternly.

It was a frequent source of complaint to some persons that Broadlands should be so often the abode of "the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind," but it also drew to itself the strongest and best by an irresistible attraction. All were alike welcome.

The universality of the invitations did not, however, go quite so far as one of the housemaids once supposed, when, on going into a bedroom which she believed to be untenanted, she saw a mysterious black head appearing from beneath the bed-clothes, and rushed away, screaming out that the devil was there!

It turned out that the guest was only a good negro who had arrived late the night before.

This adventurous hospitality must have reached all corners of the world, and all grades of society. The fashion of it was set in heaven, but it has rarely been followed on earth.

The first of the Broadlands Conferences was in 1874, and they were continued year after year, with changing features, but with the same glowing characteristics of faith, hope, and charity.

The meetings were always held in summer, and began at eight o'clock in the morning, lasting with intervals all through the day. There was a wonderful sense of the Divine Presence as we sat or knelt in the shade under the beech trees, with

sun and sky shining through the branches, and the cooing of the doves sounding around us.

* * * * *

In October, 1888, I stood with Lord and Lady Mount Temple under the arches of Romsey Abbey. We were to be sponsers to the children of Madame Antoinette Sterling, and a little company was gathered round the Font for praise and prayer. It was a touching ceremony, and we little thought it was the last in which he would take part.

On that day he was happy and active as ever. Two days later I found him in bed, very weak and flushed, but always gentle and sweet. He asked questions about my going on an expedition which he thought was dangerous, and I reassured him as well as I could. All the time his wife sat gazing at him, as if her very soul were passing into his. Then he gave me a long embrace, and we parted.

I walked out in the sunshine, under the beech trees, and picked some autumn leaves from the sacred grove. My heart sank within me, for I knew that I should not see him again in that mortal body.

* * * * *

E. C.

PART V.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER FROM THE REV. ANDREW JUKES
TO
EDWARD CLIFFORD, Esq.

Upper Eglinton Road,
Woolwich.

May 16th, 1889.

My Dear Clifford,

You ask me if I can send you some reminiscences of the Broadlands Conferences, before the memory of them fades away in that receding past which so soon grows dim, and where much that has been full of deepest interest to us so quickly is forgotten. I wish I could send you what you ask for. But you know how little I can write now; and even if I could write, words would little express what I feel respecting those "days of heaven upon the earth," and those blessed ones who made Broadlands what it then was, a "house of God and gate of heaven." Broadlands, however, will not be forgotten, certainly not by you or me. For the hours we passed there were to both of us, and I believe to many others, hours that took us out of time, with foretastes of the eternal joy of the communion of saints, which can never pass away; where souls in Christ who seemed unable elsewhere to manifest their real union, could for a time, at least, be lifted above all present divisions, in the recognition and enjoyment of their true portion, as partakers of the same one life of God, through the spirit of the same one common Lord. What I owe to Broadlands, and to those dear ones who welcomed us there with the welcome of Christ, I can never say in words; but, thank God, it need not be said, for the memorial of it is on high, and the fruits of those meetings can never be lost, even in this world, but will be seen, and even now are seen, among those who never were at Broadlands, but who have caught something of its spirit, in the breaking down of barriers between brethren and brethren, and in the growing desire which one sees everywhere among those who love the Lord for more and more of that spirit of love and forbearance which so distinctly marked the Broadlands Conferences.

Certainly that house at many of our meetings was unlike anything I have seen in this world. For the extreme of High Church and Low Church, and even of no Church, met there, to give and to receive what the Lord had to give of His fulness through any of His members. When I only recall to mind some of the very varying forms of Christian life which there seemed one; when I only repeat such names as George Body and Lord Radstock, Boyd Carpenter and Alfred Gurney, Mr. Pearsall Smith and Lord Chichester, George Wilkinson and Evan Hopkins, George MacDonald and Webb Peploe, Mrs. Russell Gurney and Mrs Fowler, Mrs. Pearsall Smith and Mrs. Brewster Macpherson, Mrs. Charles and Mrs Watts, and many others, French, Germans, Swedes, and Americans, of almost every shade of Christian thought, who seemed, and were really, one in the deepest aspirations of their souls, as their prayers and praises ascended together as one offering; and when I remember how, in this communion, prejudices melted away, and misunderstandings seemed to vanish under the warmth and light of Christian fellowship and love, I can only say I never elsewhere saw the like. You, of course, remember too, how, at some of our first meetings, only a short time after the Franco-German War, French and German brethren met at Broadlands, both equally welcomed, and both equally touched by the spirit of the house, where there was, and could be no jar, because all there, for the time at least, were lifted above seen things in the felt presence of the Spirit of the Lord. And, under God, I attribute it not a little, I may say mainly, to the tone and spirit of him who, though the lord of those broad lands, was to all present "as one that serveth," giving all, and joying to give all, not least his own spirit, which was not his but the Lord's, to those who for the time yielded to its meek yet mighty influence.

I should, perhaps, seem to some to be exaggerating if I recorded some of the things I saw at Broadlands. Here, a learned Fellow of a great College on his knees, with tears of joy which could not be suppressed; there, some great lady, no less moved, unable to hide the emotions produced, not by preaching, but by the voice of quiet prayer and praise, as it rose up under the spreading beeches in the early summer morning. I think none of us who were present can ever forget some of those testimonies, too, of the poor and unlettered who were present, who, on the last days of some of the meetings, with faltering voice, all unused to speak in public, felt constrained to tell of what God had given them in their hearts in some of these Conferences. Now the dear one who summoned us together is gone, and there will be no more such meetings at Broadlands. But the savour and remembrance of them will not be forgotten, any more than the first Pentecost could ever be forgotten by

those hundred and twenty who were present when the tongues of fire were seen at Jerusalem, and the mighty rushing wind was felt to fill and shake the house. Surely these things were a sign, sent perhaps specially to fit some for what is coming upon Christendom.

I have already said that I believe the main channel of all this blessing at Broadlands was dear Lord Mount Temple himself. The spirit of the time favoured it; but it was his heart which by grace first conceived the possibility of such meetings of brethren, who, though one in Christ, were in this world so widely parted, and so dissimilar. It was his personal influence, also, I think, which kept such apparently opposite elements in peace. Partly it was his nature which fitted him for this; for he was eminently a man of peace, and he had learnt by personal experience and growth in Christ how very different the same truth appears at different stages. But as I saw how, when some question was considered, round which elsewhere controversy had raged, he again and again by some remark or question shewed how truth was many sided, and how each brother in what he held was perhaps contending for what was most important in its proper place and season, I could not but admire the wisdom of our Blessed God, who so wonderfully trains and fits His servants for their special work. For I saw how Lord Mount Temple's life-long habits as a statesman had specially fitted, or, at least, helped him to occupy, as he did, the place he always held in the Broadlands Conferences. For these meetings were really Conferences. They were not meetings where only one party was allowed to speak, or where only one side of truth was permitted to be presented; but they were *bonâ fide* gatherings of the family of God, where the strong bore the infirmities of the weak, and where the children of the one family, in the confidence of love, were all permitted to declare what God had taught them, or to show what God had not yet taught them, even if this appeared at first to clash with something which the same Spirit had taught to other brethren. We were free to say what God had shown us of Himself, and of His will. We did not meet to argue, but to love and learn, in the faith that we all had yet much to learn, and that those who differed from us were children of the same Father, and, perhaps, had learnt what we had not yet seen.

For to the end Lord Mount Temple was not only a "believer," but a "disciple," that is a learner, always open to receive the truth, always on the look out for what was of God and Christ in any one. Thus he never cared to dwell on the mistake or error which might be disfiguring any of his brethren, choosing rather to mark the grace, which, spite of any mistake, was working in them. It is not every assembly which could stand a test of love like this. It was, I doubt not, above the level of

some who were invited to Broadlands. Yet I think in our Broadlands Conferences we never parted without each and all feeling drawn nearer to all saints, and that we had been helped, and really lifted, even by brethren with whom we did not wholly agree, into a wider, purer, and higher sphere than most of us were accustomed to.

But I cannot in a letter like this give you a perfect impression of what Lord Mount Temple and Broadlands were to me. I may, however, say that I never saw anyone in whom I more distinctly saw Christ than in that beautiful soul, who now is gone before us. I cannot remember one thing during the years I knew him which was not beautiful. And what he more than once told me of his early life, in the midst of temptations which are too strong for most, shewed how he had been trained through long years for the work for which we thank God. Thank God for such souls. He was God's good gift to this generation. Thank God that we were permitted to know him, and to receive something of the Lord's grace and fulness through him.

With all love,

Yours affectionately,

ANDREW JUKES.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

My Dear Lady Mount Temple,

"In great trials our help is to be alone,
Yet still to know that friends are nigh."

Would you let one, who could scarcely hope to be counted among friends, still venture to say that friends are near you, and we near them?

God is leading you nearer the mysteries of His love: the mystery in which "He wounds, and His hands make whole," not afterward, but while He wounds; thus the healing of these mortal hearts is the healing of deeper strokes, and the blow is the attraction.

We never can understand it until our own dearest are sacrificed to it, and then we take home why His Dearest was sacrificed in the same cause. But you know these things better and more searchingly than I. Yet they who know them best care most that others should say them from their hearts.

It will not pain you, I trust, if I dare to tell you that the last time you and Lord Mount Temple came for Holy Communion, when I was celebrating, the perfectly serene and heavenly smile that passed more than once over his eyelids and lips, made

me then and there give thanks to God that in our days there was a visible sweetness, love, reliance, access in devotion, which alas! seem to belong to an earlier, more blessed simplicity of faith than ours, and to a more certain insight into things behind the veil. I have often thought of it since; I have even dared to mention it to those who could understand.

I thought you would just allow me to tell you this as the best immediate message, to assure you that that holiness bore fruit to the end, so sweet and so proved, and that the end unto which it will bear fruit is very far off.

I need not say, dear Lady, that you have our prayers; would they were what they ought to be, what his were.

Your most faithful and sincere,
EDWD. CANTUAR.

FROM TOM HUGHES.

Oct. 29th, 1888.

Dear Lady Mount Temple,

I had not the heart to write to you sooner, but cannot let the days of mourning pass without sending you the assurance of our tried and deep sympathy with you. My wife has written herself, and has doubtless borne her testimony to our sense of the irreparable loss which his many friends and all good causes have sustained in your husband's death. It is all but forty years since we first met in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, in the early days of Christian Socialism, of which movement then so vehemently and widely denounced, he was from the first an avowed and liberal supporter, and from his social and public position, risked more than all the rest of us put together. From that day to this, in the House of Commons and outside, I have been, as you know, associated with him in many movements, social and political, and can truly say that in no single instance have I ever seen his courage, or faith, or his temperate good sense at fault. The utter absence of self-assertion in his character, and his readiness to let others take the credit due to him, marked him out among all our contemporaries, and I suppose must have made many of our fellow workers, and even opponents, admire and love him as much as I did.

The remembrance of his simple, brave, and unselfish life will, dear Lady Mount Temple, live on as he would have wished, till you rejoin him, and it will be a precious memory and encouragement to me and many others.

Believe me always his and your loving friend,
THOMAS HUGHES.

FROM MR. HAWEIS TO JULIET.

(Recollections of his Sermon.)

DEAR MISS TEMPLE,

I received your note just as I was leaving to lecture near Manchester. The church was crowded, as it usually is on Sundays, but I think from the evident emotion displayed that several of Lord Mount Temple's friends were there. I use hardly any notes in preaching, and I do not know of any report having been taken. For many years I had seen little of Lord Mount Temple, though at times I have had very interesting and spiritual conversation with him; and have a very well defined view of his character, and a perception of his singular and fascinating personality. I dwelt upon him chiefly as a noble type of the spiritual man, the saintly type in the nineteenth century, and showed how remarkably this central Christlike element reacted upon his active political life, and enabled him to carry through such striking reforms as the Thames Embankment, which met with so much selfish opposition, but which was accomplished triumphantly by his gentleness, firmness, and personal persuasiveness. I dwelt also upon his extraordinary power of harmonizing the most heterogeneous elements in society. His faculty of drawing out all the finer human traits in every one, the angel in him addressing the angel in them. I noticed his natural way of looking at everything in the light of eternity, like one already standing in the next life and looking back upon this; whereas we look at the future life, seeing this life clearly, and that other dimly. He seemed to look at this life standing in the future, which to him was clear, whilst this appeared in dim perspective. Yet I dwelt upon the joyful practicality of his life work, the great sanitary, æsthetic, comforting work for the amelioration of the world. The desire to make it as good morally and as clear physically as he could, believing that improvement of all kinds here was the best preparation for the next stage. This robbed his religion of all moroseness, sourness, and gloom, and gave it an undertone of joy, and knit him in close sympathy with his fellows; so that he remained essentially a man amongst men, and a great helper and consoler of his kind. I said some mistook a divine gentleness in him for want of strength, but there was in him an iron resistance to evil. I dwelt upon his strength of moral purpose; his power of steadying others, and his singular purity and elevation of mind, which enabled him to dive into the foul depths of sin, weakness, and corruption in probing and exploring men's iniquities and woman's frailty and degradation for purposes of reformatory legislation, passing like a sunbeam into foul caverns of corruption, irradiating them, and, like a sunbeam, contracting no stain. I send with this an interesting letter from Lord Mount Temple, received last August,

in which after twenty-two years he tells me that he believes himself to have been providentially guided to give me my Chapel, and that the results had convinced him of it. This is the last letter I got, and you may suppose how precious it is to one who, like myself, habitually smarts and chafes under the sense of failure and shortcomings in his Ministerial course. I know not how much more I may have said in alluding to those days, when you were a child at Broadlands—Broadlands when frequented by Miss Marsh, Lord Shaftesbury, John Morley, Mr. Watts, and a host more of almost irreconcilable personalities, fused into harmony by the magic personality of the host. I have some difficulty in recalling my sermon. Many of my thoughts arise at the moment, and then pass utterly out of my memory.

Yours ever truly,

H. R. HAWEIS.

POEMS.

POEMS.

BROADLANDS CONFERENCE.

Bright the sun and broad the lands,
Every heart with love expands;
All creation seems at play,
For the heart keeps holiday.

Children laugh, they know not why—
Laughter is a prophecy,
Priests and prophets lift their voice,
Calling all men to rejoice.

Men and Women witness give—
"'Tis a blissful thing to live."

* * * *

Every saint and every sage
Tell us life's a pilgrimage;
Narrow is the path and steep,
Climbers sometimes faint and weep.

Weary oft their feet and bleeding:
Whither is the pathway leading?
Silencing all fear and doubt,
Angels answer with a shout:

"Love is King by right divine,
Turning water into wine!"
Saints take up the triumph song,
And the jubilance prolong:

"Certain is the goal they sing,
In the palace of a King"

Evermore from age to age
Life's a lifelong pilgrimage,
So, so only can it be
Festival and jubilee.

"Yes," a still small voice replies,
"And e'en more a sacrifice;
If the heart to Christ be given,
Earth's the vestibule to heaven."

His the voice that seems to say—
"Let all hearts keep holiday."

ALFRED GURNEY.

ROMSEY ABBEY.

My soul in many homes has dwelt,
In sunshine and in shade,
In many sanctuaries knelt,
At many altars prayed.

In many lands my heart has been
Companioned and alone,
And here a Pisgah sight has seen,
There found a Bethel stone.

Yet to one sacred spot to-day
My memory returns—
An English Abbey old and grey,
Towards which my spirit yearns.

A sculptured crucifix relieves
The southern wall; above
An outstretched hand bestows, receives
The Sacrifice of Love.

Without, within, 'tis nobly planned—
The nave so broad and high,
With pillared aisles on either hand,
Strength crowned by majesty.

One in a low side-altar ends,
Where oft in bygone days
A little company of friends
Would meet for prayer and praise:

Would meet the Lord of Life to seek,
In Him to meet indeed;
Like Him, with Him, for all the weak
And sad to intercede.

'Tis theirs to taste the living bread,
The dying to befriend;
He whom a Father's hands have fed,
A brother's wounds must tend.

And thus the world-redeeming Name,
Through service understood,
Lit up with Pentecostal flame,
Declares God's Fatherhood.

Recall, my soul, those happy hours,
And render thanks anew,
When all earth's blooms were altar flowers,
Bathed in baptismal dew.

Ah! beauty never really dies,
Because God changes not;
Nor shall the fruitful memories
That gather round that spot—

That sacred spot, that lonely shrine,
Where oft in bygone years
A hand dispensing bread and wine
Has wiped away my tears.

My heart in many homes has dwelt,
At many altars prayed,
But nowhere more at home has felt
Than in that Abbey's shade.

The arduous ascent of prayer,
Leads ever to the light
That shinèd down the Bethel stair,
And crowns the Pisgah height.

ALFRED GURNEY.

THE CRUCIFIX ON THE WALL OF THE ABBEY CHURCH.

(Written in the Abbey, at one of the Conferences.)

It stands in a quiet corner,
Which careless eyes might miss,
That image of our sorrow,
And fountain of our bliss.

Low within reach it standeth,
Close to the old Church door,
And by the common pathway,
Appealing ever more—

Low on the wall that never
The dimmest eyes may miss,
And the lips of the little children
May reach the feet to kiss—

That humble simple image,
Wrought by those hands of old,
That through the endless ages
Shall nevermore grow cold.

In the common stone, rude carven,
By no great artist's touch,
Yet all the wide world over
You will find no other such.

You may go the wide world over,
From freezing to burning zone,
You will never find another
Quite like this only one.

Deep, deep the nails are driven
In the hands they crucified,
So deep the nails, you see not,
But only the arms stretched wide.

And over the head so weary,
Bowing itself to die,
A hand, the hand down reaching
Forth from the clouded sky.

The torturers have finished,
His hands were nailèd fast,
"Into Thy hands my spirit,
Father, Thy hands" at last.

Lord, ere Thou call'st our spirit
  Within Thy hands to be,
Give us some such clear token
  To leave behind of Thee.

Hid in some quiet corner,
  Cut in the common stone,
Poor, but our best, we pray Thee,
  Our best and our very own

* * * *

Dear Lord, our hearts grow bolder,
  We dare to ask much more,
Knowing the more we ask Thee,
  Thou art but pleased the more.

Give us to be that image,
  By the common path like this,
Low where the dimmest vision,
  The features need not miss,
Low where the little children,
  May reach, and cling, and kiss.

Where the nails, to the Cross that fix us,
  So deep in the wounds may hide,
That men see no more the torture,
  But only the arms stretched wide.

A humble simple image,
  Cut in the common stone
Like Thee, but like no other,
  Because Thy very own.

BESSIE CHARLES.

ROMSEY, *August, 1876.*

HEART VOICES.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When life was bright, and hope was strong,
When grief was short, and joy was long,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a song, a happy song.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When gathering clouds o'ercast the sky,
When joy was far, and grief was nigh,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a sigh—a heavy sigh.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When earthly pain knew heavenly balm,
When trouble deep knew deeper calm,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a psalm, a holy psalm.

THEODORE MONOD.

BROADLANDS, *August, 1878.*

FOUNTAIN AT BROADLANDS.

Type of Thy presence, Lord, and type of Thee
Drawing the Heaven-turned eye to see,
Who didst for us explore earth's darkest places,
Thy steps, too much effaced, e'en there have left their traces.

And then for us, thou spray, towards heaven and home,
Mounted to God in majesty and might,
Yet, mounting, fling thy blessings back on us
In showers of sparkling light.

Mount on, oh ! glorious Fountain,
Ever for us ascending,
Be our day dark or bright fair ;
Ever for us in gentle dews descending,
Winning our souls to prayer.

We thank Thee that, like tiny drops of thee,
We also may reflect the central sun ;
That what in us are but his broken rays,
Trembling in divers colours,
Blended in thee, together run
To perfect light and praise.

August, 1876.

ON PENTECOST.

Oh ! come thou rushing mighty wind,
Come fill my mind;
Be thou released
From out the east ;
Come whence the light
Dispels the night,
And on thy breath be borne
The East himself, the morn.
Come blow upon the mists of earthly doubt,
And let the truth of faith shine clearly out;
Break thou the haughty ships with sails unfurled,
Only to catch the breezes of this world.
Come bid the great sea waters all go back,
That Israel its depths may safely track;
Slay with thy breath
The life of death,
And give the light of life, and day by day increased
The gleaming truth and wisdom of the sunlit East.

Come, thou gentle breath of Christ,
His gift unpriced ;
Come from the west,
That land of rest,
And freely pour Thy blessed store,
The healing showers of grace,
On every barren place.
Come, make my barren heart to bloom again
Beneath the streams of Thy refreshing rain ;
Come, blow upon my dry and smitten soul,
And let it once more live and be made whole.
Drive out the locust touch of little sin,
And give me truer deeper peace within,
And waft me home whence thou dost come,
To find that loving fount of grace, my Saviour's breast,
Thy promised land of peace, in the eternal rest.

Come, thou soft and kindly breeze
That givest ease ;
Come, from the South,
From His dear mouth,
Who, throned above,
Breathes forth his love
On all the ransomed host—
Receive the Holy Ghost,
Come, Blessed Comforter, give us Thy joy,
Though yet it may not be without alloy ;
Bring me some rays of heat from love Divine
That I may feel He is supremely mine,
And, with Thy cloven tongue of burning fire,
Fill Thou my heart with Heavenly desire ;
Then shall I seek
His praise to speak,
And all my being, soul and body, heart and mouth,
Be moved by thy sweet breath, thou dear wind of the South.

And come, too, as Thou wilt the last,
Cold seeming blast,
Yea, come thou forth
From out the North;
Why should I fear
Thy frost severe,
Since Hermon's snow fulfils
Its work on Sion's hills.
Awake, and with the South wind also blow,
So shall the spices in my garden grow,
Oh! let me hail thee as my Father's kiss,
Who to his children doeth naught amiss;
Bring me temptation, suffering, strife,
If I may win at length the crown of life.
I dare not seek
Thee, being weak,
Yet if Thou breathest on me, I will own thy worth,
And lovingly embrace thee, cold wind of the North.

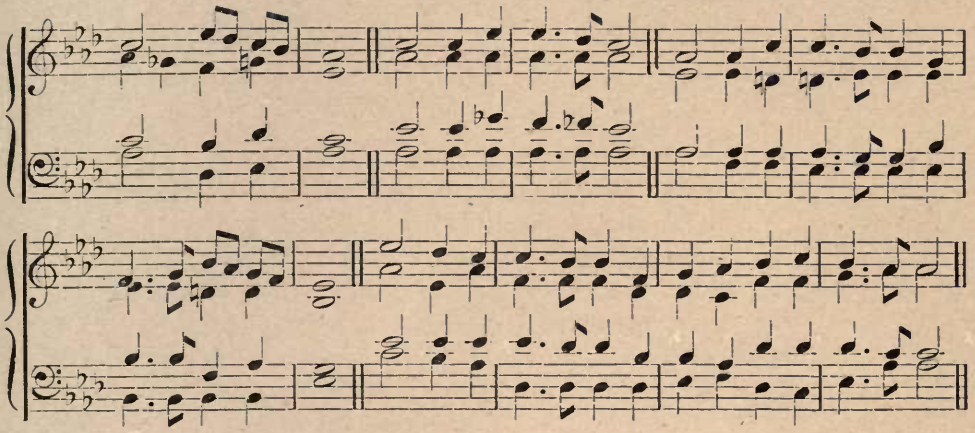
CLARENCE BICKNELL.

1876.

A MEMORY OF BROADLANDS.

Thy house hath gracious freedom, like the air
Of open fields; its silence hath a speech
Of royal welcome to the friends who reach
Its threshold, and its upper chambers bear
Above their doors such spells that entering there,
And laying off the dusty garments, each
Soul whispers to herself, "'Twere like breach
Of reverence in a temple, could I dare
Here speak untruth, here wrong my inmost thought.
Here I grow strong and pure; here I may yield
Without shamefacedness the little brought
From out my poorer life, and stand revealed,
And glad and trusting in the sweet, and rare,
And tender presence that hath filled the air."—H. H.

VENI, O VENI. E.M.R.



Come Thou, O come;
Sweetest, and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With power from heaven on high,
Console.

Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans and widows stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

He who died at Azan, sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood,
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you! Lost 'tis true
By such light as shines for you:
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies!
Farewell, friends; yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.
La Allah, illa Allah! yea!
Thou Lord divine! Thou Love alway.

"*After death in Arabia*," *by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

COULD Lord Mount Temple speak to us from his home above, it would be, I am sure, in some such words as the above. The poem from which they are taken was a great favourite with him, and he loved often to hear it read, saying it expressed better than anything he knew his own thoughts and feelings concerning death.

It is indeed impossible to think of death, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, as associated with him. He was one of those who went in and out before men, bearing about in his body so unmistakably the marks of immortality, that all who knew him could not but be convinced of the truth of those words of our Lord, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me *shall never die*." Only when we realize that the death of the body means, in fact, the birth of the soul into a higher sphere, can we at all say of such a man as Lord Mount Temple, "He is dead." He himself most fully realized this. At a meeting of a local benevolent society in Romsey, over which he was presiding a few months before the summons came, some one expressed a fear that death might deprive them before many years of his valued help, when he said earnestly, "Do not use the word *fear*. I look upon death as only a promotion to a higher sphere of work for the Master; and when it comes to me, I hope all my friends will rejoice with me that I have found my real home at last."

In his private note book he wrote as follows concerning death:

"What is called Death is really going out of death's reach. Through man's fall, I am dying all through life. I shall go from earth leaving behind me the mortality and sin I have from Adam, and in full oneness with Christ shall learn what Life is.

* * * * *

"What a radiant, joyous, wondering glow often lights up the face of the dying, who have soared beyond the shadow of our night.

"It is the day of that great promotion from the world of matter to that of spirit, and the unlocking of the senses of the soul."

That death was indeed a real "promotion" to Lord Mount Temple, no one can doubt; but it is hard for those of us who are left behind to obey his injunction to rejoice with him that he has been thus promoted, for it is to us a loss greater than words can express. In an exceptional sense, all who knew Lord Mount Temple in social life, or who co-operated with him in works of philanthropy and reform, have realized in his departure a heavy personal bereavement.

To enumerate in detail all the measures for the uplifting of humanity which he advocated in private life and in Parliament, both while he was a member of the House of Commons and afterwards in the House of Lords, would exceed our limits. But I believe it is safe to say with Canon Wilberforce in his memorial sermon on October 21st, 1888, that there was not a "single department of the wide complex life of the nation, whether civil, political, social, philanthropic, or religious, that had not been, through the course of his life, strengthened and helped forward by his loving hand. During his long and honourable Parliamentary career he was the means of

passing into law measure after measure, now on the statute book, for making this world brighter and better for its teeming millions."

His sphere of usefulness reached from the preservation of open spaces and people's Parks, through all the range of interests affecting humanity, Education, Temperance, Labourers' Allotments, the admission of women to the Medical profession, the introduction of flowers into the Parks, the formation of Bands of Mercy, the protection of women and children, and the prevention of cruelty to animals, were some of the many forms of philanthropy that were either initiated by him or received his warm and most valuable support. I like especially to remember that he was the first Peer to carry the blue ribbon into the House of Lords, and that in all the movements for social purity he was a most earnest worker.

The spirit in which his work was done was not the least remarkable part of it. This can be best told by a letter from Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," who was engaged with him in several reform movements, and who could therefore speak out of a personal experience.

"It is all but forty years since I first met Lord Mount Temple in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, in the early days of Christian Socialism, of which movement, then so vehemently and widely denounced, he was from the first an advocate and liberal supporter, and, from his social and public position, risked more than all the rest of us put together. From that day to this, in the House of Commons and outside, I have been associated with him in many movements, social and political, and I can truly say that in no single instance have I ever seen his courage falter, or his temperate good sense at fault. The utter absence of self-assertion in his character, and his readiness to let others take the credit due to himself, marked him out amongst all our contemporaries, and I should suppose must have made many others of our fellow-workers, and even of our opponents, admire and love him as much as I did. The remembrance of his simple, brave, and unselfish life, will help us to live on as he would have wished, and will always be a precious help and encouragement to me and to many others."

My own first acquaintance with Lord and Lady Mount Temple dates from the time of the first Conference at Broadlands in 1874. Interested in everything that bore upon the spiritual life, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper Temple, as they were then, were among the first to open their hearts and their home to the teaching concerning the life of faith that was at that time beginning to attract attention among English Christians. The great Conferences at Oxford, later, in 1874, and at Brighton in 1875, and the long series of similar, though somewhat smaller Conferences since held for the "deepening of the spiritual life," were all the outcome of that first Conference gathered by Mr.

and Mrs. Cowper Temple at Broadlands, Romsey, Hampshire, in the summer of 1874; and probably without this brave initiatory Conference of theirs those which followed, filled as they have been and still are with untold blessings to thousands, would never have been held. This fact is not generally known, but in the great day of accounts, when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, I believe that thousands will bless these beloved pioneers for having thus opened to Christians a wide door into the inner sanctuary of the life hid with Christ in God.

I think no one who attended that first Conference can ever forget the blessedness of those hours of spiritual vision spent under the beautiful beeches at Broadlands, nor the heavenly atmosphere that seemed to fill the halls and galleries of the house, and to envelop every member of the large party gathered there. I believe many of us realized then, for the first time in our lives, what oneness in Christ really meant, as we found ourselves, with our varied, and in many cases apparently opposing, "views," all melted and fused together in a bond of heavenly love.

From that time until his departure, our acquaintance with Lord Mount Temple served only to reveal to us, in continually increasing proportions, the beauty and depth of his Christian character, and the breadth of his spiritual sympathies.

We read in Revelation of some who in the New Jerusalem were to have God's name written on their foreheads. Lord Mount Temple seemed, during the last years of his life, to have been one who had received the King's mark while yet in the body of flesh. We could almost see this Divine mark as he went in and out among us, bearing his part fully and freely in all the duties connected with his high social position in the earthly sphere, and at the same time witnessing continually to the reality of that heavenly sphere where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all.

If I were to try and describe his chief characteristics in one word, I should use "other-worldliness," as most fully expressing him. His affections were so truly set on things above, that the things of this earth, whether its riches or its losses, appeared to have no power to penetrate the shield of the Divine presence, which seemed to hide him as an impregnable fortress. His friends have often told me that when they had occasion to converse with him on matters of business, he would attend patiently only just so long as was absolutely necessary for the transaction of the affair, and then, slipping the documents connected with the case into his pocket, he would turn with eager delight to the spiritual subjects in which lay his real interest and his truest joy.

Canon Wilberforce, who knew him more intimately, I think, than any other man, said in his memorial sermon:—

"If I should be asked what was the secret of Lord Mount Temple's life, I would say, without a shadow of doubt, that it was his constant, earnest, believing communion with the Lord. I do not know that I have ever been in contact with any one who had so vivid a realization of the personality of Jesus Christ. It is no less my duty than my joy to confess publicly from my pulpit how deep is my debt of gratitude to him for spiritual blessings received through his instrumentality. It was under his roof that I was permitted to pass through an experience of intense suffering, a well-nigh mortal illness, and the power of his melting prayers at my bedside often seemed to lift me up into the very presence of God, and have left a lasting impression on my soul."

It would be impossible to speak of Lord Mount Temple without dwelling largely upon the wide catholicity of his spiritual life, and his constant efforts to promote Christian unity. Some one has said that a Christian is a man who has changed eyes with Christ; and it was indeed true that he seemed to look at every one with Christ-like eyes, and to discern far more quickly than most the Divine seed in every man. Therefore he beheld, not the outward differences, but the inward oneness in all the children of God everywhere, and he longed with a great longing to make this oneness manifest; and it is in this special characteristic that his life has its peculiar teaching to us as Friends. He was in very truth, as George Fox was, the "friend" of all men. He believed, with George Fox, that every soul of man was a visited soul; that God had been beforehand with everybody, and that we had but to appeal to that in each which witnessed for God, and we should find a welcome. Therefore, differences of creed or of spiritual development were no hindrances to his loving fellowship; and, although himself a staunch Churchman, he was at the same time in hearty sympathy with every earnest soul that was seeking God, by whatever means, or under whatever guise.

This deep sense of the solidarity of mankind, and the essential oneness of all believers, led Lord and Lady Mount Temple to seek to gather the leaders of widely differing schools of thought together in their home at Broadlands, that they might all be drawn into closer spiritual contact with one another before the Lord. All sects, and all political parties, and all social ranks were represented at these Conferences. High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Dissenters, Quakers, Plymouth Brethren, Salvation Army officers, actors, singers, artists, literary men, professors, military men, and working men and women, were all at this hallowed spot bound together into one

common brotherhood of love. Differences of faith or of practice seemed, under the loving and Christ-like leadership of Lord Mount Temple, to lose their old importance, and only the vital, underlying oneness of all the family of God, of whatever kingdom, name, or race, seemed to be recognized or valued.

Among all his labours this to me was one of the most God-like. Others have advocated reforms and have worked for the many philanthropic causes that interest the Church. But he, more than almost any other, seemed called upon to help forward that blessed consummation for which our Lord prayed in John xvii. 21, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

As a Quaker, I have attended many of these Conferences, when I felt as much at one with my dear High Church brethren, and they, I believe, with me (although we differed so widely), as we could have done in the most sympathizing company of the fellow-members of our respective denominations. We always seemed at Broadlands to get down at once to the absolute oneness that must, in the very nature of things, exist between the different members of the family of God, behind and beneath all the outward seemings of divergence or even of opposition. Lord Mount Temple himself evidently lived in this place of oneness, and therefore he never appeared to see differences as differences, but only as varied manifestations of the same thing; and as such he always treated them. This was especially striking at our last Conference, when on the third day he opened the subject of the Unity of the Church, and how it should be manifested. He seemed to soar right above every earthly limitation into the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, where all differing things are harmonized in the vision of the love of God. To those who had not attained the same clearness of heavenly vision, he might have appeared to be stating paradoxes, but to some he seemed to be speaking from a sphere of spiritual illumination where earthly differences were seen to be of no manner of account. It reminded me of a morning some years ago when I stood on the top of one of the perpendicular cliffs that overhang the Yosemite Valley, and looked straight down three thousand feet into the valley below, with its tall trees, and its dashing mountain rivers, and with gigantic boulders scattered on every hand. I had seen all these before when on a level with them, and then they had filled my eyes and appalled me. But looked at from above, the whole wild valley was resolved into a harmonious and happy landscape, and all its heights and depths were spread out before me like the smooth surface of a well ordered picture. And I remembered the words of the Prophet when he declares that the day will sometime come, when "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be

brought low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places smooth; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." According to his measure our beloved friend did what he could in his day and generation to bring about this longed for consummation.

Thus lived a Nathanael indeed, in whose spirit was no guile, untouched by the thousand temptations of a life lived in high earthly places. He realized in an unusual degree that he was but a pilgrim and a stranger here, and looked forward with undisguised joy to his "promotion," as he called it, to the courts of heaven above. That promotion came to him at Broadlands, on the 16th of October, 1888; and he who had so continually sought to "allure to brighter worlds," has now himself "led the way," and calls upon us to follow.

H. W. S.

A BRIEF SKETCH

BY

CANON WILBERFORCE.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM FRANCIS, BARON MOUNT TEMPLE.

Born Dec. 13th, 1811.

At Home with the Lord, Oct. 16th, 1888.

"The world is colder since thy sun went down,
Went down in splendour noiseless as thy life,
Thou noble-hearted banisher of strife,
Thou tender traveller betwixt Cross and Crown."

Charles A. Fox.

It is with some misgiving lest I should rush in where more spiritual minds would fear to tread, that I offer to the readers of the St. Mary's Magazine the following necessarily fragmentary sketch of some personal recollections of one, the depth of whose spiritual nature my lesser plumb-line is all too short to measure.

Inasmuch, however, as I am indebted to him for some of the deepest convictions and clearest illuminations of my soul, I trust that, whilst indulging the yearnings of my own heart, I may encourage some of my readers to seek after a closer communion with God by the contemplation of a character exceptionally guileless and consecrated.

My personal intercourse with him commenced in the year 1870, when, as my father's chaplain, I was privileged to be his guest at Broadlands during the progress of the Church Congress at Southampton, and for eighteen years the friendship then commenced has deepened and intensified until it became to me as much a matter of course to carry every sorrow or perplexity to him for his luminous discernment and tender sympathy, as to bring it on my knees before God.

In the present memoir it is not so much my purpose to enumerate his public services to his country as to lift, so far as I may venture to do so, a corner of the veil from the hidden spring of the motives which actuated him. No man, however, "served his generation by the will of God" as philanthropist and reformer more

effectually than he. Underlying that modest self-effacing demeanour, ever "considering others better than himself," was a spirit of rare genius, versatility, and administrative capacity, which he unwearingly employed in promoting the widest interests of his fellow-men.*

He commenced life as aide de camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1830. Five years later he was appointed private secretary to his uncle, Lord Melbourne, and there imbibed the prevailing political sympathies of his life. It is characteristic of his transparent honesty, that though of strong liberal tendencies, he opposed the introduction of the ballot for many years, not for political reasons, but because it was positive pain to him that in a country like England the concealment of honest convictions should be necessary to obtain the unbiassed verdict of a constituency. His public life may be said to have commenced when he entered Parliament for the Borough of Hertford in 1835, and from that time he sat in the House of Commons without a break for forty-five years. He held many high offices in the state.

"He was appointed a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital in 1839, and a Lord of the Treasury in 1841.† He was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1846 to 1852, and again from January, 1853, to February, 1855, when he was made Under Secretary of State for the Home Department. He was President of the Board of Health from August, 1855, to February, 1857, and again from September following till March, 1858. He was Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Paymaster General from August, 1859, to February, 1860, and Chief Commissioner of Works, from 1860, to 1866. On his appointment in August, 1858, as Vice-President of the Educational Department of the Privy Council, he was made a Privy Councillor. In 1869, when Mr. Fawcett obtained a Select Committee on the Enclosure Acts, he acted as Chairman of the Committee, and by his sympathetic and judicious conduct in the chair contributed largely to bring about those Amendments in the Acts which have saved so many rural commons from enclosure. It was on his motion, in 1871, that Mr. Gladstone's Government, then in the height of its power, was defeated in the attempt to postpone taking action to save Epping Forest; and it was this victory which attracted the notice of the Corporation of London, and led to the famous suit which ultimately rescued the Forest. During his long and eventful official life, he aided

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* An excellent summary of his public career was given in the *Hampshire Independent* of Oct. 20th, 1888, and re-published as a pamphlet, copies of which can still be obtained at 52, Above Bar, Southampton.

† *Vide* Summary in *Hants Independent* of Oct. 20th, 1888, from which I quote.

by his vote and speech the repeal of the corn and navigation laws; he upheld civil and religious liberty by voting for the admission of Jews to Parliament, and the removal of religious tests in the Universities; he saw carried out in its entirety the Thames Embankment and other great public works; he was first and foremost in every movement for the preservation of open spaces in the neighbourhood of large towns, and he earned the lasting gratitude of England in general, and Hampshire residents in particular, by his efforts to preserve the New Forest from encroachments and further enclosure.

"So long ago as 1845, he anticipated the Allotments Act, by introducing a Bill for enabling vestries and local authorities to acquire land for the purpose of letting it out to labourers in allotments. The measure was opposed by Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Bright, Mr. Milner Gibson, and others who represented the 'political economy' ideas of the day, but was carried through the House of Commons by the help of Sir James Graham and Sir Robert Peel. It, however, shared the fate of many private members' Bills, and did not get through the House of Lords. It was in principle the precursor of Mr. Jesse Collings's recent Act. In 1846 he was in office, and could not therefore again deal with the subject. He passed the Medical Bill in 1858, the Thames Embankment Bill in 1862-3, and the Courts of Justice Building Bill in 1863. He was first president of the Commons Preservation Society, and in 1866 succeeded in passing the Metropolitan Commons Bill. For some years he tried to remove the obstacles which stood in the way of women obtaining licences to practise in medicine. His name will ever be remembered in connection with the 'Cowper-Temple clause' in the Education Act, whereby he virtually secured the reading of the Bible in Board Schools by removing any supposed grievances by the conscience clause. One measure of his was a Bill enabling Bishops to license laymen to preach in churches. Another was a Parochial Councils Bill, well fought with the aid of Mr. Thomas Hughes, but defeated by the High Churchmen under the leadership of Mr. Beresford Hope."

During this long and honourable Parliamentary career there was hardly a movement of any description outside Parliament, civil, social, philanthropic, religious, which did not also feel the encouragement of his loving co-operation.

The unceasing activity and practical usefulness of this life is a standing evidence that the Kingdom of God embraces both worlds, and that pure operative Christianity is ever the truest secularism; for with him religion was not the Sunday part of the man, it was himself; it was the heart-beat of his life, the breath of his daily desire. Whilst his active intelligence kept him keenly in sympathy with all that was literary,

artistic, scientific, the temporal was never suffered to eclipse the eternal, and spiritual considerations were ever his chief interest. Fitted, as he was, by the fascination of his manner and the versatility of his attainments to shine in every society, and perform gracefully every public function, yet, true to his highest aspirations as the needle to the pole, he was certain, in whatever company he found himself, to lift thought and conversation into a higher atmosphere, and touch every commonplace topic with inspiration.

Of the inception and steady growth of this holy purpose he has spoken during some of those times of heart communing, the memory of which can never pass away. He said that the first strivings within him of an unexpressed God-consciousness made themselves felt in his cradle, and the second, and the most emphatic, when he was a boy at Eton. He could recall the time when the words of the Psalmist "Oh that I had wings as a dove," impressed themselves unsought upon his mind, until they became the cry of his spirit, in the utterance of which he was apparently "born from above." He had formed a close intimacy with a boy like minded to himself, and the two would wander together to a secluded spot in the Eton playing-fields and talk musingly of these spiritual mysteries. Whilst still a boy, at the age of nineteen, he entered the Household Brigade, and was plunged immediately into the multitudinous temptations inseparable from London life. He has told me that whilst mingling in the ordinary occupations and pursuits of his brother officers, he has been filled with astonishment at finding himself, in the midst of so much that was evil, kept personally pure, by the restraining power of some inner secret hallowing him, the scope and meaning of which he was not, at that time, able to define.

A study of the voluminous note-books, in which, in spite of his active philanthropy, he made leisure to record the inmost thoughts of his heart upon religious subjects reveals the secret of his spotless youth and growing spirituality. His secret was, the "secret of the Lord," God, and not self was his centre, his lips ever pronounced one all-prevailing name. He was neither a sentimentalist nor a mystic, but he had a vivid sense of the invisible, and a clear intelligent conviction that Omnipresent Omnipotence was made accessible to him in the Man Christ Jesus.

There is an entry of one of his God-ward musings in the words "Most Holy, Perfect, Gracious Lord Jesus, I come to Thee, having nothing of my own, in continual dependence upon Thy gifts, and the influx of Thy vitalizing life, to lay before Thee my needs, in full confidence that Thou wilt supply them. Fill me with love to my Heavenly Father, to Thee my loving self-sacrificing Saviour, to Thee O Holy Spirit, who art ever brooding over the rudimentary chaos of my growing nature.

Increase my reverence for Thy sacred sovereignty, sharpen my appreciation of Thine inspiring teaching, make me obedient to all Thy commandments, give me energy and boldness to fight against evil under Thy direction, may I humbly and submissively follow Thee, my Shepherd, through the wilderness to the fold that Thou hast prepared for my comfort and safety." And again, "My Lord Jesus, as Thou didst take my humanity, I pray Thee impart to me Thy Divinity."

Upon his last birthday on earth he wrote, in a private letter from Nice, a summary of his life in the following words:—"How grateful and thankful I am for your tenderest greetings on my anniversary. I have to recall the uninterrupted blessings of my life from my bed in the nursery where an impression of the Divine Presence was vouchsafed to me. I have to record my thanks for the omission in my childhood of all narrow doctrines which have impeded the perception of true Christian revelation in so many; for the teaching of Henry Drummond in intensely spiritual High Churchism; for Maurice's broad instruction in unconventional real Christian facts; for deep Churchism at our Conferences; for the inspirational loving friendship of ——; for the knowledge that we are all two in one—two natures in one person; and for the amount of faith and hope that has been vouchsafed to me, and the degree of love that brings the heart into union with the Divine and human."

Ecclesiastically, he was an attached member of the Church of England, at whose altars he was a constant communicant. The letter of sympathy from the Archbishop of Canterbury (see page 160), bears testimony to the impression made by his deeply reverent demeanour at the Holy Communion.

He was a consistent opponent of disestablishment, but an unceasing promoter of ecclesiastical reform. Upon the occasion of the proposal in the House of Commons of one of his many remedial Acts of Parliament bearing upon the Church of England, he told me that, counting upon the support of a prominent Nonconformist Member of Parliament, he asked him to back the bill. "Certainly not," was the reply, "your bill is calculated greatly to improve and so to strengthen the Church of England, and I desire to sweep it away."

He has been labelled a "Broad" Churchman. Expansiveness was doubtlessly a characteristic of his religion, and he was equally in harmony with his surroundings, with Mr. Moody, the Church Army, the popular services at the Victoria Theatre, at which he often preached, or at the choral celebration at the Church in which he habitually communicated when in London. But "depth" rather than "breadth" describes his Churchmanship. He believed the function of the Church was to sanctify the world, and that its sole power was the death of its inward life. Under the

heading of "the Church" in one of his private note-books I find the words "Reveal unto us, O God, the mysteries of thy Church; may we as weak and lowly individual members, watch for the guidance and direction of our Crowned Head; may we respond to the impulses and impressions that come from Him; may we overcome all allurements to self-seeking and independent action." He believed the aggressive energy of Christianity was paralyzed by division, and, for the extinction of sectarian bigotry and intolerance he longed, laboured, and prayed. His crystal heart however revolted against any artificial unity to be attained by mutual suppression of beliefs, or paring away of creeds. His conviction was that if spiritually minded men with the widest imaginable diversity of practice as to externals, could be brought together into a common atmosphere of perfect liberty and perfect love, and encouraged to quarry deeply into the realities appertaining to the soul's communion with God, they would find each other on the heart of the Eternal, and become bound together in the unity of the Spirit.

Hence the God-inspired soul-lifting Conferences which he inaugurated and carried through for so many years under the beech trees at Broadlands, where spiritual friendships between those, formerly mutually repellant, have been formed and intensified which will last throughout eternity. The fact that no attempt was made to confine these Conferences to persons of one school of thought, imparted a reality and a savour to the meetings, and melted hearts into a sacred brotherhood. The last of these Conferences, held in July, 1888, was in some respects the most spiritual of all; and none who were privileged to be present will forget the tact and spiritual discernment with which every meeting was opened by him, whose earthly work was so nearly completed.

It was a noticeable characteristic of the beautiful life we are considering that its holiness was home-worn. He was remarkable for gentle courtesy towards all who were not of the same social rank with himself. But his courtesy was without condescension, and all under his roof were conscious that they were members of his family. On Sunday mornings at Broadlands the private omnibus would be at the door at a certain hour to convey to Church all unable to walk the distance, and in this arrangement there was no distinction of social rank between master, mistress, servant, or guest. He was a father to all in his house.

Upon a certain occasion when staying in London, he was full of affectionate solicitude for a young member of his household, and greatly desired that he should attend a meeting for men only, which Mr. Moody was to address. When the brougham was at the door he rang the bell for this young man. "I want you to come

with me to hear Mr. Moody," he said. "My lord," was the reply, "I would rather not." "Oh, but I want you to come, get on the box." "My lord, I cannot go on the box I am not dressed." "Oh never mind that, come inside with me," and interlacing arms he led the unwilling youth to the brougham, and gently thrusting him in, entered by his side, and so conveyed him to Mr. Moody's meeting.

This gentleness and courtesy in dealing with others he evidently looked upon as of great importance. Under the heading "How to visit the poor," in his private note-book, there is a record of an incident that evidently made a deep impression upon his mind. "—— went to-day to visit a sick man who turned and looked at him fiercely. —— said, 'I have been asked to come to you in the hope that I might in some way help you. I don't want to intrude, but if the Lord whom I serve, and who loves you, has anything to say to you through me, I suppose you won't object to listen to me. The Lord has filled my heart with peace and joy, and may be able to use me to pour it into you; for myself, in my own knowledge, I am nothing.' The sick man's heart softened and he heard —— gladly; but that same day a visitor of another school of thought had visited that man and had said abruptly 'Are you saved?' and the sick man had turned round fiercely and replied, 'You be ——, what is that to you.'"

His industry was as noticeable as his courtesy. No moment of his day was unoccupied. He rose early and read and wrote for several hours before breakfast, and I do not recollect that when in health I have ever seen him reclining in an easy chair.

His generosity was unbounded. *Tuum est*, "It is thine," was with him far more than the heraldic motto of the Cowper family, it was the habit and attitude of his life. One limit alone he recognized, he would not give when the boon asked was of such a nature that the recipient would be necessarily lowered in his estimation.

It is no hyperbole or flattery to say that his character presented the nearest exemplar of the combined graces of the Beatitudes of any that I have ever been privileged to know. Conscious humility of spirit towards God, unfailing meekness towards man, insatiable hunger and thirst after holiness, ever ready sympathetic mourning over sin and sorrow, mercy reaching from humanity to every living creature, purity of heart, a genius for peace-making, and a fearless indifference to censure where righteousness was concerned, these fruits, the possessor of which is by the Christ pronounced blessed, sprang forth from his life as naturally as the leaves on a tree.

The strong bond of that intimate friendship, which is one of the brightest remembrances of my life, was intensified by an experience probably exceptional in the history of friendships, namely, a mutual interchange of sick-bed ministrations within the compass of one year.

In April, 1885, I was lying, practically a dying man, in his house in Great Stanhope Street, sustained by constant spiritual consolation from him. In February, 1886, he was prostrated in the same house by well nigh mortal illness, and it was my unspeakable privilege to be often at his bedside.

In one of his priceless letters to me he writes: "My very dear Basil.—Amongst the many occasions for devout thanksgiving is this, that the Lord has used us both for mutual help to one another." During my own illness, peculiarly trying to friends on account of my frequent serious relapses after partial recovery, I put to the test his profound depth of sympathy, his complete freedom from impatience, his wonderful guidance in prayer. When my mind was clouded with intense pain he would kneel by my bedside with his hands laid upon me, and his supplications, so calm and trustful, so free from rebellion, so inspired in utterance, never failed to lift me, where alone he would lead me, to the bosom of the Father.

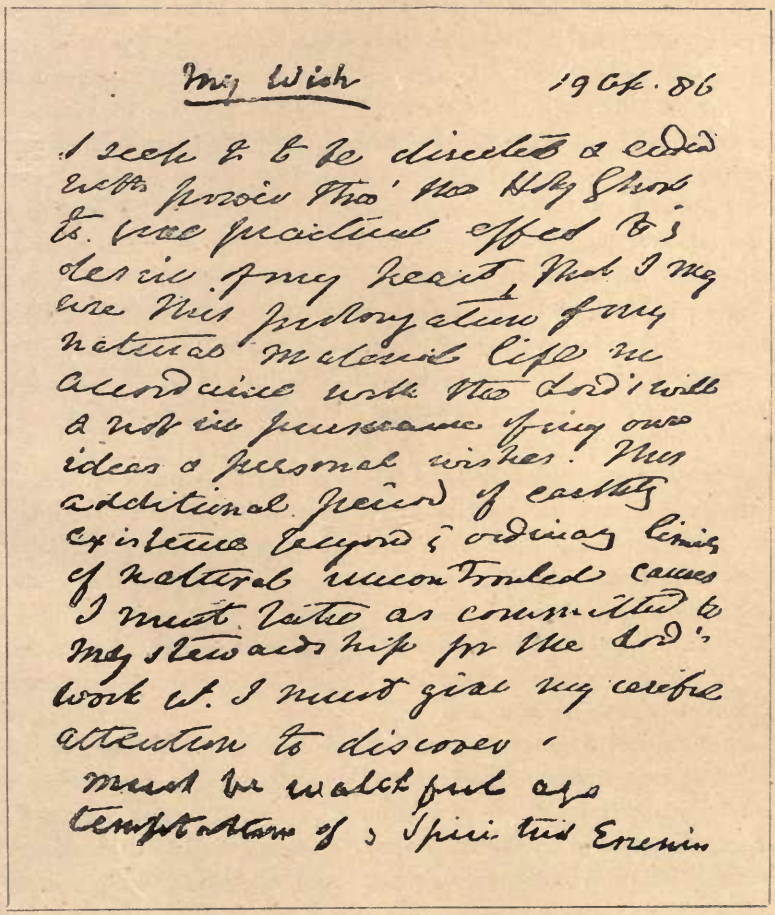
In February, 1886, he was seized with severe illness in the same house, and for several weeks his life seemed to hang upon a breath. To be near his sick bed then was to experience distinct spiritual elevation. When apparently at his worst he whispered to me, "You know I don't want to recover." I could perceive that he was conscious of the nearness of the deep repose of the Paradise of God. Almost immediately, however, his beautiful unselfishness asserted itself, and he whispered again, "I do, for ——'s sake."

Not long after this I was praying by him when he was unconscious; he joined in with words of fervour and power as though his spirit were using his body whilst the mind remained dormant.

In the course of this illness it seemed laid upon a few friends in the house at one time to ask in faith for his recovery, and from that moment he rallied; to this prayer of faith he always attributed his recovery, accepting his life as a loan from the Lord. His witness to others in the matter of healing by the prayer of faith was unceasing. Some months after his recovery he went to see a sick friend at Winchester, and of the result of this visit he writes, "I have had a touching letter from ——, in which he sees cause to attribute the commencement and turning point of his recovery to a very earnest prayer of —— and —— and myself at his bedside after I had told him of the blessed results of the prayer of —— and —— and others, at a moment when my physician considered my case to be nearly hopeless." Again he writes of another friend, "The more I hear about this form of Divine Healing the more anxious I am that it should be tried in ——'s case in which so many Christians are taking such intense interest; it seems to me to be unfaithful not to have recourse

to it provided —— can see it in a light that would commend it to his reason and feeling. Whilst these showers of healing are so plentifully falling around us, I cannot bear to think that this valuable life should be outside their reach."

About this time he made the entry in his note-book which I have selected for reproduction in fac-simile. It is entitled "My wish," and this title affords a striking illustration of his self-effacing humility. Full of assurance in God, he was ever full of diffidence in himself, and it would have been foreign to his nature to have used the expression "my determination" or even "my resolution."



My Wish 1864. 86

I seek & to be directed & aided
with power Thro' the Holy Ghost
to use practical effect to
desire of my heart, that I may
use this passing time of my
natural mortal life in
accordance with the Lord's will
& not in pursuance of my own
ideas & personal wishes. That
additional power of earthly
existence beyond ordinary limit
of natural unconfined causes
I must view as committed to
my stewardship for the Lord's
work &. I must give my earnest
attention to discover.
must be watchful as
temptations of Spiritual Enemies

His handwriting at that time was indistinct through exceeding weakness so that the words are here printed:

"MY WISH.

"I seek to be directed and endued with power through the Holy Ghost to give practical effect to the desire of my heart, that I may use this prolongation of my natural material life in accordance with the Lord's will and not in pursuance of my own ideas and personal wishes. This additional period of earthly existence beyond the ordinary limits of natural uncontrolled causes I must take as committed to my stewardship for the Lord's work, which I must give my careful attention to discover, and must be watchful against temptations of my spiritual enemies."

His private entries from this time are more filled than before with God-aspiring prayers. "O God," he writes, "reveal Thyself to us, to our souls and spirits. Reveal Thy will, and bring our wills into harmony with Thy will; give us guidance and strength to fulfil our appointed work upon earth."

Again, eight months before he was taken from us, he writes at Nice, where he was in the habit of rising early to admit the sunshine: "O Lord, as I open my shutters to admit into my darkened chamber the bright light of the sun, so enable me to open my soul to receive the spiritual power of Thy gracious, holy, glorious Presence, and to be filled with new life and force and self-surrender, and may no earthly clouds obscure my vision, or prevent me from basking in the rays of Thy revelation."

During the last year of that peaceful heavenward progress—his life, he spoke often to his nearest, and wrote much in his note-books upon the subject of death. Under the heading "Death" he writes, "Death is the dark door through which we have to pass in order to escape out of the lower, painful, changeable, natural life to the higher, happier, permanent life, so, what is called death, is really only going out of death's reach." Again, "The true resurrection day is the day of that great promotion from the world of matter to the world of spirit and the unlocking of the senses of the soul" (this sentence appears to be a quotation). Again, "Death, properly understood, is one of the stages of our permanent life, even as at the breaking of the egg-shell the bird emerges into a sunny atmosphere to learn to use its wings." And then there follows a touching prayer for the "Help in death." "O, Blessed Lord Jesus, Who didst say that Thou wouldst never leave us nor forsake us, Who didst pass through bodily death to Thine Ascension, vouchsafe to make Thy Presence known to us in the

hour of our bodily death. When we pass through the valley of the shadow of death may Thy rod and Thy staff comfort us; may we trust in Thee with all our moral force. Grant that as the filmy veil of our bodily existence is being drawn aside, the irradiating beams of light and warmth from the heavenly region may pour into our souls." Three weeks before the call came, in responding to a congratulatory resolution at a public meeting, he stated that he was "looking forward to his promotion." It was nearer than he anticipated. On Saturday, October 6th, he stood sponsor to the children of a friend in Romsey Abbey, and many will remember his grace and earnestness on the occasion; on Sunday he attended Divine Service as usual, and that night he complained of feeling seriously unwell, low fever almost immediately supervened, and he was often unconscious from the first. On the second day of his illness he said in a clear voice, "A message has come that someone is to leave this house immediately, for his work is done." The full import of this saying was not recognized at the time, and it was considered to refer to one of the guests in the house.

Not many hours before the end came, whilst apparently completely unconscious of his earthly surroundings, there seemed to fall across his soul some wondrous shadow of a judgment scene. It is only possible to reproduce vaguely and imperfectly the impression made upon those who watched by his side. It was as though he were called upon to reply to soul-searching interrogations as to personal fitness for the beatific vision, and as though it were being impressed upon him that the record of a blameless, useful life did not in itself bestow the credentials required for admission into the home of the blessed. During part of the imagined examination, a solemn sadness overspread his countenance, when suddenly every cloud seemed dispelled, a look of luminous calm rested on his features, and it seemed as though he were repeating the magnificent doubt-dispelling challenge of the believer, in Romans viii. 33, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that shall condemn? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea, rather that was raised from the dead. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

He never spoke again, and in a few hours quietly ceased to breathe. Of the aching heart-wounds he has left it would not be becoming here to speak. In the midst of crushing sorrow it is a positive joy to think of such aspirations as his now pulsing in the fuller, freer, completer life beyond the grave. I humbly pray my Heavenly Father to imprint indelibly upon my own memory the lesson of this calm,

pure, loving, Godward life, that it may be a constant encouragement during the remaining hours of this ebbing day, and that my deep love for him, begun and matured amidst the things of time, may be intensified and transfigured in the life that knows no ending.

"We bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that, with them, we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom; grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen."

PART VI.

PRAYERS.

PRAYERS.

SURSUM CORDA.

I.

MORNING PRAYER.—IN EARLY LIFE.

O God! the Creator of all that is, the Source of all good, all beauty, and all happiness, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, whose presence is heaven, whom to know is life eternal. Have mercy on me! I come to thee in utter weakness, and entire dependence on Thy mercy and goodness.

I thank Thee, Father, for Thy protection during the past night, and for comforts and enjoyments to which I have awakened, for my health of mind and body. I bless Thee for the wonderful mysteries of Redemption, and for having revealed them to me, for having disposed my heart to receive Thy Gospel, and for having called me to Thy love and service. Pardon me all my faults, fill me with abhorrence of sin, with a deep consciousness of my own sinfulness, with earnest repentance, and with all-pervading humility.

Give me an abiding sense of Thy presence. Preserve me from pride, from vanity, from love of the world, from ambition, from indolence, and from wasting these moments for which I shall have to give account.

O my gracious and merciful Saviour! enable me to love Thee as is my duty, better than myself; make me to remember practically this day that I am not my own, and may I glorify Thee in my body and my spirit which are Thine. May Thy Holy Spirit renew my inward man, may He support and strengthen me, and guard me from the corruptions of sense, and bestow upon me such a revived apprehension of spiritual objects and of the invisible world as may lift me above earth and earthly things.

Accede, O my Father! to these my imperfect petitions, for the merits of Jesus Christ, in Whom alone I hope and trust

II.

ANOTHER EARLY MORNING PRAYER.

O God! Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee. I laid me down and slept, for the Lord sustained me.

O Almighty God! Who graciously commandest us to do those things that fit us for eternal happiness, and hast forbidden us all that is wrong, I confess that I have offended against Thy holy laws, and pray Thee to have mercy upon me.

Thou hast commanded us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to Thee, which is our reasonable service. I come unto Thee in the name of Jesus, and I devote and dedicate myself to Thee, and Thy service, henceforth to live only to Thy glory. Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee! give thanks to Thee, for Thou art gracious, and Thy mercy endureth for ever.

III.

Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast left us for awhile, giving us the promise that Thou wilt come again and receive us, to abide with Thee for ever, Grant me such communion with Thyself, that my soul may be continually athirst for that time when we shall behold Thee in Thy glory; Who livest and reignest with the Father, world without end. Amen.

IV.

PRAYERS OF LATER LIFE.—PRAYER AT SUNRISE.

O God! we thank Thee for the light of the sun, which awakes and stimulates life in the visible creation around us, and we thank Thee for the invisible manifestation of the light revealed to our spiritual sight, to awaken the dormant life within us, and to draw our aspirations upward to Thee. We thank thee for speaking to us through Thy Word.

O Jesus! use us, as words from Thee; utter Thy love and Thy truth through us. Send us forth as winged words to reach and win other souls to Thee.

V.

HOLY WEEK.

Help us to realize Thy sorrows in Gethsemane, and to watch with Thee, in Thy grief for the sin and hardness of Thy rejection by those whom Thou camest to bless. Teach us how we can share Thy pitiful sympathy for those whose ears are closed to Thy gracious calls. Grant us to live to Thee, for Thee, from Thee, in Thee, that we may be instruments of Thy purposes, and obedient children to Thee our Lord and King.

VI.

O Thou Who art not satisfied without the love of our poor hearts, and dost ask us, "Lovest thou me?" enable us to say from the bottom of our hearts "Yea, Lord." And when Thou dost ask for the surrender of our wills, again may we say "Yea, Lord." When thou dost demand our trust, again let us say "Yea, Lord." Vouchsafe to use me as an instrument of Thy grace, and a channel for the conveyance of Thy truth, as a reflector of the ray of light from heaven, as a giver of what Thou hast entrusted to me for use.

VII.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

Almighty God, Who didst lead Thy chosen people through the wilderness by the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, vouchsafe to guide us by token of Thy will in the direction in which Thou wouldest have us to go.

Enlighten our judgment, awaken our conscience, sharpen our perception, purify our desires, stifle our selfishness, enlarge our spiritual capacity, make us more earnest, and more entirely consecrated to serve and please Thee in body, soul, and spirit, for evermore.

VIII.

Blessed Lord Jesus, Who hast graciously claimed me for Thine own, I joyfully give my unworthy self to Thee. Make me to know what Thou wouldest have me to do. May I realize Thy awful and yet tender presence; pardon all that I have done amiss, and guide me continually.

IX.

PRAYER FOR WITNESS.

O Lord Jesus! Who dost manifest Thyself to the world through those whom Thou hast called to Thy service, help me to remember this responsibility, and to make Thee known by my words and actions. Make us like musical instruments in proper tune through which we may make known the harmonies of the composer. Impart to me a more eager desire to do good to all within my reach, more sympathy and compassion for all sufferers, and more trust in Thy care and guidance.

X.

Open, we pray Thee, our spiritual vision that we may behold Thee as the Apostle did on the Mount of Transfiguration. Bring us out of our caterpillar state, crawling in earthly, material conditions, and give us winged powers to soar up into the

heavenly atmosphere, with the vitality imparted by Thy warmth and light. Open our spiritual sight, that we may behold the manifestations of Thy tender compassion, Thy providential care, and Thine infinite love. Give us the faith that produces knowledge, and open the doors and windows of our souls, that the stream of life and truth may freely flow into our being, and that we may be transformed by the renewing of our spirits.

XI.

O Lord! who hast brought us out of sleep, with the consciousness of life, bring me in like manner out of the sleep of this earthly existence, into the consciousness of my spiritual life. Open my spiritual eyes that are closed by my material surroundings, so that I may behold the light and glory of the heavenly condition.

XII.

Almighty God, the fountain of holiness and happiness, Who by Thy Word and Spirit dost lead Thy people in the ways of peace and righteousness, inviting us by promises and winning us by love; grant that it may be the work of our lives to obey Thee, the joy of our souls to please Thee, the satisfaction of our hopes and the fulfilment of our desires to live with Thee, in the holiness of grace here and of glory hereafter. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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